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P O E M S

ON

SEVERAL SUBJECTS;

BY THE

REV. JOHN ANKETELL, A.B.

CURATE OF DONAGHENDRY PARISH, COUNTY OF
TYRONE, IRELAND.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

THE EPISTLE OF *TARIGO* TO *INKLE*;

AND THE

ENGLISH AND LATIN SONGS OF *CHEVY CHASE*.

D U B L I N :

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

BY WILLIAM PORTER, SKINNER-ROW.

1793.

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To

JAMES STEWART, ESQ.

OF KILLYMOON, COUNTY OF TYRONE.

SIR,

AS I owe you infinitely greater obligations than to any other individual now alive, gratitude and inclination immediately point out the unrivalled patron to whom I should dedicate my book; this duty, therefore, I now endeavour to discharge with the utmost alacrity; but cannot avoid lamenting that I am unable to lay before you materials more deserving of your notice, though I trust that, even in their imperfect state, they will experience a portion of your kind indulgence: I must, however, intreat your pardon for the liberty I have taken in addressing my work to you, without first consulting you on that occasion; and which I would not by any means have ventured to assume, but that I feared your well known modesty would

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DEDICATION.

have deprived me of an opportunity of thus publicly gratifying my feelings, had I previously applied to you on this head.

THE very friendly and polite letter with which you, Sir, were pleased to furnish me when I commenced the taking in of subscriptions for my Poems, not only served to insure considerable success to my undertaking; but effectually suppressed every suspicion of literary swindling, a scandalous species of fraud and meanness which I am inexpressibly concerned to find some of my clerical brethren are accused of having fallen into; as your name is venerated and esteemed in every part of this kingdom which I happened to visit. I thank GOD I have never been in the habit of fawning adulation; and yet, supposing me to be addicted to flattery; who will be daring enough to insinuate that any eulogium expressed by me, could convey an idea of your real deserts?

To you, Sir, my brother curates of the established church of *Ireland* look up with
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DEDICATION.

confidence for representing, in the ensuing session of Parliament, the many difficulties under which they have long and patiently labored; and for endeavouring to procure a decent relief of their hardships from the justice and humanity of the Legislature. For my own part, should PROVIDENCE graciously vouchsafe to preserve my life for a few months longer, my continuing to exercise the office of a clergyman, or of residing in *Europe*, entirely depends upon a speedy augmentation of the curates' salaries; for I neither expect, nor anxiously wish for, ecclesiastical preferment.

I FONDLY hope your constituents in the county of *Tyrone* are duly sensible of the honor they conferred upon themselves, by appointing you to that important station in the *Irish* senate, which you have filled with conspicuous dignity, and unswerving integrity, during a period of twenty-five years; that they will never act so base and unmanly a part as, by deserting you, to deprive themselves of the happiness of re-

DEDICATION.

turning to the House of Commons, as long as you express a desire to sit in Parliament, a gentleman whose eminent public and private virtues advance the worth of any Society in which he is a member; and that they unanimously join with me in imploring the beneficent Ruler of the Universe to bestow upon you the highest degree of temporal and eternal felicity!

I have the honor to be,

SIR,

with the most sincere respect

and regard,

your much obliged, obedient,

and very humble servant,

JOHN ANKETELL.

STEWARTSTOWN,

July 1, 1793.

TO MY SUBSCRIBERS.

I RECEIVED my classical education at the Free-school of *Armagh*, under the care of that most respectable character, the Reverend Doctor *Gruber*. I finished my studies, as a pensioner, in *Trinity College, Dublin*; and since the 1st of November, 1773, have served a curacy in the diocese of *Armagh*. I have lived to see several gentlemen highly promoted in the church, who, at the time of my ordination, had hardly commenced the *Latin Grammar*; which I am induced to attribute to their own superior worth, or the successful intercession of powerful connexions, without the smallest impulse of spleen or envy; and I solemnly protest that I do not glance the most distant reflection at his Grace, the Lord Primate, whom I hold in the greatest and most disinterested esteem, for the truly venerable and exemplary discharge of the duties pertaining to the important station which he has filled for a long series of years. As I am well aware that any little merit I might, possibly, possess, could be easily eclipsed by bodies of greater moral

moral magnitude ; so I can safely affirm that no influence has ever been exerted, to my knowledge, either directly by myself, or through the medium of any other person, to procure for me ecclesiastical preferment. Still, however, it is probable that, as men are apt to rate their own value pretty highly, I might, in some measure, have been chagrined at the manner in which I supposed myself to be overlooked, but that I, happily, am not of a querulous disposition ; and, moreover, I considered that the function in which I am engaged was, out of a variety of employments offered to my choice by an indulgent parent, that to which I had uniformly given the preference ; and, besides, any latent complaints which might, otherwise, have invoked an hearing, were effectually stifled by an observation, that many of my fraternity, of infinitely more enlarged deserts, and of much longer standing than myself, remained equally unnoticed. Indeed, some years ago, on perceiving the real necessities of life considerably advanced in price, I was prompted to take the lead in endeavouring to sketch out a plan for obtaining an addition to the annual salaries of the curates belonging to the established church in *Ireland*, which might render their lives more comfortable, and forward the cause of religion, by giving them what wealth

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in other cases is found to confer a greater weight with their congregations ; but by the indolence or timidity of my reverend brethren, with whom I had a consultation on that subject at the visitation of *Armagh*, and not a few of whom, perhaps, should have desired a prosperous issue of it even more anxiously than myself, I was suffered *singly*, to wait upon his Grace the Lord Primate, relative to this business. His Lordship honored me with a conference of some length, and seemed by no means averse to the scheme ; but was pleased to suggest to me that “ the disturbances
 “ then prevailing, to an alarming extent, among
 “ the *White-boys*, in the province of *Munster*,
 “ were rather inimical to the prosecution of the
 “ plan at that period, as the situation of the beneficed clergy was precarious and unsettled.” Being myself a weak and unsupported advocate, I was constrained to submit in silence to the arguments adduced by his Grace, and postpone the proposed petition to both Houses of Parliament, until a more favorable opportunity should occur. The late liberal increase of the *Regium Donum* granted to a very deserving body of men, the Presbyterian ministers of this kingdom ; and the yearly enlargement of the gaugers’ salaries ; inclined me fondly to conceive, that they were the harbingers of a speedy augmentation to the notoriously

riously inadequate provision for the maintenance of the inferior order of the clergy, as by law established ; but my hopes on that head have been hitherto premature. If to expend the principal part, often the whole, of their patrimony, on an education to qualify them for the sacred office of the altar, and which precludes them from embarking in any other worldly vocation ; if to have long submitted, with more than patience, to a pitiful income, and to which, in the country at least, no perquisites are annexed ; if regularly to inculcate lessons of loyalty and due subordination, and to strengthen their precepts by practical example, can intitle any men to the particular regard of government ; I will venture to assert, without hesitation, that my brother curates have an unquestionable claim to that regard, by having constantly given the most undeniable demonstrations of their unshaken attachment to the king and constitution. However, should their conduct or condition have no weight with the legislature, so as to acquire for them a moderate alleviation of the difficulties under which they labor, by a reasonable accession to their salaries ; I trust an act will pass in the ensuing session of parliament, for entirely abolishing the institution, as an useless burthen on the state ; or for tolerating the members of it to prosecute, without
any

any odium affixed thereto, whatever other *lay* occupations are just and honest in themselves, in conjunction with their *clerical* profession. By this humane indulgence, some of them may be happy enough to be appointed to the lucrative offices of stewards or overseers to noblemen, or gentlemen of fortune in their vicinity, for it is superfluous to speak of their being agents, private tutors, or domestic chaplains; others, should they happen to write a fair hand, or have a smattering knowledge of arithmetic, may be so lucky as to serve, occasionally, in the enviable rank of clerks to magistrates, merchants, or attornies; and not a few of them, like their great predecessor, Saint *Paul*, may be able to secure a slender support for themselves and, perhaps, a wife and several helpless children, by the labor of their hands, and the sweat of their brows; for to them the tantalizing delicacies of life must remain totally inaccessible.

FAR be it from me to accede to the popular charge so confidently urged against our Reverend Bench of Bishops, of flagrantly, nay, almost altogether, neglecting the duties of their sacred function, because such an accusation is evidently and grossly exaggerated; but I sincerely wish I could pronounce it to be utterly unfounded, and

that *Bath*, and the other *English* pools of *Bethesda*, fashionably celebrated for the removal of actual or apprehended bodily grievances, might, if possible, be less frequently resorted to by them; as I am led to imagine that a more attentive, personal inspection into the clerical establishment of their respective dioceses; and a preference, generally at least, confined to acknowledged merit; might liberate our churches from many modish divines of quality, who, totally indifferent about the temporal or eternal welfare of their flocks, connect themselves to the sacerdotal ministry, for the sake of its loaves and fishes; and indecently hurry through the solemn, public service of God, as a mere matter of course, without feeling themselves the smallest spark of pious warmth animating their souls; or the most faint desire of impressing upon their hearers that devout affection of mind which it is a duty peculiarly incumbent upon them to endeavour to inspire; or by a shamefully effeminate, and affectedly lisping, delivery, literally address the congregation in a tongue unknown, as not being uttered in a tone of voice sufficiently audible to be understood; though those very gentlemen may be the most vociferous *Nimrodians* at the death of a fox or an hare; and not the least joyous companions at a convivial assembly, zealously disposed to perform the

the rites of *Bacchus*, jolly god of wine. I have been told that, in *England*, a clergyman of a moral character, of even contracted abilities as an author, is frequently snatched from obscurity, by the fostering hand of a bishop; but here, as in arts and sciences, we unfortunately fall short of our sister kingdom; and, in the inauspicious climate of *Ireland*, those weak plants, the curates, seldom bear the fruits of affluence, produced by the invigorating heat of prelatical patronage; but are left to wither and decay, and bring their grey leaves “with sorrow to the grave.” And, indeed, I conceive the appointment of *Englishmen* or *Irishmen* to the bishopricks in this kingdom, could occasion no material, salutary difference in this case; because *British* gentlemen must naturally have a prevailing partiality for a country which contains their dearest ties and connexions; and lamentable experience has shewn, that the inhabitants of *Ireland* seldom feel a powerful predilection for the vulgar, non-patrician offspring of their despised native soil; for the exceptions to the general rule are so very rare, that it is needless to bring them forward into view.—As to myself, I shall readily own, that a wish to realize something for the advantage of my family, should they survive me, and, in some measure, to improve, or innocently amuse, my readers; were

the motives which led me to offer the following Essays to your perusal; for *fame* is a slippery, uncertain baggage, in whom I am not willing to repose much confidence.

My versification of Mr. *Hervey's* Meditations among the Tombs was finished before I had reached the nineteenth year of my age. It was my particular study to adhere as closely as practicable to the words of the original; and where I have found myself under the necessity of departing from that rule, for the sake of the metre, I fear I shall forfeit your approbation. I am sensible that many of my lines, perhaps all, are rough and frigid; and it is possible that I could have rendered them more harmonious, by frequent revivals and alterations; but might I not, in that case, deviate so far from Mr. *Hervey's* expressions, as to be not only a more indifferent imitator, but a merely superficial poetaster? And is it not infinitely more eligible to enjoy a feeble, though unerring ray, which uniformly guides us to a great and durable light, than to look for direction in our path from a glittering, momentary meteor, which suddenly attracts our notice, but in an instant vanishes to shine no more?—I have several times, it may be much too often, made use of the monosyllables *do*, *did*, *deth*, &c. but

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I must beg leave to observe, that *verbs* are too consequential in the formation of either prosaic or poetical compositions; and too necessary for the preservation of sound sense, and grammatical accuracy, to be rashly excluded from that place which propriety of speech requires they should retain: And I will take the liberty of hinting, that the equally often repetition of the conjunction *and*, or any other word in the *English* language, might produce sensations in us alike harsh and disgusting.—Probably it may be objected, that regular poetry prescribes the total rejection of *triplets*. I do confess I think *Alexandrines* wholly inadmissible, as being affected and unnatural; but, in a poem of considerable length, I certainly do look upon *triplets* to be justifiable, as, according to my notion of them, they relieve the reader from a tedious, unpleasant monotony, when judiciously introduced; but whether or no I have confined myself within the bounds of methodical exactness in that respect, I must entirely submit to your generous and candid decision.—Four beautiful lines of Mr. *Pope's* *Elegy* on the Death of an unfortunate Lady, I have preserved, because I could not conveniently omit them; but as I had not the unpardonable effrontery of making any change in them; so neither had I the audacity of falsely arrogating them

to myself.—But some person may be tempted to exclaim with indignation, Have we not Mr. *Hervey's* Works in their native elegance of dress? Why, then, should any part of them be imposed upon us, when only clad in rags? To this humiliating expostulation I reply by another question, Have we not also the holy scriptures, the plain, infallible guides to salvation, laid open before us? and do we not stand in need of incessant exhortations to accept of, and turn to our everlasting advantage, those treasures of inestimable felicity? That portion of Mr. *Hervey's* valuable productions which I have presumed to exhibit in a new shape, is confessedly of the highest importance, and claims our most serious consideration. Daily experience demonstrates that we are all the mortal sons of fallen *Adam*.—Infancy, youth, vigorous manhood, and infirm old age, are alike exposed to the resistless and unrelenting shafts of death. The grisly tyrant pays no respect to the bloom of beauty, the parade of wealth, or the haughty display of power; but levels in the dust of indiscriminate and impartial equality, the mighty potentate, and the despicable slave. Here we have no abiding place, but are rapidly approaching to that state, either happy or miserable, which must be our lot to all eternity! How unspeakably interesting is it, then, to have always

in our view any warnings which may stimulate us, in this our short and probationary existence, to prepare for admission into the glorious, incomprehensible joys of immortality? Perhaps the novelty of the matter may induce my fellow-creatures to cast an eye over my versification of the Meditations among the Tombs: But let me earnestly beseech them not to stop here: Let me intreat them, in the warmest manner, to compare it minutely with the original; which cannot fail of ultimately bringing with it a reward, amply compensating for a task which, at first, may be irksome and forbidding. On every examination, let my inferior performance suffer under the correcting hand of criticism; yet I shall be abundantly repaid by the comfortable supposition, that the solemn employment will be productive of the most salutary benefits to all those who may permit themselves deliberately to engage in it.—

Cheerfully shall I descend to the lowest step of literary reputation, should I, as it were by surprise, become an humble instrument in the hands of PROVIDENCE, of persuading even a single individual among the race of mankind, to choose “the one thing needful;” to wean his affections from a vain, transitory world; and endeavour, sincerely and heartily, “to make his calling and election sure,” by “so numbering his days as to apply his heart unto wisdom.”

FOR our Saviour's Sermon on the Mount, I shall offer no other apology, than to express my regret at not being able to do more justice to words uttered immediately by the mouth of God himself. The elegant simplicity of the discourse in the original; the benevolence of the doctrines it contains; and the dignity of the Divine Preacher; are circumstances which have always made the most sensible impressions on my mind; and will, I trust, prove some excuse for my having ventured to lay before you, though in an infinitely meaner garb, a subject of such eminently conspicuous excellence and perfection. I cannot, however, suppress my wonder, that Mr. *Pope*, Mr. *Addison*, Dr. *Young*, or some of our most celebrated poets, have neglected to anticipate me, in seizing on the truly profitable opportunity of adding unfading honors to their brows, by introducing into their works a versification or paraphrase of this incomparably valuable, sublime, philanthropic, and edifying portion of holy writ.

My little piece on the Attributes of God, is by no means conceived to possess any other merit than that of a fervent, though weak, desire of displaying a few of the boundless, and inexpressible to be revered, titles peculiarly applicable to the great Creator and Governor of the Universe;

verse; and of implanting in our souls becoming and venerable ideas of our almighty and beneficent Sovereign and preserver. For my own part, neither the execution of this, nor of any others among my poetical attempts, when compared with the performances of respectable authors, could meet with a cordial reception from me; and how can I imagine, that, when my own offspring experienced but little of the fond partiality so generally prevalent in parents towards their children, they should be relished much by those to whom they are not in any degree allied?

The five following Essays, like the preceding ones, are juvenile productions, well intended, though poorly finished, and whose conciseness will, very probably, be the best advocate to insure their forgiveness. In the lines on *Age*, the word *momentary* I understand as opposed to *eternity*; and the same term in the lines on *Death*, must signify *sudden*. The expressions, *aged youth*, introduced into the poem on *Death*, may appear, at first sight, to be somewhat contradictory in themselves, but may, I flatter myself, be soon reconciled to plain sense, by observing, that they are designed to represent death as *aged*, when we reflect upon the length of time wherein he has exercised his power in the world; and *youthful*,

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from a consideration of the many ages in which he may yet continue to retain his dominion.— I am not ignorant that the generality of my readers are too intelligent to require any explanations of this sort; but I look upon it as a duty which I absolutely owe myself, to give every information that may serve to elucidate my meaning, and render it as universally plain and evident as possible.

IN the year 1771, a society of gentlemen in *London* offered a considerable præmium for the best inscription, in metre, blank verse, or prose, to be engraved on the monument erected in *Westminster-abbey*, to the memory of *General Wolfe*. A glowing esteem for the General, and not an impudently ambitious motive of being a candidate for any pecuniary reward, prompted me to write a sort of eulogium on him. Not pleased with my first effort, I scribbled a second and a third one on the same subject; and, probably, would have persisted longer in giving birth to similar compositions, had I not concluded that the public, to whom they were anonymously conveyed through the channel of the then *Dublin Chronicle*, were heartily tired with those already offered to them. The three first are now printed as they were originally written; and the fourth

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is an alteration of the lines which were connected with my proposals for taking subscriptions; but whether or no any actual improvement has been made on this occasion, I must not presume to determine.—It is worthy of remark, that, out of a multiplicity of competitors who entered the lists, no one proved successful; from a conceived impossibility, without doubt, of determining who was fairly intitled to a preference; or a wish not to offend so many disappointed, though very respectable, rivals.

THE Riddle mentioned as sent to me by a young Lady, was a very ingenious performance; and, had I not unfortunately lost it, would have accompanied my solution of it.

THE Reverend Mr. *Noble*, master of *Enniskillen* Free-school, in the county of *Fermanagh*, is the gentleman alluded to in my Rebus, and to which I have subjoined an answer.

My lines on dry, warm Weather in Spring, succeeded by Rain, are founded upon real observation; though I apprehend I shall, with some show of reason, be accused of prolixity in my manner of handling the subject. Grammatical accuracy requires that, in the concluding paragraph of it,

the pronoun *you* should be understood as prefixed to the monosyllable *who*, in three different lines.

THE trifles which go under the appellation of *Songs*, I would have entirely suppressed, but that, upon close examination, I cannot discover that they contain any sentiments or expressions which are inconsistent with the strictest morality and decorum; and perhaps the perusal of them may contribute to the harmless entertainment of several among my subscribers.

For my pastoral Sketches on each Month of the Year, I do not recollect any model which I sought to copy after. They were the amusement of a few leisure hours; and if they should be so fortunate as to secure the approbation of my friends, I seek for no other gratification.

Mr. *Cunningham's* charming Poems on Morning, Noon, and Evening, suggested to me the notion of attempting something in the same way, to which I added my lines on Night. Mr. *Cunningham's* measure is seven syllables; mine consists of eight.—I pretend not to a rivalry—to superior excellence I humbly bow—but should I be allowed to have been successful enough to introduce any natural, descriptive images into my
little

little performances, I shall be perfectly contented with the decision.

As I must rely upon your generosity to forgive the extreme length of my Fable; I shall not aggravate my offence, by exhausting your patience with tedious intercessions for pardon.

I WAS myself a spectator of the patron, or rural meeting, held annually on Easter Monday in *Stramore*, of which I have attempted a description.—The barony of *Trugh* contains two parishes, viz. *Donagh* and *Erigal*, the former of which is distinguished by the name of Upper, and the latter by that of Lower, *Trugh*.—The *Blackwater*, is a river that takes its rise in the south-west part of the county of *Tyrone*, which it afterwards, in a course of several miles, separates from the county of *Monaghan*; and laterally, after dividing the county of *Armagh* from that of *Tyrone*; it empties itself into the celebrated lake, *Loughneagh*.—*Stramore*, is a word in the *Irish* language, which signifies a large plain, or meadow.—Where I have said

What tho' no master ever taught them how
To drop a court'fy, walk genteel, or bow;

must be understood generally, not universally.—*Glaslough*, is the name of a market-town, delightfully

fully situated in Upper *Trugh*.——*Skernageerah*, now called *Emyvale*, is a small village also in Upper *Trugh*.

THE Occasional Prologue and Epilogue were written during the time of the late *American* war, when the combined fleets of *France* and *Spain* were in the *English* channel; and I think it necessary to take notice, that I have introduced into them three or four lines which I judged applicable, from my productions on the death of General *Wolfe*. They were designed for the comedy of the *West Indian*, which was intended to be performed for a charitable purpose, by a number of gentlemen belonging to the *Stuartstown* Volunteer Company. The Prologue was meant to be spoken in the character of Ensign *Dudley*; and the Epilogue in that of Miss *Rusport*; but by the death of Mr. *Gabriel Cornwall*, on whom I have written the succeeding Elegy, and who was to have acted the part of *Belcour* in the play, the representation of the comedy was never carried into effect.

As Acrostics are a very cramped species of composition, I shall only observe on that head, that my pieces of this kind are inserted in my book, merely from an idea that they are the property

perty of my subscribers, which, therefore, common honesty requires me not to withhold from them; and that I have not, as is too often the case, prostituted my pen, in lavishing extravagant encomiums upon giddy females, whose censurable levity of deportment intitled them to very few compliments indeed!

IN the room of about two thousand lines, more imperfect and unfinished than even those which I have submitted to your inspection, I have substituted the *Epistle of Tarico to Inkle*; the *Song of Chevy Chase*, in *English* and *Latin* metre; and a few portions of holy writ versified.

WHEN I was a school-boy, a relation of mine, long deceased, was so kind as to lend me the original poem of *Tarico to Inkle*, which he got from an intimate friend, the author of it, who had been dead many years before it came into my hands. I took a copy of it, which, together with the original happened to be mislaid shortly afterwards. When nearly seven years had elapsed, at which time I was a student in *Trinity College*, I was lucky enough to recover my copy; but the original is totally lost. On my return from the country to town, I had it published in the then *Dublin Chronicle*, from which it found
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its way into several newspapers in *Ireland* and *England*. It was also printed in the form of a pamphlet in *Dublin*, where it met with a very rapid sale; and I understand it went through repeated editions in *London*, in a similar shape, and was purchased with great avidity. Unless the singular elegance of the epistle should serve to detect the imposition, I could safely pass with the public as the author of it—a kind of fraud, however, which I shall never be guilty of. Into the poem, as now printed, I have incorporated ten or twelve lines of my own, and made three or four alterations in the original, too immaterial to be particularized.

The poetical beauties of the *English* Song of *Chevy Chase*, have been so unquestionably established by the prince of *Critics*, Mr. *Addison*, in the *Spectator*, that it would be superlative impudence in me to expatiate upon the merits of it: I shall, therefore, add no more, than that I have connected with it a *Latin* metre version, which I copied out of a *London* edition of a book nearly ninety years old; and as I regard it in the light of a very curious production, and not generally known, I imagine it will prove an acceptable treat to many purchasers of my book.

THE concluding portions of scripture consists of very striking, and highly awful extracts ; on which account, infinitely rather than for any value I lay upon my versification of them, I fervently hope they will be seriously perused, and meditated upon, by all those into whose hands they may chance to fall. Old gold is said to acquire purity from its age.—Long contracted friendships are most highly esteemed.—The worth of vases, paintings, &c. is estimated in proportion to their antiquity.—Yet all these are of a perishable nature !—And shall we not prize, in an incomparably higher degree, the long delivered oracles of GOD, which have “ brought life and immortality to light,” and can alone make us wise unto salvation ? It is inexpressibly to be lamented that the Bible is, in those days of modern refinement, an antiquated, neglected book ; but as fashions and customs are ever on the change in other instances, possibly it may yet become polite to study the written word of GOD ; and when that happy period arrives, may its duration be as permanent as the world itself !

It may now be asked, Would it not be more in the line of my profession to print sermons, than poetical attempts ? To this startling question I reply, That though I actually am possessed

of materials of that sort, yet they demand an higher polish than I may be capable of bestowing upon them, to insure for them a favorable reception from the world, or render them likely to produce any desirable effects in the hearts of my readers. Besides, luxury, debauchery, and dissipation, so universally engross the time and attention of the more elevated orders of mankind; and the lower ranks of life but too generally esteem themselves justifiable in adopting the example of their *better*s, as in a temporal point of view they are denominated; that serious discourses are of too austere and gloomy a complexion for their perusal. Would it not be unpardonable confidence in me to obtrude dull, musty lectures concerning sobriety, temperance, and self-mortification, upon hours which were devoted to voluptuousness and sensual gratifications? Would it not argue extreme weakness in me to expect they would be cordially treated by avowed libertines, who glory in their shame, and whose conduct proves that they reckon it a mighty degradation of their dignity, to associate with the vulgar mass of mortals, for even a couple of hours weekly, in the public worship of God? And would it not be really to "cast pearls before swine," to address grave, religious subjects to persons continually immersed in carnal

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nal enjoyments, or the prosecution of worldly affairs?—Empty romances; filthy treatises on looseness and obscenity, or blasphemous, diabolical satires against morality and devotion; seem to be alone calculated for such dissolute, impious sons of destructive infidelity and profaneness.—How salutary a course would it be for such perishing, bewildered wretches, to think soberly and often of the poisonous paths in which they are impetuously posting; and consider, that though they may call this day their own, to-morrow may consign them to the icy bosom of the grave, where, alarming suggestion! repentance cannot enter, nor reverse the final doom denounced by offended PROVIDENCE against obstinate, incorrigible guilt? Let them for a moment stop their wild career, and attend to the practical lessons of a faithful monitor, experience, which teach that diseases and death are the necessary companions of brutish surfeits, and gross indulgence. Let them listen to the voice of wisdom, which proclaims aloud, that a restriction of inordinate, depraved appetites, is the grand criterion to distinguish between rational beings and the beasts which have no understanding.—Let them remember that, whilst they, peculiarly crowned with the blessings of a bountiful God, inhabit magnificent edifices; are superfluously loaded with costly ap-

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parel;

parel ; all lulled in the lap of ease and indolence ;
 repose their bodies, unacquainted with labori-
 ous toil, on soft and downy couches ; and are
 pampered with superabundance of generous wines,
 and delicious meats ; their poor fellow-creatures,
 descended from the same original parents, and
 called into existence by the same great Creator ;
 may be destitute of every thing but rags to pro-
 tect them from the inclemency of the weather ;
 may not have so much as a bed of straw on which
 they might stretch their weak and labour-worn
 limbs ; may want “ a cup of cold water only,”
 to allay the parching thirst of sickness ; or a mor-
 sel of bread to silence the importunate cravings
 of hunger ; nor own even a clay-built shed to
 cover the miserable victims of indigence and woe.
 Let them recollect, that “ riches make to them-
 selves wings, and fly away ;” and whilst the gra-
 tifying opportunity is within their reach, let them
 stem the ruinous torrent of unbridled sensuality,
 and turn its streams into the healing channel of
 charity and moderation ; the advancement of re-
 ligion ; and the support of industry. How ex-
 quisitely delightful must their internal feelings be,
 while they contemplate their having acquitted
 themselves as the true servants of God ; the dar-
 ling children of humanity ; and the patriotic
 friends of their country ; by feeding the hungry ;
 cloathing

cloathing the naked ; administering to the wants of the necessitous ; and restoring to the community many useful members of society, who, but for their timely interference, might have been irrecoverably lost ! Thus would they act as the happy instruments of heaven, and secure for themselves crowns of glory which should never fade away. But alas ! I speak in vain.—Can the votaries of *Mammon*—can those who make a god of their bellies—who basely and wickedly deny themselves the benefits of the MESSIAH'S blood, poured out for their salvation—who plunge greedily into unbounded enormity and licentiousness, and reject with fullen, perverse contempt the precepts of the Prophets and Apostles of old ; and the pathetic, sublime exhortations of eminent, modern divines—can they prevail upon themselves for a moment to attend to any admonitions offered by so obscure, so insignificant a person as I confessedly am ?

HAVING given a feeble, though candid, critique of the matter contained in my book ; and inserted in my Preface a few notes and explanations with which I was unwilling to burthen the body of the work ; permit me now to dwell for some time on the treatment I experienced in my application for subscriptions.

His

HIS Excellency, the Earl of *Westmorland*, receives *only* twenty thousand pounds sterling, as an appendage annually to the office of lord lieutenant of *Ireland*. Would it not, then, be very unreasonable in me to suppose, that, out of so *paltry* a salary, he could spare the *enormous* sum of five or six *British* shillings for a volume, the principal part of which consisted of *Irish* manufactures, very indifferently fabricated, as his vice-majesty would naturally conjecture, from the specimen laid before him in my proposal? Or why should I audaciously expect that his Excellency would condescend to give his name to my book, because, forsooth, he might have done so in some other instances; or, because some hundreds of very respectable characters had countenanced my adventurous undertaking?

To give any encouragement to such trifles as poetical essays must, doubtless, have been thought unbecoming the venerable function exercised by the Lord Chancellor and Lord *Carleton*. Had my book, indeed, been gorgeously bound and decorated, and offered for sale at the auction of the late Mr. *Denis Daly's* superb library, it is possible that Lord *Fitzgibbon* might have become at least a bidder for it. I had, it is true, the *barren* honor of being indulged in about a minute's conversation

versation with his lordship, and of paying two or three *fruitless* visits at his house afterwards, as at the introductory one I received no answer. However, I shall make myself quite easy on this head, by determining that, in the trouble I had in endeavouring to procure a second interview with his lordship, I have conferred upon him a compliment equal to his gracious reception of me.—We have thus discharged mutual acquittances in full; and here let the matter rest.

So eleemosynary an appearance had the subscription drawn from the Marquis of *Downshire*, that I repaid it with disdain, together with legal interest for the time I held his money in my hands; lest his lordship should have any just grounds to tax me with owing an obligation to him. The Marquis, indeed, has been so deeply engaged in erecting public places of divine worship; in making piously political preparations for futurity; and in extensively patronizing the staple trade of *Ireland*; that *mental webs* are quite of too *thin* a contexture for his lordship's notice.

LORD *Clonmell* assured me, without blushing, that he “had taken an oath never to read a line of poetry.” Though the declaration surprized me not a little, yet, coming from so high authority,

rity, it served to remove from my mind an erroneous notion which it had until then labored under—that an oath was not required from noblemen, except in very extraordinary cases.—But why should I complain that his lordship did not deign to sacrifice a little to my rustic muse, since King *David*, *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Horace*, *Shakespeare*, *Milton*, *Pope*, and all the celebrated bards, ancient and modern, are perpetually excluded, in common with me, from his lordship's presence?

LORD *Northland*, the governor of the county in which I reside, after *barely* subscribing for my Poems, threw out some insinuations that he “probably might not get the book, having been disappointed in that way on some preceding occasions;” and mentioned that he was not at all acquainted with me. Being piqued at the unpollite tenor of his lordship's behaviour towards me in general, and his alledged ignorance of a person who had been a curate for many years, at the distance of only half a dozen of miles from his lordship's country seat, though never, I grant, a guest at his table, by previous invitation, or personal intrusion; I returned his subscription, and reminded him that, in the memorable election at *Omagh* in 1768, when his lordship was a candidate for the honor of representing the county of

Tyrone

Tyrone in parliament, he might, possibly, be able to recollect that my father and his interest had warmly supported him, without ever soliciting or obtaining a return of any sort from his lordship, or any of his connexions; and I hinted, at the same time, that he need be under no concern about the publication, since I had relieved him from the terrifying apprehensions of losing his cash.

I TAKE it for granted that Lord *Cloncurry* has been a considerable sufferer in some transactions relative to books; else he surely would not have been so exceedingly cautious, in a glaringly trivial concern, as to offer me only the *half* of a single blue paper copy subscription, and from an avowed suspicion that the work might never be delivered to him. As an acquiescence with his lordship's terms would have been a violation of the conditions specified in my proposals, and in some measure a tacit confirmation of his lordship's doubts; he found that the *prodigious* sum of a *British* half-crown, from even so eminent a personage as a peer of the realm, could not divert me from the principles upon which I commenced my undertaking.

Mr. Justice *Downes* would not recollect that I had been his cotemporary and acquaintance in *Trinity College, Dublin*. This particular, how,

ever, is not of so very surprizing a nature, when we consider that a long lapse of time, an unretentive memory, or the enjoyment of prosperity on one side, are circumstances which, singly or conjointly, may effect it. But, besides, none are so forgetful as those who will not remember; nor any as slow of comprehension as they who will not understand; and the disproportion between a judge and a country curate is so truly immense indeed! as not to admit of a permanent and familiar association between them.

A COUNSELLOR learned in the law, not far from *Earl-street*, apologized, by telling me that “studies of a different nature from poetry claimed his time and attention.”——A frothy novel lay open before him on the table, from which, I dare venture to say, he extracted highly interesting legal intelligence!

A QUONDAM collector in *Armagh*, with much rudeness, rather inconsistent with his usual *French* grin, signified his refusal; and suggested that he “might, perhaps, encourage my publication, had it been in the line of my profession.” For my own part, I am led to imagine that the gentleman himself was not turned out of his employment, for any practical or theoretic improvements made by him in the “line of his profession;” and I must also add, that whether my poems were
moral,

moral, mixed, or comic, was a matter of which he had not the most distant knowledge, when he uttered his more than doubtfully *may-be* promise of subscribing.

A GROCER in *Armagh*, whose father, I understand, was a clergyman, declared that “hurry of business absolutely prevented him from an opportunity of reading any thing except his day-book and ledger.”—I heartily congratulate him upon the prosperous situation of his affairs; but I hope, for his own sake, that he has had the precaution to have those books sufficiently voluminous to admit into them the insertion of the Bible and Common Prayer Book; because I would be sensibly concerned to suppose that he had devoted the whole of his reading to the service of *Mammon*.

IN some of my wealthy, beneficed brethren I discovered a total void of fraternal affection, and a full measure of nauseous acidity. I forbear mentioning names, out of respect to the profession; and leave them to the feelings of cool reflection. But am I not to conceive that a shyness of carriage between clergymen, founded upon no better grounds than a fortuitous distinction in terrestrial acquisitions, bears the semblance of scornful loftiness, altogether unbecoming in those who call themselves the ambassadors of the meek

and lowly JESUS? Nor is it to be wondered at that the lowest order of the clergy should be trampled upon, in some degree, by those in an high station among the laity; when their more amply provided for fellow-servants in CHRIST'S vineyard, not only treat them with negligence or disrespect on too many occasions; but seem to look upon them as inferior beings, tainted, as it were, with a sort of leprosy for having assumed the priest's office, and therefore to be cautiously avoided as infectious animals. Some people protested they "had made a solemn resolution never to subscribe to any book?" Probably the determination was formed at the moment of speaking to me.—Others gravely told me they "would think of the business." None of those considering persons have yet communicated to me the result of their serious deliberations.—Many declared they "made it a rule " not to subscribe to any book, but that they would purchase mine, when published." Their sincerity I trust I shall very shortly have an opportunity of putting to the test. Several assured me they "would call upon me again;" which, however, those evasive promisers intentionally omitted doing.—And not a few stood aloof at the *exorbitant* demand of five shillings, prompt payment, for a book, who would not hesitate to expend ten times that sum in reducing themselves below the state of a brute, by

a drunken

a drunken debauch; or a still larger sum, in entailing infamy, wretchedness, and profligacy of conduct on a fondly credulous, but basely deluded, female.—Shame! Shame! Shame!—Yet such things are.

BUT some people object to the business of subscription in the bulk; and suggest, that a “good book will sell of itself, without such a support, and a bad one does not deserve any aid of this nature.” That blasphemous, obscene, inflammatory, immoral essays should be universally discountenanced, I will readily admit; and yet woful experience puts it beyond all doubt that they are too generally patronized and read: But I am firmly of opinion, that many valuable productions already have been, and probably hereafter may be, lost to the world, merely because the authors of them were in too straitened circumstances to bring them into public view without the help of subscription, which, however, they had not, or may not have, the perseverance or good-luck of successfully securing.

LET me now observe, by the way, that gentlemen who are really at *home* should, in such cases, assign some other excuse for declining an interview with those who call upon them, in preference to the usual one offered by their servants,

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that they are *abroad*. The custom may be fashionable; but it is inconsistent with the dictates of Christianity, or of worldly prudence. For how can it be expected that domestics will be faithful or conscientious to their employers; or that they will not, when an opportunity presents itself, have a tendency to outwit and cheat those who so very improperly instruct them to impose upon others? Or how can masters, who pretend to have the smallest veneration for truth, reconcile such conduct to the express language of Scripture, which represents GOD as utterly abominating every species of fraud and deceit? Might not indisposition; an hurry of business; or a prior engagement be urged, and that with veracity, as an infinitely better apology on such occasions?

POSSIBLY some friend may be induced to hint, how imprudently I act, in thus exasperating so many noble and consequential characters, and provoking them to become my enemies. In answer to this I reply, that in the only opportunity they ever had of serving me in a very inconsiderable degree, and when they had a prospect of being partly repaid, they did not manifest a disposition of even faintly promoting my advantage. Of their friendship I had no patronizing proof; for their enmity I feel no excruciating apprehensions; and should they meditate revenge against myself,

myself, or my innocent posterity, I trust the protecting justice of God will confound their wicked and malicious machinations. But am I to dread the lash of persecution from those whom I would not falsely compliment with abject, unmanly encomiums of liberality?—No. I have not the slightest fears of such unwarrantable attacks. I exult in the knowledge of being an inhabitant of a country where genuine freedom erects its glorious countenance, and for whose felicity I feel an uniformly glowing zeal; where the shield of equitable justice defends the innocent from the attacks of ferocious despotism, and curbs the daring extravagance of democratic licentiousness; and whose public institutions I am not sensible of having, at any period of my life, violated.—Without the most distant view to the biasing impulse of interest, I love my king with an ardor of affection, perhaps as immaculate, and, I am confident, as unabating, as the highest officer of state.—I heartily approve of the privileges lately extended to those of the *Romish* persuasion in *Ireland*, which their long tried good conduct absolutely intitled them to; for I am not so illiberal as to lay to the charge of the aggregate body of the people, any outrage or violence committed by some ill-minded, misguided individuals among them; and I hope and believe that gratitude,

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and personal advantage, will cordially attach them to the support of a government, which has manifested so unequivocal a regard for the promotion of their welfare.—Though my mind recoils with abhorrence at the idea of a frantic, sanguinary revolution in the state, and that spirit of restlessness and levelling which unhappily agitates the breasts of the public in too extensive a degree; yet, in common with all those who are not actuated by profit or prejudice, I am a strenuous advocate for a *parliamentary reform*; because I conceive it would contribute essentially towards the quiet of the community at large; and because I cannot reconcile it even to common sense, to affirm that our constitution, though long the envy and the admiration of the world, may not, as being of human institution, be capable of improvement: However, I must candidly acknowledge, that I imagine a reformation in the morals of the people is previously indispensable, in order to qualify them for enjoying a legislative renovation with a proper and beneficial relish.—For the House of Lords, in its collective, senatorial capacity, as a venerable branch of the legislature, I entertain the utmost respect; though to several members of that body I am far from owing any obligations; nor have I experimental proof to assert that, without exception, rank and
 fortune

fortune confer true nobility of soul upon their possessors.—Though I am unalterably wedded to my present religious profession ; yet I trust I can, without partiality or bigotry, embrace all the deserving individuals among my brethren of mankind ; and unfeignedly pray for the reformation of those who are deplorably sunk in vicious, abandoned practices.—But I shall never forget myself so far as to pay a base and whining court to that “ purple and fine linen ” which may, possibly, be worn by a niggardly, austere, and insolently mean fellow-mortal.

AND now let me ask, On whom are there such natural claims for the encouragement of dawning genius, as on those who wallow in affluence ? Or who are equally open to animadversion, when they penuriously fail to perform their duty in this particular ? They who are in the fruition of rank and power, will always find an abundant stock of groveling parasites, disposed to flatter their vanity, and with mendicant servility solicit their favours ; nay, who are meanly contented to waste their lives in the visionary enjoyment of benefits, daily promised, though never meant to be really fulfilled : But as to myself, I spurn at the idea of associating with the fawning herd of sycophants. Sensible as I am of being constitu-

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tionally averse to offend, yet I cannot boast of stoical apathy enough to stifle my resentment for unmerited haughtiness, or boorish incivility.— Though I trust I shall always despise the littleness of pride; yet I hope I will never tamely submit to unprovoked insult, or fastidious arrogance. Worldly wisdom may teach lessons of obsequious adulation; but the dignity of human nature with prevailing influence recommends to me a more praise-worthy independence of spirit. My situation in life is far from being enviable; but I thank God I would not be reduced to the inevitable necessity of starving, by being deprived of the poor, I had almost said, beggarly income, attached to my present laborious, despicable, and unproductive clerical employment; for my services in which, a conscientious discharge of my duty was, comparatively speaking, nearly the whole of my reward. Should ecclesiastical preferment ever reach me, it shall arrive unsought for; and at its absence I shall never repine:— But I here seriously declare, that unless some additional relief shall be made in the ensuing session of parliament, for the pitiful salaries allowed to the curates at this day, I will bid a final adieu to my present profession; apply myself to some lay occupation; and leave an open for an ill-fated successor in the ministry to undergo the
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drudgery of an office, more scandalously provided for, though denominated a bud in the flourishing, foliage-clad tree of the established church, than that of even a journeyman taylor in *Dublin*. Should, however, this procedure be called a quarrel imprudently waged against my bread and butter; I shall allow that, fifty or sixty years ago, an annual salary of 50*l.* to a curate would, apparently at least, admit of such a charge; but this sorry pittance, at the present day, will hardly purchase bread alone for him; and therefore the butter, &c. must be wholly omitted in his humble bill of fare.

BUT it may be objected that, as the yearly income of a curate is so wretched a provision, none should embark in that function, who are not possessed of a decent competency besides.—I grant the argument should be conclusive, if none but people of independent circumstances are to be advanced to clerical promotions. But I will contend for it, that exemplary characters, and shining abilities, are not entirely confined to—I was going to aver are rarely discoverable in—the families of the great and wealthy; and had PROVIDENCE designed to exclude from the ministry the lower ranks of mankind; our blessed Saviour would not, surely, have chosen for

his Apostles such vulgar beings as fishermen and tentmakers! In the profession of the law or of physic, men of enlarged capacities, let their extraction be what it may, will certainly rise into consequence by diligent exertions; in the army, by conspicuous acts of courage, and regularity of discipline, they sometimes undoubtedly do; but, in the church, I ask, does this appear to be the case? And are not many men left to languish in actual penury, who, by being more comfortably provided for, would have proved eminent ornaments of society; valuable patterns of piety; and liberal dispensers of charity to their poor fellow-creatures? God is my witness that I do not, in the faintest manner, allude to myself, nor buoy myself up with the most remote pretensions to ecclesiastical preferment; but I wish the priesthood to be decently furnished with the necessaries of life; and, for the sake of justice, religion, and humanity, to have that class of men to which I belong, relieved from the contempt which it is exposed to, from the inadequate means of support allotted to it.

PERHAPS it may be deemed expedient for me to mention the mode and quantity of wished-for accession to the curates' annual salaries. Though I must not be so impertinent as either to recom-
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mend or prescribe any plan for the adoption of parliament; yet, should I be honored by a public call from them, I may, possibly, be able to throw out some hints, which may serve to lighten the weight of their deliberations on that subject.

HAVING taken a disagreeable view of the dark side of the picture; let me now taste the pleasing sensations arising from the reversed observation of it; and after returning my unfeigned thanks to my subscribers in general, to acknowledge my particular obligations to Lord MOIRA; Lord CHARLEMONT; Lord KINGSTON; Lord ANNESLEY; the Bishop of ELPHIN; the Bishop of KILLALA; Lord CASTLESTEWART; Lord LONDONDERRY; the Right Hon. THOMAS CONOLLY; the Right Hon. JOHN O'NEILL; the Right Hon. ARTHUR WOLFE, Attorney General; Mr. JONES AGNEW; Mr. MERCER, *Arno's Vale*; Counselor THOMAS DICKSON; Mr. VAUGHAN, *Villa*; Rev. Dr. O'CONNOR; Rev. Dr. CHICHESTER; Rev. Dr. BENTON; Rev. Archdeacon DICKSON; Rev. Dr. MERCER; Major MOLESWORTH; Mr. JOHN CORRY MOUTRAY; Mr. ECCLES, *Fintona*; Mr. M'CAUSLAND GAGE; Mr. JAMES HAMILTON, *Strabane*; Rev. Mr. MORTIMER, *Comber*; Mr. CH. LYND; Mr. WILLIAM TIGHE; Mr. MORRIS, *Lisburne*; Mr. WILLIAM LENOX; Mr.

JOSEPH

JOSEPH CURRY ; Mr. JAMES SCHOALES ; Mr. JAMES MURRAY, and several other gentlemen in the friendly and sociable city of *Derry* ; Mr. MARRIOT DALWAY ; Mr. RICHARDSON, *Drum* ; Mr. CARY, *Bangor* ; Mr. WILLIAM HARKNESS, *Dublin* ; Dr. M'CANN, *Armagh* ; Reverend Mr. HUDSON ; Revd. Mr. ROE, *Strangford* ; Mr. PHIBBS, *Hollybrook* ; Mr. CRAWFORD, *Crawford's Burn* ; Rev. Dr. LESLIE, *Tanderagee* ; Rev. Mr. MORRIS, *Ballyclog* ; Rev. Mr. ARBUTHNOT, *Cavan* ; Rev. Mr. CUPPLES ; Dr. JACKSON, *Lurgan* ; Captain BUCHANAN, *Artillery* ; Rev. Mr. CAMPBELL, *Newry* ; Rev. JAMES KNOX ; Mr. JAMES HAMILTON, *Capel-street* ; Dr. LIVINGSTON, *Newry* ; Mr. CUNNINGHAM, *Port* ; Counsellor FRANCIS KNOX ; Mr. WILL. ARMSTRONG, *Mary-street* ; Mr. JOHN ASHE, *Capel-street* ; Mr. CHARLES CARROTHERS, *Jervis-street* ; Rev. Mr. O'NEILL, *Hibernian Chapel* ; Mr. DE LA MAZIER, *Dame-street* ; Revd. Mr. NELIGAN ; Mr. THOMAS NICHOLSON, *Bride-street* ; Dr. M'CLELLAN, *Poynts-pass* ; Rev. Mr. HUTCHINSON, *Donaghadee* ; Mr. CROSBIE MORCELL ; Dr. KING, *Armagh* ; Mr. ROSS, *Strabane* ; Mr. BENJAMIN NEVIN ; Mr. WALKER, *York-street* ; Dr. PLUNKET, *Dublin* ; Mr. MARK WHITE, *Dorset-street* ; Counsellor SPEER ; Mr. JOSEPH RICHARDSON, *Stramore* ; Mr. SIMON, *Mount Pleasant* ; Mr. GRIFFITH,

GRIFFITH, Surveyor of *Killybeggs*; Revd. Mr. STEWART, *Grange*; Mr. TURKINGTON, *Rich-bill*; Rev. Mr. HENRY, *Armagh*; Mr. MACAY, *Drogheda*; Mr. THOMAS, *York-street*; Counselor GEORGE ROBINSON; Revd. Mr. SIMPSON, *Colerain*; Mr. STUART, *Grace-hill*; Mr. SMYTH, *Lisdiffon*; Rev. Mr. ADAMS, *Stewartstown*; and many other gentlemen whose names it is unnecessary to enumerate at present.

A multiplicity of unavoidable obstacles which conspired together to retard the publication of my book, will, I trust, successfully plead my excuse with my subscribers previous to the present year; and to those who patronized it within that period, I do not apprehend there is any apology absolutely due.—Indeed, I am well convinced that those who encouraged it upon the smallest scale, will be most clamorous against me, in a groundless charge of designed procrastination.—And I could mention the names of several gentlemen, who frequently recommended it to me, not to be too precipitate in putting my work to press, but to render it as productive as I conveniently could; though they themselves had liberally contributed to the advancement of my undertaking.

NOTWITHSTANDING that my fatigue of body, and anxiety of mind, during a very extensive application for subscriptions, must have been feelingly severe; yet so considerable was the expence necessarily attending the execution of the business in which I had involved myself, that the savings of a play in *Dublin*, for the benefit of a favorite theatrical performer, acquired without much trouble, and squandered, perhaps, in the course of a very few weeks afterwards on vanity, wantonness, and intemperance, will, probably, exceed the sum I shall be able to realize by the entire sale of my books; but should I fail to dispose of the whole edition, I shall be an actual loser, without, however, presuming openly to repine at the issue of an affair in which I voluntarily embarked. The neatness of the type; the goodness of the paper; and the quantity of matter contained in the work; free it, as far as relates to those particulars, from the imputation of its being a mere *catch-penny job*; but as to the aggregate quality of the miscellanies themselves, I shall only venture to observe, that I have rendered those pieces which belong to myself as faultless as my contracted abilities enabled me to do, at the time of my composing them. My expectations of emolument were never very sanguine; and though I account the encouragement

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of literary efforts an easy tax upon the public ; yet I always wished to acquire my profits by an extensive circulation of my books, and a very small profit on each of them ; rather than have it asserted with any color of justice that I held them at an unreasonable price.

SHOULD I be induced to come a second time before the awful tribunal of the public, which, however, depends upon a variety of circumstances, it shall not be through the medium of subscription : For, though I met with numberless instances of friendship, hospitality, and patronage during my late solicitations in that way ; yet I also experienced so much vulgar, unmannerly treatment, from persons whose external appearance alone gave them any pretensions to the appellation of gentlemen ; that the certain acquisition of one thousand guineas, should not prompt me to engage in a similar scheme. It was, I grant, a perfectly optional matter with those to whom I applied, whether or no they would become subscribers ; but surely it would not have been any diminution of their dignity, to signify their refusal in conciliating terms of politeness. To the language of acrimonious invective my mind is strongly repugnant ; yet, to a person endued with the smallest sensibility of soul, unprovoked sneers, churlish shyness, or an harsh and haughty

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denial,

denial, must prove unspeakably mortifying and irksome; though I must confess that my feelings have not, at any time been, so tenderly affected by a genteel apology, as by a fullen, ungracious compliance, which, therefore, I made it a rule uniformly to reject, as I thought it bore the evident appearance of an intended affront. Refined urbanity is not, I own, attainable by all men; but pride, insolence, and incivility should be for ever banished the company of rank and wealth; because they display strong symptoms of ignorance, and a want of real worth; and are productive of hatred and contempt, instead of that veneration and esteem which becoming affability would certainly acquire.

HAD I cultivated that natural bias to rhyme which I have actually checked for several years past, my poetical essays would, probably, have been much more numerous, and have appeared to greater advantage, than they do at present; but, in truth, I have no anxious wish to be called a Son of the Muses, whose maternal advances I have so long avoided; and poverty, the generally allowed inheritance which they confer upon their children, has not, I am ready to acknowledge, any inviting charms for me, however closely it may be related to my two-fold profession of poet
and

and curate.—I can easily represent to myself rancorous juries of partial readers sitting in judgment upon me, and passing sentence against me for the harshness, the flatness, the barrenness of my productions; but as the peevish, quibbling remarks of inferior snarlers cannot reach me; so neither shall I feel any uneasiness, should even the gigantic censors of literature, the *Monthly Reviewers*, make a cowardly attack upon me from their impenetrable lurking-places; nor offer them any other sop to avert their vengeance, than a copious draught of my soporiferous essays, should they feel any thirst for such a potion: For, at the most, they can only convict me of being a country curate, and a sorry versifier! And how can they depreciate my insignificance, by barely pronouncing me to be what I have already an experimental sense of being, and am willing, without controversy, to admit of?—I envy not the mental or bodily attainments of any one; nor do I mean to press forward as an impudent competitor with any writer of approved excellence, for epic or lyric wreaths to adorn my temples. All riders do not manage the winged *Pegasus* alike. Some require the constant use of the curb, to keep him within proper bounds. Others can lay the slackened reins upon his comely neck, and journey on with gentle pace, secure from

danger. Many, when even mounted on his back, demand unremitting care to retain their seats, and the constant use of whip and spur to urge him on his way. I have got only my foot in the stirrup, and may find it nearly, if not altogether, impracticable to bestride the famed charger. However, my humble muse, which has hitherto ventured to crop only a few tender sprigs at the bottom of *Parnassus*, may, possibly, be encouraged, in time, to undertake the bold attempt of climbing a little way up the hill, though at the summit she well knows she never can arrive. I implore not a decision partially destitute of justice; but request that those who examine the “beams” which are discoverable in “my eyes,” may consider that “motes” are, peradventure, lodged in “their own;” and that

“Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,

“Thinks what ne’er was, nor is, nor e’er will be.”

I pretend not to that sublimity of diction, or luxuriancy of invention, so evidently incompatible with my limited sphere of action; but which would, without doubt, evince themselves with conspicuous elegance in a more elevated station; and phrases which, falling from me, might be condemned as bombastic and affected; would, when flowing from the pen of a right reverend or right honourable

honourable author, be accounted easy and natural. Among the many synonymous terms with which the *English* language fully abounds, perhaps I have been always so unlucky as to prefer the least eligible word; but had I studied to conform to the capricious choice or humor of every petty, self-created critic; the endless variety of clashing judgments which, in such a case, must have been consulted, would have utterly annihilated the pieces now offered to your inspection. For who could lay in a claim to approbation, or be exposed to reproof, for a transaction in which he was totally passive? How could any production be compleated, which required perfect unanimity from perpetually discordant opinions? Or who could assume the appellation of an author, whilst, on all occasions, he was excluded from the privilege of delivering his ideas and sentiments in expressions of his own adoption? All I aspire to is a candid acknowledgment of the few proofs I have given of acquitting myself with tolerable decency.—I stand in great need of such indulgence; and I fondly conceive that my demand is not improper or extravagant.

THOUGH I do not amuse myself with the groundless imagination that a second edition of my miscellanies will be importunately called for,

or

or that honorable mention will be made of them by the mighty arbiters of taste and learning; yet, as a cordial friend, I would advise my fair countrywomen to peruse with attention somewhat more than the first hundred pages of my book; and shall I dare to prescribe the like study to those of my own sex?—When the ball, the rout, the gaming-table, or the drunken feast, with perniciously captivating temptations throw out their fascinating baits; and pleasure, with all-bewitching blandishments, allures her unguarded, thoughtless votaries into the dangerous vicinity of destructive sensuality and licentiousness; methinks the timely interposition of a monitor, reminding them that they are but animated dust—the creatures of a day—and that the carnal objects of their desire, if pursued with unrestrained avidity, will prove subversive of their never-ending happiness, and, by shortening the slender thread of life, accelerate the commencement of their everlasting torments—should be embraced with a degree of affection proportioned to the magnitude of the important admonitions which it inculcates. The consideration, that all is “vanity and vexation of spirit” here below; that the “things which are seen are temporal” and transitory; that those who passionately attach themselves to riches, or terrestrial gratifications, shall hardly

“enter

“ enter the kingdom of Heaven ;” and that the grave, which has been the receptacle of our forefathers, must, in a very short time, become also the repository of us, their children ; should teach rational beings, who know, from daily warnings of mortality before their eyes, they cannot escape the shafts of death, and who will be finally tried at the judgment-seat of God for all the thoughts, words, and actions of their lives ; to shun the baneful snares of the world, the flesh, and the devil ; and zealously strive to lay up for themselves celestial treasures, which fade not away ; which “ rust and moth cannot corrupt ;” nor thieves or robbers forcibly possess themselves of.

But hark ! do I not hear it whispered on all sides, that to solicit subscriptions personally, is too mean an employment for a clergyman ? Well, be it so. And, pray, is there less dishonor in venting such half-suppressed, malevolent and slanderous insinuations ? Is it not more shameful in landlords to grind the face of their poor tenants, by merciless, oppressive exactions of rent ? Is it less disgraceful, in the way of trade, to impose upon the ignorance of those with whom we have any dealings, and take advantage of the confidence which they place in our integrity ? Or to bespatter, frequently without foundation, the character

rafter of those with whom we appear disposed to associate upon the most intimate footing? And let me now subjoin, that it is likely a moderate annual addition to my salary, might have preserved me from that troublesome, disgusting business, for enabling me to bring forward my work; and more than likely, that the possession of even a small ecclesiastical benefice, would have rendered me as lazy as the bulk of my *then* clerical brethren are found to be.

ON the death of my predecessor, a general application was made by the members of the established church to the Reverend *Alexander Staples*, their rector, for appointing me to the vacant curacy of his parish, and to which request he readily acquiesced. This singular invitation, which I do not mention from any ostentatious motive, I cheerfully accepted of, because the exchange introduced me to a more numerous congregation, and a more pleasing society, than I could have participated of in the immediately adjoining curacy from which I removed; and I feel sensations of a particularly pleasing nature in observing, that I have uniformly enjoyed every public and private testimony of esteem from the parishioners at large, during a residence of fifteen years among them; nor could I forgive myself

for omitting an honorable notice of their friendly attachment to me; the grateful remembrance of which can only be obliterated by the extinction of life itself.

I SHALL conclude a tedious, insipid preface, with again sincerely thanking my subscribers, and fervently wishing them an exemption from all possible earthly distrefs, and the fruition of pure, eternal felicity.

JOHN ANKETELL.

STUARTSTOWN,

July 1, 1793.

for our... the... of...
... the... of...
... the... of...

I... the... of...
... the... of...
... the... of...

JOHN ANKETTILL

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E R R A T A.

<i>Page</i>	<i>Line</i>	
43,	7,	for <i>tho'</i> , read <i>though</i> .
48,	5,	for <i>why</i> , read <i>when</i> .
53,	13,	for <i>whife</i> , read <i>while</i> .
62,	3,	for <i>Jefus</i> , read <i>JESUS</i> .
63,	11,	before <i>ere</i> , infert <i>more</i> .
71,	21,	for Providence, read <i>PROVIDENCE</i> .
75,	5,	for <i>burning</i> , read <i>cunning</i> .
75,	20,	for <i>themselves</i> , read <i>themselves</i> ";
90,	9,	for <i>secrets</i> , read <i>secret's</i>
92,	17,	for <i>Lord</i> , read <i>LORD</i> .
92,	20,	for <i>father's</i> , read <i>Father's</i> .
94,	9,	for <i>measures</i> , read <i>measure</i> .
97,	13,	for the second <i>their</i> , read <i>the</i> .
104,	8,	for <i>with</i> , read <i>will</i> .
104,	9,	for <i>will</i> , read <i>with</i> .
116,	13,	for <i>fhalt</i> , read <i>fhall</i> .
126,	1,	for <i>confiders</i> , read <i>confiderft</i> .
127,	22,	for the first <i>their</i> , read <i>the</i> .
130,	14,	for <i>gave</i> , read <i>give</i> .
131,	1,	for <i>Lord</i> , read <i>LORD</i> .
153,	8,	for <i>banifh</i> , read <i>vanifh</i> .
256,	7,	for <i>you</i> , read <i>do</i> .
264,	10,	for <i>vovid</i> , read <i>vovit</i> .
296,	25,	for <i>Lord</i> , read <i>LORD</i> .
299,	1,	for <i>Lord</i> , read <i>LORD</i> .
327,	21,	for <i>Jefus</i> , read <i>JESUS</i> .

HERVEY'S MEDITATIONS

AMONG THE

T O M B S.

IN A LETTER TO A LADY,

VERSIFIED.

MEMENTO MORI!

AS I to *Cornwall* lately went abroad,
I stopp'd at a large village on the road;
And being forc'd a short time there to stay,
Unto the neighb'ring church I bent my way.
The sacred doors, like heav'n, to which they guide,
Were for a worthless stranger open'd wide.
Glad, such an opportunity to find,
To spend some minutes there I was inclin'd.

The solemn place, so awfully retir'd,
With pleasing, mournful thoughts my soul inspir'd;

B

Which

Which useful were, I trust, in some degree,
 While they possessed and enliven'd me;
 From which if any good you can receive,
 The narrative fresh happiness will give.

The ancient pile was rais'd and beautify'd,
 By hands of men who ages since had dy'd;
 And situated in a large grave-yard,
 Whence tumult, noise, and hurry were debarr'd;
 The body spacious, the structure great,
 The whole in grand simplicity compleat.
 A row of pillars in the midst appear'd,
 Whereon the nobly-modest roof was rear'd.
 Each object grave and venerable seem'd,
 From the dim light which through the windows
 gleam'd.

The silent, gloomy aspect of the place,
 Did with solemnity the scene increase.
 My mind with pious terror was possess'd,
 As pensive thro' the inmost aisle I press'd;
 Which ev'ry ruder passion wholly quell'd,
 And all th' allurements of the world repell'd.

Having due praise to God Almighty paid,
 Who in eternal Majesty array'd,
 Has heav'n his throne, the earth his footstool
 made;

On

On a fine altar-piece I fix'd my eye,
Which once *Stow's* master-builders did employ;
And which with fervent gratitude was giv'n,
An humble present to the LORD of Heav'n;
Who graciously a helping-hand did lend,
Enabling them with joy their work to end.

How lovely, Gratitude! dost thou appear,
When great *JEHOVAH* is the object dear!
Gratitude's the best principle that can
With real virtue fill the soul of man:
Something disinterested it shews forth,
And, grant the term, of noble, gen'rous worth.
Pray'r chiefly doth regard our future state,
Repentance our fall'n Nature indicate;
But Gratitude in *Eden* held its reign,
When for no crime our parents could complain;
And will in Heav'n perpetuated be,
Where GOD's inthron'd to all eternity.

This temper sweet, in accents such as these,
Its sense of benefits receiv'd displays;
“ I am oblig'd; nor know I how to prove
“ My ardent thanks for your surpassing love.”
Surely we thus most properly declare,
Our praises for GOD's goodness are sincere;

Our great Creator's courts to decorate,
 And with due honors beautify his feat.
 His dwelling-place was glorious heretofore,
 Let it not now be fordid, mean, or poor.
 A mind ingenuous will feel great woe,
 And ev'ry people deep reproach must know;
 Who on their houses such expence employ,
 In cedar wainscot and vermillion dye;
 While God's own building, shameful to relate,
 Stands quite neglected, in a filthy state.

With *Solomon's* address my soul was pleas'd,
 When for God's use a temple he had rais'd.
 He had erected, with vast skill and charge,
 A noble structure, exquisitely large;
 But he his work review'd, and, struck with awe,
 The pow'r transcendent of the GODHEAD saw.
 The building was too elegant and blest'd,
 By the most mighty king to be possess'd;
 For entrance to unhallow'd feet, too clean,
 Yet for God's dwelling infinitely mean.
 The wise King own'd it was surprizing grace,
 That God Almighty "there his name should
 place."

The passage, with true delicacy fraught,
 Displays a grand sublimity of thought:
 Therefore I shall not hesitate to shew
 The pious sentiments which thro' it flow.

"Will

“ Will God, indeed, vouchsafe to dwell on earth,
 “ The place which gives to wretched mortals
 “ birth?

“ Behold! the Heav’n of Heav’ns can’t thee con-
 “ tain,

“ Sure in this house much less thou can’st re-
 main!”

Unequall’d words! and worthy of his pen,
 Whose wisdom shone o’er all the sons of men!
 Who would not choose, then, rather to pos-
 sess

Such elevated piety and grace,
 Than all the costly furniture to own,
 With which his sacred dome superbly shone?

With admiration we are apt to praise
 The costly edifice at which we gaze;
 And while with joy its grandeur we behold,
 The merit of the architect is told.

Perhaps the ancient temple having seen,
 The disciples’ remark our own had been,
 Which they have superficially made,

“ What stones and workmanship are here dis-
 “ played!”

But much more noble feelings we shall shew,
 To pay, with *Solomon*, the thanks we owe;
 With joy our celebrating voices raise,
 JEHOVAH’s great benignity to praise.

That

That God, the High and Mighty, whom we trace,
 In boundless glory thro' the rounds of space;
 Should will in special manner there to live,
 A mortal building for his house receive;
 Should manifest a wonderful degree
 Of benedictive grace and majesty;
 His presence shew to sinners, and declare
 He'd "make them joyful in his house of pray'r!"
 This should our hearts more sensibly delight,
 Than costly structures gratify the sight.

Nay, the eternal God does not refuse
 Our souls his spirit's dwelling-place to choose;
 And of ourselves a sanctuary make,
 And ev'n our bodies for his temple take.
 Ye who rely on critics' catching wings,
 And nicely weigh the difference of things;
 Quickly approach, and by your judgments shew
 "Whether of joy or wonder more we owe."
 Himself he humbleth, as the scriptures tell,
 To view the beings that in Heaven dwell,
 'Tis a most condescending proof of love,
 Of angels and archangels to approve;
 When lowly from their heav'nly thrones they all
 In homage to their great Creator fall.
 And will He poor, polluted dust regard,
 And with a gracious union us reward?

Unrival'd

Unrivall'd honor ! Privilege divine !
 Be this inestimable portion mine !
 Then will I not for regal titles strive,
 Or keep the haughty claim for pow'r alive.

But let me think what sanctity of mind,
 And upright conversation is enjoin'd,
 Of such relations to raise my weak voice ;
 Remember this, " and tremblingly rejoice."
 Durst I, whilst thro' these hallow'd courts I walk,
 Contract iniquity in deed or talk ?
 Or could *Jerusalem's* High-priest permit
 Himself a known transgression to commit ;
 While he into th' holy of holies made
 His yearly solemn entrance ; and array'd
 In sacred robes, with reverence bestow'd
 Becoming worship to Almighty God ?
 No, truly. In such circumstances, sure
 No thinking man could possibly endure
 Temptations, the remotest, to assail,
 And o'er his probity of heart prevail.
 I all indecency of carriage dread,
 Lest I by it to evil should be led.
 Why is not, then, this jealous, holy strife,
 Carry'd thro' all our ordinary life ?
 Why to ourselves is not just honor shewn,
 As beings sanctify'd to God alone ?
 Whom living temples of himself he makes,
 As the unerring word of scripture speaks ?

If we our conduct as true Christians guide,
 God says he "dwells in us," and will abide.
 That this one doctrine of religion would
 With strength abiding on our souls intrude!
 Instead of countless laws 'twould regulate
 Our lives, and holiness in us create.
 From such convictive pow'r we would desire
 A purity of purpose to acquire;
 To walk and live deserving of his care,
 Who makes us his paternal kindness share;
 And who, with majesty transcendent crown'd,
 Our union with himself and son has own'd.

I cast my eyes next on the letter'd floor,
 Which, like *Ezekiel's* roll, was written o'er.
 I soon perceiv'd that the similitude
 Held also in another manner good;
 And the inscriptions usher'd in a train
 Of vary'd "lamentations, woe, and pain."
 My observation they did much excite,
 And to peruse them silently invite.
 And what would these dumb monitors relate,
 If I should on them some time contemplate?
 "That under their circumferences lay
 "Such and such pieces of deceased clay,
 "Which once had liv'd, could play, converse, and
 "move,
 "And thro' life's various scenes of action rove;
 "That

“ That to preserve their names they had the care,
 “ And of their memories the trustees were.”

Now being rous'd from deep contemplation,
 Ah! cry'd I, is such my situation!
 The everlasting God doth me surround,
 And bones of fellow-creatures laid in ground!
 With the revering Patriarch, sure I,
 “ How terrifying is this place!” should cry.
 Devotion, and a sober frame become,
 To all eternity, this holy dome.
 O! may I never enter lightly here,
 But with an awe profound, and godly fear!
 From all irreverence may I be free,
 And banish ev'ry sign of levity!

“ That they were wise!” th' inspired Pen-	}
“ man said,	
When for his people his last wish he made;	}
He breath'd it out, and Nature's will obey'd.	
But what is wisdom? It we cannot find	
To speculations critical confin'd;	
Researches into Nature cannot shew,	
Nor history entire this gift bestow	
In his next aspiration the divine	
Lawgiver says, “ that this they would define!”	
That they had apprehensions to discern	
Their spiritual welfare, and their soul's concern!	

That they had eyes, and wish'd things to pursue,
 From which their peace eternal would ensue!
 How can the race of mortals, poor and mean,
 Knowledge so infinitely rich attain?
 I send them not, the rev'rend Teacher said,
 To read the works of all alive or dead;
 By thinking of their latter end they can
 This awful science with less trouble scan.
 This spark of Heav'n is very often lost,
 By glitt'ring pomp of erudition crost;
 But shines most evidently in the gloom,
 And dreary habitations of the tomb.
 Drown'd is this gentle whisper in life's cares,
 Amidst the noise of secular affairs;
 But in retirement most distinctly speaks,
 And for its dwelling contemplation takes.
 Behold how providentially I'm brought
 To wisdom's school, so worthy to be fought!
 A very faithful master is the grave,
 And these tombstone's instructive lessons leave.
 Come, calm attention! and my thoughts compose!
 And, heav'nly Spirit! bless what you disclose!
 That so these awful pages I may read,
 As "to salvation to grow wise" indeed!

Searching mortality's records, I found
 That with memorials they did abound

Of

Of numbers who, promiscuously here,
 Had bid adieu to earthly joy and fear.
 Huddled they were, and did together lie,
 Of rank regardless, or seniority.
 Within this house of mourning, for chief seats,
 Or for the highest rooms, were no debates.
 On eager expectations none here dwell,
 Of being honor'd in their darksome cell.
 Men of experience and years who, when
 They liv'd, were oracles to other men;
 At feet of babes contented were to sleep,
 And here uninterrupted silence keep.
 Masters and servants, with like ornaments
 Were clad, who lodg'd in these cold tenements.
 The poor as soundly slept, as softly lay,
 As the possessor opulent and gay.
 All the distinction that in them I found,
 A grassy hillock was, with osiers bound,
 Or sepulchres with imagery crown'd,

}

Why, said my working thoughts, should we
 complain

For rank or precedence, as things so vain;
 Since equal meanness is each person's fate,
 When this is changed to another state?
 Why should we, then, exalt ourselves so high,
 Or debase others for their poverty;
 Since we must all, on our allotted day,
 In common mix, in undistinguish'd clay?

Oh ! that this cogitation might pull down
 The pride of other people, and my own ;
 And our imaginations sink as low,
 As our frail dwellings must in short time bow !

Among these relics, doubtless, we will find
 A jarring int'rest, and discordant mind ;
 But like some able daysman, Death has laid
 On the contending parties hands, and made
 Their former variances all obey,
 And to an amicable end give way.
 Here those who, living, were at enmity,
 By Death are brought to dwell in unity.
 Here all embitter'd thoughts they drop, nor know
 The smallest difference 'twixt friend and foe.
 Perhaps their crumbling bones together all
 Unite in common, as they mouldring fall.
 Those who were filled with invet'rate hate,
 And for each other ills did meditate ;
 Here to their quarrels put a peaceful end,
 And friendly in the grave together blend.
 O ! that these ashes would such counsel give,
 That we together might in friendship live ;
 Repentment's fever from our minds erase,
 Nor suffer passion's fierceness to increase ;
 Mindless of injuries, and free from strife,
 To pass the thorny road of human life ;

That

That no more variance the quick might dread,
 Than's in the congregation of the dead!
 But I such general remarks suspend,
 And to particular my thoughts now bend.

Yonder white stone doth evidently shew
 An emblem of the innocence below;
 And tells each passenger, that underneath
 A tender infant lies, consign'd to Death,
 When it had scarce receiv'd the gift of breath. }
 There lies the peaceful infant, without pain,
 Nor knows what labor and vexation mean;
 There it "lies quiet," with no care oppress'd,
 It sleeps profoundly still, "and is at rest."
 When in the right'ous laver of the LORD,
 It was to second, spotless birth restor'd;
 Regenerated, 'twould no longer stay,
 When its impurities were wash'd away;
 But, bound for Heav'n, stretch'd out its callow
 wings,

And took a speedy leave of earthly things.
 What did the little sojourner, then, find,
 So hateful and disgusting 'mongst mankind;
 That it so soon to leave them was dispos'd,
 And on the world its eyes for ever clos'd?
 Its Saviour would not drink, before he dy'd,
 When he the vinegar and gall had try'd.

And

And had our new-come stranger to its lip
 The cup of life rais'd, and begun to sip;
 But, when the bitter potion it had prov'd,
 Refus'd the draught, and straight its head re-
 mov'd?

Was this the reason that the babe so shy,
 Look'd on the light with a scarce open'd eye;
 Then did to more inviting regions haste,
 The sweets of undisturb'd repose to taste?

O happy Voyager! who, launch'd abroad,
 Directly to the wish'd-for haven rode!
 More happy they, who, by the billows tost,
 The dang'rous tempests of the world have cross'd,
 And to safe harbours have at last attain'd,
 By many storms and grievous troubles gain'd!
 Who "thro' various tribulations driv'n,
 Have enter'd finally the port of Heav'n;"
 To their convoy divine have blifs secur'd,
 And to their fellow-toilers joy procur'd;
 Have giv'n examples with good counsel fraught,
 By which succeeding pilgrims might be taught!

O fortunate probationer! who were
 Chosen without exercise of pain or care!
 'Twas thy peculiar privilege to be
 From all the woes of thy survivors free;

Which

Which oft the bravest fortitude oppress,
 And on the firmest faith inflict distress.
 Affliction's arrows, with fore anguish barb'd,
 Are for our choicest comforts oft reserv'd.
 Temptation's fiery darts for ever fly,
 By *Satan* aim'd at our integrity.
 But you, sweet babe, by Providence belov'd,
 From such distress and danger were remov'd.

Think, then, ye mourning parents, nor complain

For breathless children, as ye weep in vain.
 Why should you be in lamentations drown'd,
 While your young babes with victory are crown'd,
 Before the sword was drawn, or cruel strife
 Had shed its venom on the ills of life?
 Perhaps Almighty God foresaw some wile,
 Some tempting evil that should them beguile,
 Of sore adversity, a dreadful storm,
 Or of dire wickedness, a monstrous form.
 How then in words which nothing can avail,
 Against that kind precaution dare you rail?
 That, which your dear and pleasant plant convey'd,
 Free from temptation, to a fragrant shade;
 Before the lightnings flew, the thunders roar'd,
 And its destructive rage the tempest pour'd?

Remember

Remember that of them you're not bereav'd,
But from " the coming evil they are sav'd."

And let survivors, doom'd to bear the heat
And burden of the day, with joy relate,
That this for their encouragement they've got,
More honor's won by having bravely fought,
Than should the victory with ease be gain'd,
Or a rich prize be with small toil obtain'd.
They who with resignation could obey
Afflictive Providence's angry sway ;
And who glad homage to the cross have paid,
On which their blest'd Redeemer once was laid ;
Who did their minds with perseverance fill,
And faithfully perform their master's will :
'These, after they on earth God's praise have sung,
While fervent gratitude inspir'd each tongue ;
Perhaps in Heav'n like brightest stars will blaze,
And spread around them their refulgent rays ;
Shall in God's everlasting kingdom see
Stronger joy beam forth in an high degree.

Here a fond mother's grief is fank to rest,
The blasted hope of a kind father's breast.
Like a well-water'd plant the youth up grew,
Shot deep, rose high, and manhood had in view.
But as the cedar just began to tow'r
Its branching head within the verdant bow'r ;

And

And promis'd in a little time to lay,
 O'er all the trees, an arbitrary fway;
 Behold unto the root the axe is laid,
 The blow is struck, by which its honors fade.
 And did he fall alone? O! no; the joy
 And comfort of his father, brought so high;
 And all the hopes which fill'd a mother's heart,
 At once were blasted by Death's fatal dart.

Doubtless, it would have pierc'd one's heart,
 to view

The tender parents their dead son pursue.
 Perhaps, o'erwhelm'd with tears, void of relief,
 On this same spot they stood, choak'd up with
 grief.

This thought disturbs me; and methinks I see
 The griev'd pair at this sad solemnity.
 Their hands they wring, in agonizing pain;
 And weep their lov'd, lost son; but weep in vain.
 Is it but fancy all? or do I hear
 The mother's anguish for her breathless dear;
 Of her soul's darling taking her last leave,
 While for her pangs no comfort she'll receive?
 Dumb she remained, while with pain she sees,
 The end put to the awful obsequies:
 She leans upon the partner of her woes,
 'Till irrepressible her torture grows.
 Her sorrows of all comfort her bereave;
 She hastily advances to the grave;

And fastens one more look on her lov'd boy,
 The last, alas ! she ever must enjoy ;
 And as she looks, with mournful words she cries,
 With broken accents, and heart-rending sighs ;
 " Farewell, my son ! my dearest son, farewell !
 " Would to God I had died ere you fell !
 " Farewell, my child, to happiness and you !
 " To both I now for ever bid adieu !
 " Think not that pleasure can for me be found ;
 " My head shall sink with sorrow to the ground."

From this afflicting sight let parents know,
 What to their childrens' interest they owe ;
 If they thro' moral paths would have them run,
 And the destructive wiles of *Satan* shun.
 If your own bodies' offspring can you move,
 If you regard those pledges of your love ;
 O ! spare no pains ; be diligent to teach
 Counsel, by which they may to Heaven reach ;
 By which they saving wisdom may receive,
 And in the " nurture of the Lord may live."
 Then may their life yield comfort to your mind,
 Or in their death you'll consolation find.
 If their span is prolong'd, their blameless ways
 Will be a staff for your declining days.
 If in the midst their years be lopp'd away,
 With greater hopes, and with less fears, you may
 Commit their lifeless bodies to the clay ;

Than

Than the survivors you can send to know
 What benefits from education flow.
 The future hopes of having them restor'd,
 Will solace for your present loss afford ;
 When you receive them to your longing arms,
 Highly improv'd in noble, godly charms.

A trial hard it is, I must confess,
 And more afflictive than I can express,
 A blooming child, sprung from your loins, to
 leave

In the recesses of the gloomy grave :
 Upon your knees whom you have dandled long,
 And caught delightful accents from its tongue ;
 Join'd to your love by many a fond tie,
 Become now both the comfort of your eye, }
 And the supporter of your family !

Doubtless you would in keenest anguish mourn,
 To have the dear one from your bosom torn.
 But O ! you and the child would more be cross'd,
 To have his soul from God for ever lost ;
 For early sin, or shameful want of grace,
 Debarr'd from ev'ry hope of saving peace ;
 And doom'd to regions of corroding pain,
 With fiends in endless torments to remain !
 How would it your distresses aggravate,
 Conscious of your neglect, when now too late,

If these reflections should your mind employ,
 While weeping you attend your breathless boy !
 “ This child, tho’ capable to know long since,
 { Between what’s good and ill the difference ;
 “ Is from the world remov’d, before it knew
 “ The mighty end for which life’s breath it
 “ drew.

“ A momentary life it had from me,
 “ But no instructions fraught with piety ;
 “ Nothing from me its happiness t’ insure,
 “ In that state which it now must still endure.
 “ The breathless corpse is in the coffin plac’d,
 “ And left in the cold, silent grave to waste :
 “ And what good reason have I to suppose,
 “ Its prec’ous soul enjoys more sweet repose ?
 “ Why may I not more justly apprehend,
 “ Eternal punishment must be its end ;
 “ That by a judge impartially severe,
 “ ’Tis sentenc’d endless misery to bear ?
 “ Ev’n while I weep at its untimely fate,
 “ In utter darkness it may deprecate
 “ Its hated birth-day, and for ever mourn,
 “ That ’twas of such a wicked parent born.”

Nought but the worm that shall for ever live,
 Can anguish like self-condemnation give.
 Racks, pains, and tortures must be easy things,
 Contrasted with remorse’s gnawing stings.

How

How very earnestly I wish, that they
 Who have the management of children, may
 Take against conscience, scourges timely care,
 Which at the last intolerable are,
 By striving early in their minds to move
 Knowledge of CHRIST, of truth a cordial love!

On this hand one is lodg'd whose tomb does
 shew

A tale indeed of pitiable woe!
 Well may the little images recline,
 O'er the dumb ashes hang their heads, and pine!
 None can the melancholy story hear,
 But sure must drop, the sympathizing tear.
 Just twenty-eight his age; sudden his death;
 Himself in prime of life depriv'd of breath:
 "His bones with manly marrow were replete,
 "Full were his breasts of milk," when cruel fate
 Did from the body call his soul away,
 And give the carcase to its parent clay.
 Perhaps his mind, with many pleasures fraught,
 Of th' evil hour had entertain'd no thought.
 And who could any apprehensions have,
 So bright a sun the world at noon should leave?
 Men thought his hill stood in a firm-fix'd place;
 Long life seem'd written in his sanguine face:
 Large trains of earthly satisfactions were
 The sure solacers of his greatest care.

When,

When, lo ! an unexpected stroke descends,
 From that strong arm “ which lofty mountains
 rends ;”

Which, like the “ moth the self-thought hero’s
 might

Crushes” resistless into gloomy night ;

And that as quickly, and with much more ease
 Than men to death that feeble insect squeeze.

Perhaps the prospect of his nuptial joy,

Was all that did his warmed thoughts employ.

Perhaps the breathings of his love-sick breast,

Were in a language like to this express’d :

“ Yet but a little while, and I’ll possess

“ The utmost of all human happiness :

“ I’ll call my charmer mine, and in her have

“ The greatest comfort that my heart can crave.”

In such enchanting views did some kind friend,

Bid on the op’ning grave his eyes to bend,

And softly hint the momentary span,

On earth allotted to that creature, man ;

How vastly out of time would he have thought

The admonitions which he then was taught !

Tho’ rich in seeming bliss, and warm his blood,

He on the brink of dissolution stood.

Dreadful vicissitude ! that bridal joys

Should be exchang’d for Death’s solemnities !

Deplorable misfortune ! to be lost

On a fondly-imagin’d friendly coast !

Ev’n

Ev'n in the haven shipwreck to endure,
 And sink when happiness was deem'd secure!
 O! what a memorable proof is here,
 In best estate how frail and vain men are!
 Ye gay and careless look, behold this tomb!
 Regard this day; to-morrow ne'er may come!

Who can tell but the joyful bride-maid's spread,
 And carefully prepar'd the marriage-bed?
 With richest covers had it deck'd and grac'd,
 And softest downy pillows on it plac'd?
 When—O! do not on youth or strength rely,
 Since mortal beings have no certainty;
 But trust in God, unchangeable on high—
 Death, unrelenting death prepares to find,
 In the cold earth, beds of another kind.
 Unto his grave he must be carried out,
 Not with a splendid or a joyful rout;
 But stretched in the gloomy herse he lies,
 While mourning friends attend the obsequies.
 He must on this take up his resting-place,
 Nor ever change it “ ’till the heavens cease.”
 In vain the yielding fair her dress puts on,
 And lacks for nothing but her spouse alone.
 Did she not like *Sifera's* mother peep
 Out of the lattice, wond'ring what could keep
 Her much-desired, long-expected love,
 Or “ make his chariot wheels so slowly move?”

Little

Little suspecting her intended mate
 Had done with all his transitory state!
 That everlasting cares his mind employ,
 None of *Lucinda*, once his chiefest joy!
 Go, disappointed virgin! weep, and know
 All is uncertainty of bliss below!
 Go, teach thy soul aspiring to pursue
 Felicity, immutable and true!
Fidelio once gay and gallant rests,
 And Death, his mistress, clasps him to her breasts;
 She holds him in her icy arms, while he
 Forgets, for e'er forgets the world—and thee.

Thus far 'gainst death one's tempted to exclaim,
 And him capriciously cruel name.
 By thus beginning with the register,
 We think all nature's laws inverted are.
 He passing o'er decrepit age's bed,
 The bud of infancy has oft struck dead;
 Youth he has blasted ere to manhood come,
 And torn up manhood in its fullest bloom.
 Dreadful these providences must appear;
 Yet not unsearchable the counsels are.

Such strokes the relatives not only grieve,
 From them the neighbourhood surprize receive.
 A powerful alarm they loudly sound,
 To rouse frail mortals from their sleep profound;
 And

And are intended as a remedy,
 Against our carnal, rash security.
 Such passing-bells in strongest terms proclaim,
 The admonition which from JESUS came;
 "Take ye heed, therefore, always watch and pray,
 "For ye neither the hour know, nor the day."
 We, like intoxicated creatures, slide
 On a tremendous precipice's side.
 These dispensations, with amazing love,
 The messengers of Heav'n themselves approve;
 From our supineness urging us to wake,
 And timely circumspection wisely take.
 In words I surely need not them express,
 Or their interpreter myself profess.
 Let each one's conscience be awake, and then
 They will appear thus awfully to mean—
 "For your last end, ye sons of men, prepare,
 "Since in the midst of life in death ye are.
 "No state, no circumstance can ascertain
 "Your safety, nor a single moment gain.
 "So strong and mighty is the tyrant's hand,
 "That nothing human can its force withstand;
 "His aim's so certain when his shafts are sent,
 "That of the number not one is mispent.
 "His arrows oft as quick as lightning fly,
 "And wound and kill in twinkling of an eye.
 "By constant preparation you can be,
 "In all expedients, from danger free.

" The fatal shafts so much in common fall,
 " That none can guess who'll next obey the call.
 " Then be ye still in readiness to go,
 " The final summons comes when least ye know."

Important counsel! forth, methinks, it breaks
 From sepulchre to sepulchre, and makes
 In lines addresses, and in precepts speaks. }
 The oft-repeated warning, I confess,
 Is but too needful for my happiness;
 And may it by co-operating grace,
 Effectually work a saving peace!

This truth which we with transport should re-
 ceive;

And deeply on our memories engrave;
 Is only sketched lightly on the mind,
 And leaves nought but a slender mark behind.
 We view our neighbour's sick; we see them dead;
 We then turn pale, and feel a trembling dread;
 No sooner are they to our prospect lost,
 But either in the whirl of business tofs'd,
 Or in lethargic pleasures lulled, we
 Forget the errand of the Deity.

Our minds unstable an impression feel,
 Like the thin air pierc'd by the barbed steel, }
 Or billows furrow'd by the cutting keel.

To cure this wonderful stupidity,
 A neighb'ring monument addresses me.

It

It a poor mortal's story comprehends,
 Call'd to the dread tribunal from his friends ;
 Without time of the one farewell to take,
 Or for the other a short pray'r to make ;
 Kill'd, as the usual expressions flow,
 By a sudden and accidental blow.

Was it a chance wound ? Doubtless the stroke
 came

From an hand which invisibly took aim.
 The heav'nly angels the great LORD obey,
 Who ruleth all things in the earth and sea ;
 Except GOD pleaseth nothing can advance,
 'Tis he directeth that which men call *chance*.
 Nothing, 'tis plain, can ever come to light,
 But what he plans and regulates aright.
 If accidents fall out, they ever must
 Proceed from GOD, and what he wills is just.
 The LORD, with whom the issues of life are,
 The warrant and commission did prepare.
 The disaster, thought casual, is only
 The tool to execute the great decree.
 When wicked *Ahab* fell, it was believ'd
 He accidentally his death receiv'd.
 " A certain man at venture drew a bow—" }
 To him at venture, for he thought it so.
 But GOD omnipotent, who dwells on high,
 His arm had strengthened, and could descry
 The shaft was aim'd by an unerring eye.

So that which men call *chance* is just the same
 As Providence, chang'd only in its name;
 Which can deliberate designs reveal,
 And its interposition still conceal.
 How cheering this reflection is, to cure
 The throbbing anguish which mourners endure!
 How admirably fitted to compose
 Their spirits, yielding to a weight of woes!
 How excellently suited to erase
 The tears of good survivors, making place,
 Ev'n in the midst of countless griefs, for peace!

The wall 'twixt this world and the next how
thin!

We're out of this almost as soon as in.
 Our nostrils' breath does only separate
 Our present being from another state:
 We may the journey make so hastily,
 We live this moment, but the next may die.
 From a card-table *Chremylus* arose,
 And Death in darkness did his eyes inclose.
 One night, *Corinna*, gay and sprightly all,
 Was richly dressed at a splendid ball:
 The next, a corpse, pale, stiff, and wan she lay,
 And ready to be mingled with the clay.
 Young *Atticus* liv'd only to compleat
 His ample, costly, and commodious seat;
 But Death, the dreadful tyrant Death, debarr'd
 Him from all pleasure in the house he rear'd.

Hung

Hung were the shades to admit the light,
 But their Lord's eyes were clos'd in endless night.
 Chambers were furnish'd to invite repose,
 Or pleasure which society bestows;
 But in the lone, silent mansions of the tomb
 Their owner rests, in his low, earthly room.
 Gardens were plann'd according to his mind,
 A thousand noble ornaments design'd;
 But to "the place of skulls," depriv'd of breath,
 Their master's gone down to the vale of death.

Many, I doubt not, while I recollect,
 This tragical vicissitude expect.
 The eyes of that great God who sits upon
 The circle of the earth, and views with one
 All-seeing look the poor sojourners there,
 See many tents which now afflicted are:
 Afflicted, as when in one night the pride
 And strength of the *Ægyptians* were destroy'd:
 When the resistless arrows flew abroad,
 Shot by the heav'nly messenger of God.
 Some from their easy chairs sink on the floor,
 Nor can their shrieking friends relief procure:
 Some in an arbour as reclin'd they lie,
 Tasting the sweets which from the blossoms fly.
 Some, as in pleasure-boats they sail along,
 O'er dancing streams, or laughing meads among;

Nor

Nor is the grim intruder mollified,
 Tho' wine and music flow on either side.
 Some, intercepted on their journey home;
 And as they enter on great matters, some.
 Some are assail'd, as in their hands they hold
 The gains for which their justice has been sold:
 And even some are taken by surprise,
 Just as they lust or malice exercise.
 No care can stop, no prudence can foresee,
 The vary'd ills which wait us constantly.

Numberless dangers compass men around;
 A starting horse may fling one on the ground;
 And while his body on the stones is thrown,
 His soul is launch'd into the world unknown.
 A stack of chimnies tumbling from on high,
 May crush the man who thinks no danger nigh:
 Or ev'n the dropping of a single tile,
 May prove as fatal as the total pile.
 The thread of life's so very thin and weak,
 It storns not only tear, but breezes break.
 Occurrences most common, whence we fear
 No harm, may weapons of destruction bear.
 A grape-stone or an insect, for our doom
 Fatal as arm'd *Goliath* may become.
 Nay, if Almighty God command should give,
 We from our comforts would our death receive.

The air we breathe's our bane, the food we eat,
 Contributes much our life t' attenuate.
 The enemy does on us oft encroach,
 By many roads that further an approach:
 Yea, lies intrenched in our very veins,
 And in the seat of life his fort retains.
 The crimson blood with which our health is
 fed,
 Is with the seeds of death impregnated.
 Inflam'd with heat, or by great toil annoy'd,
 The parts design'd to cherish are destroy'd.
 Some cause unseen its passage may revert,
 Or violence unknown its course divert;
 By either of which cases if it moves,
 A pois'nous draught, or deadly stab it proves.

Since the possession of our earthly house,
 Is so uncertain and precarious;
 Let us be always ready, and prepare
 To flit, since but at will we tenants are.
 Except we thus prove good habitually,
 We are like wretches that on top-masts lie,
 And soundly sleep, tho' tempests raging blow,
 Or gulphs yawn horrid, or waves foam below.
 What satisfactions can our hearts elate?
 Can peace or comfort be in such a state?
 Whereas, a constant preparation will,
 Into our bosoms cheerfulness instill;

Which

Which for our peace will efficacious prove,
 And which no low vexation can remove;
 And a firm constancy of mind create,
 Not to be quell'd by any dangerous threat.
 When the town with strong walls is fortify'd,
 And with great quantities of food supply'd;
 Well guarded by stout troops, resolv'd to fight,
 What then can the inhabitants affright,
 Who may rejoice, ev'n when the foe's in fight?
 The taste of life, of death the constant mind,
 By such, or by much firmer bands are join'd.

I said, should God Almighty orders give,
 We from our comforts would our death receive:
 And see the truth inscribed by the hand
 That seal'd Fate's warrant, and gave the command.

Yon marble-graced monument contains
 My once-lov'd friend's deposited remains;
 There does the body of *Sophronia* lie,
 Lamented much, who did in child-bed die.
 Alas! how oft the tender branches shoot,
 When the stem withers to the very root!
 The infant often is preserv'd from death,
 While she that bare him yields her latest breath.
 She gives him life, but pitiable thought!
 The life she gives, by her own death is bought.

And

And tho' her infant's eyes are brought to light,
 Yet her's are clos'd in everlasting night.
 Or she expires, perhaps, in pangs severe,
 And for her offspring does a tomb prepare;
 While the complaint of a sad monarch doth
 Afford a mournful epitaph for both:
 "Alas! the children to the birth are come,
 "And there's not strength to yield them from the
 "womb!"

In my opinion, we ought not to grieve
 So much the loss we in this case receive.
 Better, the stranger in the womb should rest,
 Than living, by afflictions be oppress'd.
 Better, its eyes should in the womb be clos'd,
 Than to a world so dang'rous be expos'd;
 Without the guide of its infantile days,
 Wanting a mother, to direct its ways.

Distinction's easily in this tomb found,
 By the grand ornaments with which 'tis crown'd.
 Affluent hands, it seems, the model drew,
 Directed by a noble heart, that knew
 No niggard boundaries of love, and thought
 For the deceas'd enough could ne'er be wrought
 Methinks an emblem'd picture it holds forth
 Of lov'd *Sophonra*'s elegance and worth.
 Does the fair color with her beauty vie,
 Or faintly tell her white-rob'd purity?

Her good and amiable manners were
Smooth as these stones, polish'd with so much
care :

The whole adorned gracefully, not plain,
Not proudly pompous, or fordidly mean ;
Like her unfeigned goodness it appears,
Not ostentatious, but which endears.
But ah ! too soon those lovely charms have fail'd !
What has the sparkling of thy eyes avail'd !
The beauty of thy bridal youth, how vain !
Or from thy noble birth what didst thou gain !
Alas ! too weak the possessor to save
From savage death, or from the yawning grave.
How ineffectual alas ! does now
The love of numerous acquaintance grow !
Not thy transported husband's fondest love,
Nor thy fair fame, as spotless as a dove,
Thy life could lengthen, or death's stroke re-
move.

These circumstances on my mind impress
The beauty which those tender lines express ;
“ How lov'd, how valu'd once avails thee not ;
“ To whom related, or by whom begot.
“ A heap of dust alone remains of thee ;
“ 'Tis all *thou* art, and all the *proud* shall be !”

Yet tho' unable to divert the blow,
True faith the sting of death can overthrow.

Do not those lamps such silent truths proclaim?
 And the bright heart that blazes like a flame?
 The palms that flourish, and the glitt'ring crown,
 In gilt, well imitated marble shewn?
 Do they not to discerning eyes declare
 Her constant faith, her fervency of pray'r?
 The victory which o'er the world she found,
 The heav'nly wreath with which she shall be
 crown'd;
 Wherewith the LORD her goodness will repay,
 In right'ous judgment at the final day?

Happy the husband was in such a mate,
 The sharer of his bed and his estate!
 Their inclinations nicely were in tune;
 Their conversation was all unison.
 How filken was the yoke to such a pair?
 And in their bands what blessings twisted were?
 With them each joy in mutual increase grew,
 And ev'ry care alleviation knew.
 Nothing, they thought, their bliss could so im-
 prove,
 As hopeful children, pledges of their love.
 That they might have the happiness to see
 Themselves increas'd in their posterity;
 Their mingled graces in their offspring find,
 And feel affection of the warmest kind.

“ Grant us this gift,” their common pray’rs express,

“ We ask but this to crown our happiness.”

To future things alas! how blind are men!
 Unable to discern what’s good, and when!
 With an impatient, unbecoming cry,
 Said *Rachel*, “ Give me children, or I die!”
 From this a disappointment she receiv’d,
 Great as the blessing which she thought she crav’d.
 Not to a wish deny’d she dates her doom,
 But its completion marks her for the tomb.
 If children like to flow’ry chaplets are,
 Which for their parents balmy odors bear,
 Whose beauties bloom with ornamental pride,
 And shed refreshing sweets on ev’ry side;
 Some fell misfortune, or relentless death,
 May twine itself amidst the lovely wreath.
 Whene’er our souls are pour’d out with desire,
 Something of small importance to acquire;
 The words of our bless’d LORD we truly may,
 “ Ye know not what ye ask,” to ourselves say.
 Doth GOD reject our wishes? He denies
 In mercy that from which our woes arise;
 And from a principle of kindest love,
 Refuses that which would our ruin prove.
 With a sick appetite we oft refrain
 From what is good, and languish for our bane,
 Where

Where Fancy dreams of some unmingled sweet,
The bitterness of woe we often meet :

May, therefore, no desires immoderate,
Bend us to this or that terrestrial state ;
But our condition wholly to refer
To God omnipotent, who cannot err !
May we learn wisdom, and be ready still
To sacrifice our wishes to God's will ;
And with submissive thankfulness submit
To be disposed of as he shall think fit !
For if, indeed, his precepts to obey,
Be what will certain happiness convey ;
So, resignation to his will, secures
That bliss, which to eternity endures.

Here, on the ground a small, plain stone is
 plac'd,
Which with no beautifying sculpture's grac'd ;
But from a frugal fund, one would suppose,
Purchas'd it was, and under it arose.
No costly ornament is on it found,
Nor is it with one decoration crown'd ;
A very short inscription's on it made,
So much effac'd, that it can scarce be read.
Did the depositary, void of faith,
Omit its duty to the corpse beneath ?

Or

Or were the letters thus effaced by
 Th' approach of the surviving family,
 Which at the tomb met mourning, to revive
 The mem'ry of a good, lov'd relative?
 For on more close inspection I perceive
 The body of a father's in the grave.
 A worthy and relig'ous father, who
 His children left, ere they to manhood grew;
 Ere they had worldly settlements procur'd,
 Or with sound principles their souls secur'd,

Of all confiderations hitherto,
 This, sure, is the most pitiable woe.
 The sadnefs of fuch dying chambers leaves
 Scenes the most melting that the mind receives.
 There a fond spouse and tender parent end,
 A gen'rous master, and a faithful friend.
 He yields there to the last extremities,
 And on the point of diffolution lies.
 All art can do, already has been try'd,
 But the difeafe has medicine defy'd:
 It haftes impetuous in the purfuit,
 Its horrible commands to execute;
 The filver cord of life to tear amain,
 And rend the tie of mutual love in twain,

One or two fervants at a diftance ftay,
 Cafting a train of wifhful looks this way;

And,

And, as with grief their swelling bosoms rise,
 Condole their master in a flow of sighs.
 The grac'ous way wherein he us'd to give
 His orders, which with joy they did receive ;
 Does to their minds his former worth recall,
 While down their honest cheeks the tears fast fall.
 His friends, whose pleasing converse once could
 cheer,

But miserable helpers now appear.
 A sympathizing pity's all they now
 Can to relieve or succour him bestow ;
 Unless it be rais'd and augmented more
 By silent pray'rs, in which they GOD implore ;
 Or pious words of consolation yield,
 From proper texts, with which the Scripture's fill'd.
 His poor and helpless children flock around,
 Frantic with grief, and in tears almost drown'd,
 Their little souls they sob out, and complain,
 And passionately cry, but cry in vain ;
 " Will he then leave us, our weak state to moan ?
 " And must we on a wicked world be thrown ?"
 These parted torrents all together join,
 And 'gainst the wretched spouse their force combine ;

With complicated woes she is oppress'd,
 While tides of sorrow overwhelm her breast.
 Sunk in extreme distress, in her by turns
 The wife, the mother, and the lover mourns.

By her his death is much feverer found,
 Who had in long-endearing bands been bound,
 Alas ! where can she find such excellence ?
 Where place such unreserved confidence ?
 Can she a counsellor gain so discreet ?
 Where an example so improving meet ?
 Where find a guardian, who such pains would
 take,

Merely for her, and for her children's sake ?
 Behold ! how o'er the languid bed she hangs,
 Rack'd with a sad variety of pangs ;
 Most tenderly solicitous to ease
 The pains which on her dearest help-mate seize,
 And, if 'twere possible, from death to shield
 A life, for which her own she'd gladly yield.
 A life, for which she solely wish'd to live,
 Which only to her offspring blifs could give.
 See her hands shake with apprehensive pain,
 And from the livid cheek the cold dews clean ;
 On her kind arms sometimes compose to rest
 The sinking head, with racking ills oppress'd, }
 Or lay it on her pity-feeling breast.
 Behold her heart with speechless ardor rent,
 While on the meagre form her eyes are bent ;
 While her soft passions with vast fondness beat,
 And her soul's pierc'd with griefs extremely great.

The

The sick man, patient and adoring still,
 Yields and resigns him to the heav'nly will;
 And by submissive piety obtains
 An healing balm for his afflictive pains.
 He's sensibly affected with the state
 Of his attendants so disconsolate;
 And pierc'd with anx'ous trouble for his wife,
 Who soon must lead a lonely, widow'd life;
 And for the children who, when fatherless,
 Will be expos'd to multiply'd distress.
 Yet, "tho' cast down, not in despair," for fast
 His trust remains, God's word shall ever last.
 His comforters he comforts, when at ease,
 And death with majesty of woe obeys.

The soul, just going to forsake the corse,
 Makes her last effort, and collects her force.
 Himself he raises on the pillow, and
 To his sad servants stretches a kind hand;
 He to his friends his mournful farewell speaks,
 And in his feeble arms his dear wife takes;
 Kisses the pledges of their love with grief,
 Then thus pours out the small remains of life:
 "I die, my children dear, you I must leave,
 "But you the everlasting God will save.
 "Altho' in me an earthly parent fall,
 "In heav'n you have one who is All in All.

“ An unbelieving and a wicked heart,
 “ Can only make you from his joys depart,
 “ Or you from his endearing love divert.”

His heart was full, he could no farther go ;
 His utterance fail'd him, quite oppress'd with woe.
 After a breathing short, but with great pain,
 Prompted by zealous love, he thus began :

“ On you, dear partner of my soul, on you
 “ Falls the sole care of our poor orphans now.
 “ 'Tis true, I leave you under grief weigh'd down,
 “ But God still makes the widow's cause his own ;
 “ God, who in faithfulness and truth doth speak,
 “ Hath said, I ne'er will leave you, nor forsake.
 “ From this my drooping spirits strength receive ;
 “ Let also this my bosom's wife relieve.
 “ O Father of Compassion, now I yield
 “ Into thy hands my soul, with comfort fill'd ;
 “ Encourag'd by thy promis'd tenderness,
 “ Under thy care I leave my fatherless.”

He fainting fell, when he these words had said,
 And lay some minutes senseless on the bed.
 A taper thus, ere 'tis extinguish'd quite,
 Oft blazes quick, and gives a quiv'ring light :
 So life, ere 'twas for ever finish'd, gave
 A parting struggle, willing to receive
 Once more the joy his eyes were wont to leave.

He

He fain would speak, desirous to reveal
 The tender thoughts which in his mind prevail.
 He more than once essayed, but alas!
 Th' organ of speech like a crack'd vessel was;
 When he attempted any words to frame,
 They all were stopp'd by the obstructing phlegm;
 His aspect, tho' in ev'ry air and look,
 Affection inexpressible bespoke.
 The father all, and husband in his eye,
 With stedfast view once more he does espy,
 And gaze with ardor on his children dear,
 Whom he oft saw with a paternal care:
 On that lov'd wife then turns his dying fight,
 Whom he ne'er view'd but with supreme delight:
 Fix'd in this posture, amidst smiles which pleas'd,
 And gleams of heav'n, his last, fond look he gaz'd.

On this, their silent grief no stoppage knows,
 But gushes in a rapid tide of woes.
 They wept, nor any comfort would receive,
 Till time a vent to their afflictions gave;
 And 'till religion's consolations stay'd
 The wounds which their excess of sorrow made.
 Then the sad family search for, and dwell
 On the unfinish'd sentences, which fell
 From the good lips of him they lov'd so well. }
 In *Jeremiah's* prophecy they find
 This healing balsam for a wounded mind;

They guides to boundless wisdom take from thence,
And promises of vast beneficence:

“Thy children fatherless leave to my care;

“Them I’ll preserve; nor let your widows fear.”

Those grac’ous promises do now impart

Joy to their lives, and comfort to each heart,

They treasure it up in the memory,

As a most rich and useful legacy.

Upon it they rely, and on it build

Their hopes of having ev’ry wish fulfill’d;

That all their honest works, crown’d with success,

Shall still insure unfading happiness.

The sacred pledges of God’s favour leave

The greatest wealth felicity can give.

They lack no good, nor evil apprehend,

Since God’s their guide, their guardian, and their
friend.

Soon as my own memento is away,

And the memorial of some one’s decay;

Sad monitors, successive, come to light,

In gloomy order, crowding on my sight,

That which my observation fixes now,

Bears than the former a more sable brow.

As I conclude, it underneath contains,

Of some more aged person, the remains.

One would suppose that he his station grac’d,

As his among the grandest tombs is plac’d.

Let

Let me approach, and on the stone perceive
 " Who, or what object, slumbers in the grave."
 Th' inscriptions on his monument relate,
 He once was owner of a large estate,
 Which by attention, care, and industry,
 He saw augmented in a great degree;
 And that he in life's busy period dy'd,
 Somewhat advanc'd beyond his noon-day pride.
 Then, probably, reply'd my musing mind;
 One of those ceaseless drudges, that we find
 At day-break rise, at midnight go to rest,
 And eat their bread, with carefulness oppress'd;
 Not to secure the kindness of the LORD,
 Nor for their wants provision to afford;
 But only heaps of riches to enjoy,
 Ten thousand times more than they can de-
 stroy.

Did he not schemes for getting money frame;
 And strive to raise his family's proud name?
 Houses to houses join, and field to field,
 Until his wishes to his wealth should yield?
 That then he'd sit in quiet, and partake
 Of things which kept his senses still awake;
 Take some short respite from terrestrial toil,
 And think, perhaps, on endless things awhile?

But here behold the gross absurdity
 Of worldly wisdom and sagacity!

How

How shallow, childish, silly the pretence
 To that which we call masterly prudence!
 When it on *time* bestows more anx'ous cares,
 Than when it for *eternity* prepares!
 How much infatuated, then, are they
 Who subtly scheme out measures for a day;
 Who to chimeras carefully attend,
 On fleeting shadows waste their time, nor spend }
 A thought on certainties that ne'er will end!
 When ev'ry wheel moves smoothly on, and all
 The fit designs for execution call;
 When long-expected happiness appears
 At hand, and all our fondest wishes cheers;
 Behold! the LORD Almighty laughs on high
 At the weak *Babel-builders* vanity;
 The labor'd bubbles, touch'd by death, decay,
 And into empty air dissolve away.
 The cobweb, spun most fine and gay, indeed,
 Is broke, and swept away with rapid speed;
 All the designs abortive are suppress'd,
 And in the grave with their projector rest.
 So true the verdicts of the LORD become,
 Which seal these lucky wretches' lasting doom:
 "Behold how they on flitting shadows lean,
 "And trouble and perplex themselves in vain!"

Ye that attended such a one at death,
 And heard the sentiments of his last breath;

Speak,

Speak, I beseech you, say, did he not cry
 In the words of cross'd sensuality;
 "O death! how dreadful thy approach appears,
 "To one immers'd in secular affairs!
 "Who with pursuits of present pleasures fraught,
 "Of hereafter unceasing never thought!
 "How am I comforted, what have I gain'd,
 "Or what great depth of knowledge is contain'd
 "In being dext'rous in concerns below,
 "When I eternal happiness forego?
 "Mistake most wretched! oh destructive choice!
 "I too much pains employ'd on worldly joys;
 "To fleeting toys I was too much confin'd,
 "But oh! I then cast heaven from my mind!
 "I forgot endless ages! that my days—"
 Here he was going some vain hope to seize;
 To breathe some wish; of some void comfort
 dream,
 Or ineffectual resolution frame;
 But sudden tremblings shook his nerves; straight-
 way
 His frame dissolved into lifeless clay.

May an unhappy brother's dying word
 To this world's children due advice afford!
 May they from their deep lethargy awake,
 And benefit from his misfortune take!

Why

Why should they with impatient warmth com-
 plain,
 When they some white and yellow earth can't
 gain,
 As if the world did not enough contain? }
 Why with thick clay should they themselves press
 down,
 Why "they're to run for an immortal crown?"
 Why should this world seem pleasant to their eyes,
 When they should "press to their high calling's
 prize?"
 Why should they, then, that vessel overload,
 In which their everlasting all is stow'd?
 Or superfluities why should they crave,
 When they must swim, their lives alone to save?
 Yet so prepost'rous is the life of those,
 Who their chief bliss on affluence repose;
 Who full of industry, time's trifles hoard,
 Yet scarce wish for the riches of the LORD.

O! may we walk through those toys' glitt'ring
 train,
 With wise indiff'rence, if not with disdain!
 May we superior to such baubles rise,
 And cast them henceforth from our wond'ring
 eyes!
 Having conveniencies enough for life,
 For worldly treasure let us wage no strife.

Let

Let us accommodate ourselves below,
 And let from heav'n our greatest blessings flow.
 Whereas, if we indulge an anx'ous care,
 Or lavish hopes on transitory ware,
 So firm an union they'll in us create,
 That keenest pangs the parting stroke await.
 By such a warm attachment to the joy,
 Which will be ravish'd from us certainly :
 Woe 'gainst the agonizing hour we'll gain,
 And plant, aforehand, our death's couch with
 pain.

Some got to seventy years, as I perceive,
 Before they took their lodgings in the grave ;
 Some few resigned not their breath before
 They of revolving harvests saw fourscore.
 These, I would hope, by rev'rend duty sway'd,
 " In youth due homage to their God have paid ;"
 Ere their strength did to toil and sorrow turn ;
 Ere nature languishing began to mourn ;
 When keepers of the house tremble thro' fear,
 And lookers at the window darken'd are :
 When ev'n the little grasshoppers small weight,
 To bending shoulders seems a burthen great ;
 And in lethargic, listless souls, desire
 Raises a faint, and quickly fleeting fire ;
 Before those tiresome hours approach us nigh ;
 Before those heavy moments closer fly ;

In which there's too much reason to complain,
 "No pleasure nor improvement they contain."

If, then, their lamps were destitute of oil,
 And they expos'd to Satan's snares meanwhile;
 In such decrepit circumstances, sure,
 At market they're unfit some to procure.
 For, besides great varieties of woe,
 Which from enfeebled constitutions flow;
 All their corruptions must have gain'd great
 force,
 By irreligion's uncheck'd, lengthen'd course.
 Ill habits must the deepest roots still find,
 And twist them with each fibre of the mind;
 They must be all as thoroughly ingrain'd
 In their affections, as the foot which stain'd
 Th' *Ethiop's* visage of a dusky hue;
 Or spots which in the leopard's skin we view.
 If one who under such misfortunes lies,
 Should above each opposing hardship rise;
 And, spight of all, to glory onwards flee,
 It must indeed a great salvation be.
 If such a one, thro' all temptations pass'd,
 Free from destruction should escape at last,
 It must be as if he thro' fire was cast. }

'This is the season that does comfort ask,
 And is improper to begin the task.

The

The husbandman should now his hook prepare,
 Or of the fruit of his hard labor share;
 Not now begin to furrow up the earth,
 Or scatter seed to bring forth a new birth.
 'Tis true, GOD brings all that he wills to pass;
 " Let there be light, he said, and light there
 was :"

Light instantaneous, as quick as thought,
 A passage thro' primeval darkness wrought;
 At his command a leprosy most foul,
 Of longest stay, is instantly made whole.
 He, in the greatness of his strength, can raise
 Not only sinners that are dead four days;
 But at his word, restor'd to life, appears
 The wretch deceas'd for even fourscore years.
 Yet do not points of such vast moment try,
 Nor trust so dreadful an uncertainty.
 GOD may his help withdraw, his pow'r suspend :
 May in his wrath swear that those who offend,
 And to abuse his tender mercy dare,
 Shall " never his eternal comforts share."

Ye that are strong in health, in bloom of days,
 The prec'ous opportunity now seize.
 Improve your golden hours, be wise in time,
 And to the noblest purpose strive to climb;
 Tread in those paths which may secure your right
 To the inheritance of saints in light;

By which you endless youth may call your own,
 And gain of glory an immortal crown.
 O! stand not idle all the prime of day,
 Nor trifle immense, offer'd bliss away;
 But haste, oh! haste, nor still inactive sleep;
 Be always ready God's commands to keep.
 Ev'n while in gay insensibility,
 Loit'ring in senseless ease, repos'd you lie;
 Just in that moment death his bow may bend,
 And, quick as thought, his killing arrow send.
 Not long ago a thoughtless jay I spy'd,
 Its pretty feathers dress with busy pride;
 Or hopping carelessly from spray to spray,
 Insensible that danger near it lay.
 Just then a sportsman passing by beholds
 The bird, as it its gaudy plumes unfolds;
 The hollow tube he raises instantly,
 And takes his aim with an unerring eye.
 Swifter than whirlwinds flies the leaden death,
 And straight deprives the silly bird of breath.
 Such may the fate of those be who delay
 The fair occasion to get grace to-day;
 Who wantonly postpone their happy state,
 And for improvement 'till to-morrow wait,
 Death in their foolishness may them surprise,
 While they dream of hereafter being wise.

Some

Some came, no doubt, to this their last retreat,
 With length of days and piety replete ;
 “ As shocks of corn in blooming vigor blow,
 “ And, fill’d with plenty, ripe in harvest grow.”
 These were the children of true light, and who
 God’s wisdom in their generation knew ;
 Who were wise in what should them most employ,
 Wise for that happiness they now enjoy.
 They richer and more honorable were,
 Than all the votaries of *Mammon* are.
 Swift wings were furnish’d for the wealth of one,
 Which is now irrecoverably gone ;
 While the poor gatherers are sent away,
 Thro’ fields of want and penury to stray ;
 Where not one drop of water they can gain,
 To cool their tongue, or ease their scorching pain.
 Whereas, the others always are supply’d
 With riches, which shall with them still abide ;
 Which leave them not, but constantly afford
 Them comfort in the city of the LORD.
 No pow’r created could their wealth o’erthrow ;
 Wealth which GOD only could on man bestow :
 And such, O pleasing thought ! may I attain !
 May each poor, longing sinner such obtain !
 Riches, which ever-saving faith insure,
 Treasures of knowledge, heavenly and pure ;
 Riches, which bless us by atoning blood,
 And with imputed right’ousness endu’d.

Their

Their bodies here a "certain quiet share,
 And lie in "habitations free from care."
 Here they have from them ev'ry burden cast,
 And have from ev'ry snare escap'd at last.
 With racking pain the head no longer aches;
 Complaints in tears the eye no longer makes;
 The flesh no more with pangs acute is torn;
 Nor longer with distempers ling'ring worn.
 Here from their hardships they get a release,
 And here for ever their afflictions cease.
 Here low'ring danger never does them harm,
 Nor threatens them with any harsh alarm;
 But sweet tranquillity makes soft their beds,
 And safely watches their reposing heads.
 Rest then, ye prec'ous relics, in the tomb,
 Rest quiet in this hospitable gloom;
 'Till the last trumpet gives the welcome sound,
 And wakes you sudden from your sleep profound;
 "Arise, shine forth, in heav'nly light array'd,
 "On you the glory of the LORD's display'd."

To these, how calmly did life's ev'ning run!
 How kindly pleasant was their setting sun!
 Then, when their flesh and heart fail'd them thro'
 fear,
 How did the mem'ry of the LORD them cheer!
 Who, to preserve them from the sting of guilt,
 His spotless blood in speechless mercy spilt!

How did their Saviour their souls revive,
 For their justification now alive !
 How cheering the well-grounded hope of grace,
 And for their sins, with GOD Almighty peace
 Thro' JESUS CHRIST our LORD ! this will assuage
 Their griefs, and sweeten death's tormenting rage.
 Has wealth pull'd all her golden mountains down ?
 Where's honor with its trophies of renown ?
 Where are the pomps of a vain world now fled ?
 At death's approach can they their comforts shed ?
 Can they compose th' affrighted thoughts, or
 buoy

The soul departing in its agony ?
 The followers of CHRIST seem pleas'd, and death
 Is conquer'd even with their latest breath.
 " They on GOD's everlasting arms repose,"
 While he their fainting heads preserves from woes.
 His spirit to their souls does peace instill,
 And bends the conscience to his holy will.
 With the strength of these heav'nly succours fill'd,
 They conquerors, not captives, quit the field ;
 On GOD's most faithful promise they rely,
 Fraught with full hopes of immortality."

Now they are gone, and rest in quiet peace,
 The struggles of reluctant nature cease.
 In gloomy death the body lies asleep ;
 The soul is launch'd into the sightless deep.

But

But say, who can imagine the surprize,
 Which will then seize on their delighted eyes;
 When on them an angelic crowd attends,
 Instead of companies of weeping friends?
 O how securely in their course they ride!
 Thro' unknown worlds how safely do they glide!
 While these celestial guides direct their flight,
 The vale of tears is lost in endless night.
 Farewel, farewel for ever, realms of woe!
 Farewel, malignant beings' rage below!
 They're come to states with boundless comforts
 stor'd;

“ Come to the city of the living LORD ;”
 While a voice sweeter than the softest lyre,
 Sweet as the Seraphim's harmonic choir,
 Hails their arrival, and rejoicing sings,
 And speaks their entrance to the KING OF KINGS :
 “ Ye everlasting gates, your heads now rear,
 “ And give admission to each godly heir.”

While good men's bodies slumber in the grave,
 Here let us, now, “ their souls and spirits leave;”
 From an entangling wilderness preserv'd,
 For a most pleasant paradise reserv'd ;
 Settled in realms of unmolested peace,
 Where their disquietudes and sorrows cease.
 They sit with *Isaac, Jacob, Abraham,*
 In the LORD's kingdom, with the holy LAMB.

Here

Here with innumerable faints they shine,
 And round God's throne exalt their voice divine;
 Glad in fruition of their present joy,
 On certain expectations they rely,
 That they'll be bless'd yet inconceivably ;
 " When God the heav'ns and earth calls, from
 above,
 " That he in judgment may his people prove."

" Their life fools reckon'd madness, since they
 " found
 " Their end approaching with no honors crown'd:
 " But they are rank'd among the Sons of God,
 " And endless bliss share in the saints abode."
 However, then, a vain world may despise,
 Howe'er the truly good it villifies ;
 Be this my greatest and supreme desire,
 The utmost happiness I can acquire !
 " Let me, oh ! let me meet the just man's fate ;
 " Let me enjoy his death, and future state."

What figure's that which strikes my gazing
 eye,
 And from the wall shines so conspic'ously ?
 It does not only eminently grace
 A grander, and more elevated place ;
 But seems, majestically proud, to bear
 A more than ordinary splendid air.

The stone the instruments of slaughter wears,
Swords, muskets, cannons, bay'nets, darts, and
spears ;

These with each other on its face entwine,
And thence with formidable grandeur shine.

Let me see what the monument contains—
It holds a noble warrior's remains.

Wherefore, thought I, is such respect now paid
To this heroic foldier's fleeting shade ;

'Cause he the public good so highly priz'd,
That for it he was gladly sacrific'd ?

What endless fame is, then, by him procur'd,
Who for our sakes such agonies endur'd !

Who, tho' commander of th' angelic bands,
Altho' he all the heav'nly hosts commands ;

Became a willing, bleeding sacrifice,

That we to endless happiness might rise !

His life from one, as being mortal, flew,
And which was long to divine justice due ;
Which to the debt of nature soon would yield,
Ev'n had it fall'n not in the bloody field ;

But CHRIST gave up the ghost, and flesh be-
came,

Tho' he JEHOVAH was, the great I AM ;

The fountain of existence, who alone
Calls bliss and immortality his own.

He who supposed it no fraud to call
 Himself an equal to God All in All ;
 Whose outgoings from everlasting ran,
 Ev'n he was made in likeness of a man ;
 From the land of the living was cut off,
 And to vile wretches was a sneering scoff.
 Wonder, O heav'ns ! O earth, astonish'd be !
 That CHRIST should feel such dreadful agony !
 He dy'd the death, of whom we witness have,
 He's " the true God, and endless life can give."

The one to willing perils was expos'd,
 When he his king's and country's foes oppos'd ;
 Which, tho' it beaming glories might display,
 Yet would an ignomin'ous mind betray, }
 In such good circumstances to gainsay. }
 But CHRIST the blessed grasp'd the bloody sword,
 Tho' he was KING of Kings, of Lords the LORD.
 CHRIST JESUS, the sole monarch, took the field,
 Tho' in the conflict he was sure to yield ;
 And put on harness, tho' he knew before,
 It must be stained with his sinless gore.
 The Prince of heav'n his royal self resign'd,
 Not to mere hazard, but sure death to find ;
 To death, now certain in its quicken'd pace,
 With horrors bursting from its grisly face.
 And for whom did he these dire torments bear ?
 Not for those who at all deserving were ;

But disobedient creatures to befriend,
 And pardon gain for criminals condemn'd,
 A band of evil rebels, void of grace,
 An inexcusable and wicked race;
 Sinners obnoxious, whom he might leave
 The due reward of their crimes to receive,
 Without impeachment of his goodness; nay,
 His vengeful justice better to display.

The one, 'tis likely, dy'd without much pain,
 Was wounded suddenly, and quickly slain:
 A bullet lodg'd within his heart, a sword
 Sheath'd in his breast, might instant death afford;
 Or a strong battle-ax his brain might cleave,
 And in a moment give him to the grave:—
 Whereas our Saviour, divine and dear,
 Did tedious, protracted torments bear,
 Which were as ling'ring as they were severe. }
 Ev'n in the prelude to his last distress,
 What loads of grief his sacred frame oppress!
 The mighty pressure, exquisitely fore,
 Instead of sweat, drew blood from ev'ry pore,
 The crimson gore so from his body rain'd,
 It ting'd the pavement, and his raiment stain'd.
 But at the last scene of the tragedy,
 Oh! what a mournful sight might one espy!
 When to the cross the minister of woes,
 Had nail'd his body with his piercing blows;

Oh!

Oh! for how many dismal hours of pain,
 Did that illust'ous sufferer remain,
 In sight of GOD, of angels, and of men!
 His temples with the thorny crown in scars;
 His hands and feet cleft by the iron bars;
 His flesh all cover'd with severest smart,
 Trembling and agonizing in each part;
 And torments of unspeakable distress,
 On his blest'd soul, his very soul did press!
 So long he hung, in sympathizing tone,
 Nature for him thro' all her realms made moan.
 The earth, such barbarous indignities
 Beheld amaz'd, and trembled with surprize;
 The sun, when these black actions came in view,
 Shudder'd with horror, and its beams withdrew.
 Nay, so long did this sufferer sustain
 The last extremity of bitter pain;
 That, quick as thought, the alarm of it fled
 To the dark regions of the distant dead.
 Still, O my soul, with this vast truth be fill'd,
 The Lamb of GOD was seiz'd, was bound, was
 kill'd;
 Slaughter'd with greatest inhumanity,
 And suffer'd agonizing death for thee!
 His executioners so studious were,
 Their cruel means of torture to prepare;
 That ere its fatal dregs he had drank up,
 Each drop of gall he tasted in the cup.

Once

Once more ; the one did like a hero die,
 And fell in battle, fighting gallantly.
 But went not *Jesus* as a fool to rest ?
 Not mark'd with scars of glory on his breast ;
 But as some wicked villain on the rack,
 With lashes of the vile scourge on his back.
 Yes, CHRIST the blessed, bow'd, ere he was dead,
 On the accursed tree, his fainting head ;
 And the beneficent Redeemer dy'd,
 Between two wicked felons crucify'd ;
 CHRIST was 'twixt heav'n and earth suspended.
 high,
 Outcast from both, and whom each did deny.

What fuitable returns of ardent love
 Can we make to the holy ONE above ?
 What worthy thanks can he from us receive,
 Who dy'd for us, that we thro' him might live ?
 He did in ignomin'ous anguish die,
 That we might flourish in the heights of joy ;
 And, plac'd on thrones of endless glory, raise
 To our Redeemer fervent songs of praise.
 Alas ! we impotent and senseless clay,
 Cannot to CHRIST sufficient duty pay.
 He only who does such rich gifts bestow,
 With grateful warmth can make our bosoms glow,
 Then let, most gracious IMMANUEL,
 Thy tomb of gratitude in our souls dwell.

Inscribe

Inscribe the mem'ry of thy matchless grace,
 Not in those characters we can erase;
 But in that precious and heav'nly blood,
 Which from your veins in gushing torrents flow'd.
 With neither ax nor chissel it prepare,
 But with that spear which your bless'd side did
 tear.

Let it in characters conspic'ous stand,
 Indelible, not made by mortal hand;
 On marble tables do not it impress,
 But fix it on our inmost hearts' recess.

Let me observe one thing ere I leave
 This entomb'd hero, and his garnish'd grave.
 These methods ostentatious, how mean,
 Which strive to bribe the votes of fame, and gain
 Some little stock of posthumous renown,
 To future times thus proudly handed down!
 How poorly polish'd alabaster shews
 The great advantage that from virtue flows!
 Or how does mimicry of sculptur'd stone
 Express the memorable deeds we've done!
 His countrymen think with affecting grief,
 On the great merit of this bleeding chief:
 His patriotic zeal, in honor's cause,
 Would be remember'd with the best applause,
 Long as the nation is with safety crown'd,
 Without such artful means to spread the sound.
 Such

Such are the methods by which I would strive
To keep my certain memory alive.

Let such memorials be, then, impress'd
Deep on each of my fellow-creature's breast.

Let my surviving friends a witness bear,
That for myself alone I did not care;

Nor wholly in my generation live,
Without attempts some benefits to give.

O! let a long, uninterrupted line
Of tender deeds, on my inscription shine;
And let my wishes for the happy state
Of all my friends, be shewn upon the plate.

Let all the poor, as by my grave they press,
Point at the spot, and thankfully confess,
" There lies the man, who to each varied grief,
" With ceaseless tenderness still gave relief;
" Who kindly visited my painful bed,
" And me in poverty with plenty fed.
" How oft did his instructions guide me right,
" And to my cast-down spirits yield delight?
" 'Tis owing to the seasonable store
" With which God bless'd him, to relieve the
 " poor,
" And the wise counsels which he us'd to give,
" That I exist, and now in comfort live."
Let a man who once trod ungodly ways,
Once ignorant, his eyes to heaven raise;

Let

Let such a one within his bosom talk,
 As o'er my grave he takes his pensive walk,
 " Here lie the relics of that friend sincere,
 " Who for my soul had such paternal care.
 " I'll ne'er forget how heedless and how gay
 " I posted onward in perdition's way ;
 " I tremble when I think what endless woe
 " Would very soon my wretched soul o'erflow ;
 " Had not his admonitions, always right,
 " Mark'd out the way, and stay'd my thoughtless
 " flight.

" I of the holy gospel nothing knew,
 " Nor had I its abundant wealth in view ;
 " But since his prudent converse guided me,
 " The all-sufficiency of CHRIST I see ;
 " And, animated by his constant pray'r,
 " I'd all things lose, that I might JESUS share.
 " Methinks, his speeches, with religion fill'd,
 " In my ears tingle, and sound comfort yield ;
 " Methinks, his godly precepts yet impart
 " Joy to my soul, and transport to my heart ;
 " And will, I trust, yet more and more encrease,
 " In shedding on me operative grace ;
 " Until we meet in mansions not prepar'd
 " By men ; eternal, in the heavens rear'd."

But the infallible and surest way,
 Foundations for our endless bliss to lay ;

Which is as open to the rich as poor,
 "To make our calling and election sure;"
 Is to gain godly evidence that we
 Have our names blest'd to all eternity.
 However they may be forgotten, then,
 Or disregarded by the sons of men;
 They will not fail, for ever to afford,
 Remembrance in the presence of the LORD.
 'This is of all distinctions far the best;
 This will with never-dying fame be blest'd.
 Ambition, do thou then this object claim,
 And holy writ will sanctify thy aim,
 Ev'n grace itself will fan the noble flame.
 Memorials on earth must shortly cease,
 And in oblivion sink, in quiet peace.
 Those for whom we the greatest zeal express'd,
 Soon must in silence in the coffin rest.
 Ev'n letters cut into the solid stone
 With iron pens, must soon become unknown.
 But those who in the book of life inroll'd,
 Have rank'd their names in the MESSIAH's fold;
 The blessed LAMB has openly declar'd,
 That bliss unfading shall by them be shar'd.
 When a flight of revolving years shall lay
 Majestic columns level with the clay;
 When brazen statues can no longer stand,
 Under destructive Time's corroding hand;

Still

Still incorruptible these honors rise,
And bloom triumphant in the splendid skies.

Lo! yonder entrance leads, as I suppose,
To the vault where the silent dead repose.
Let me now turn aside, and take one peep
At those who in this habitation sleep.
The door on rusty hinges slow turns round,
And grates the ear with harsh, discordant sound:
As it not many visitants enjoys,
It gives me entrance with reluctant noise.
What can this sudden trembling mean, while I
Pass thro' the place where lifeless bodies lie?
In these still rooms, my spirits, nothing fear,
For "ev'n the wicked cease from troubling here."

Good Heav'ns! how dismal is this solemn scene!
Here, ev'n at noon-day, night and darkness reign.
What doleful, gloomy solitude it wears!
Not one small trace of cheerful joy appears;
Sorrows and terror seem here to have made
An habitation for their hateful head.
Hark! how at ev'ry step the awful sound
Does murm'ring from the hollow dome rebound.
Echoes, that long have slept, are now awake,
And round the walls in sighing whispers speak.

A beam or two finds thro' the grates its way,
And from the coffins' nails casts a weak ray.

So many half-hid spectacles of woes,
 Half which the baleful twilight dimly shews;
 My former apprehensions much increase,
 And add fresh horrors to this gloomy place.
 I read th' inscriptions, and by them I find
 The relics of the great are here reclin'd.
 No poor or vulgar dead could, sure, receive
 So pompous a retirement for their grave.
 The most illustr'ous, and right nobly great
 To this have laid claim as their last retreat;
 And in this place, indeed, they all appear
 A shadowy pre-eminence to share.
 In silent pomp, and mournful rank they lie,
 In sepulchres which shine conspicuously.
 While with small ceremony meaner dead
 "In the pit's stones prepare their silent bed."

My apprehensions wake from their surprise;
 Here are no sprites but which from fear arise,
 But it amazes me when I behold
 The wonders that these nether scenes unfold,
 Those who on vast revenues lately liv'd,
 And from whole lordships consequence deriv'd;
 In half a dozen feet of earth repose,
 While a few sheets of lead the whole inclose.
 Splendid apartments, and rich furniture
 No longer can their haughty minds allure,

The shroud's the only ornament they have,
 Instead of rooms they get the darksome grave,
 No longer gawdy retinues of state
 Around this solitary dome await;
 No more the lordly equipages ply
 For their dead master, who can't them enjoy;
 Nothing but fable banners, which appear
 The signs of triumph o'er their slaves to wear;
 Or statues hid by dust, which, while the gay
 Regardless world in pleasure rolls away,
 The sculptor's hand the workman's skill has
 shewn,

And taught soft tears to flow from solid stone.
 Where is the star which on the breast was plac'd?
 Or coronet which once the temple's grac'd?
 The tattered escutcheon now we find,
 And the atchievement, beaten with the wind,
 Are the sole marks of dignity resign'd. }
 Those who drew from grand ancestors their name
 And pedigree, here drop their lofty claim.
 With creeping things they kindred now retain,
 And quarter arms with reptiles the most mean,
 "They to corruption say, My father be;
 "To worms, My mother and my sister see!"
 O mortifying truth! enough to wean
 Desire most sanguine from a world so vain;
 One would imagine it enough to make
 The soul from its deep lethargy to wake;

Above

Above its sickly satisfactions rise,
 Its flitting treasures, and its fading joys.
 Or should they still with arrogance assume
 The style of grandeur in the lonely tomb;
 Alas! how weak would the pretence appear!
 The ostentatious vanity how clear!

What's the world to these heaps of breathless
 clay?
 What happiness did their pursuits convey?
 What are their pleasures? Bubbles stor'd with
 nought.
 Their honors what? A dream that is forgot.
 What the sum total of their bliss below?
 Or what gains did from their enjoyments flow?
 Perhaps to inexperience'd men it shew'd
 A form of something wonderful and good;
 But lo! now Death has weigh'd it in his scale,
 And lin'd it out, what does the whole avail?

Indulge, my soul, a thoughtful pause, and see
 With mindful look each trifling gaiety,
 From which such mighty joys were wont to rise,
 As your affections seiz'd and charm'd your eyes.
 Examine nicely each alluring bait,
 Here, of their value form an estimate.
 Suppose thyself first eminently plac'd,
 And with the favorites of fortune grac'd;
 Who

Who in the lap of pleasure roll away,
 Shining in robes of honor, always gay,
 And swim in tides of boundless riches ; yet
 The passing-bell will soon thy end repeat.
 When once that iron call has summon'd thee
 To future test, where would these pleasures be ?
 At that fix'd point, how all the vain parade
 By the luxurious and great display'd ;
 Their pompous pageantry, and lofty pride,
 Will into thin and empty air subside !
 And is this state fill'd with such happiness,
 That we so eagerly should to it press ?

Ye mighty relics of loud sounding ranks,
 Your names magnificent claim my best thanks ;
 Of this world's littleness you've taught me more
 Than all the volumes which I have in store.
 A winding-sheet, nobility's array,
 And all your grandeur mould'ring into clay ;
 To us the strongest testimonies bring,
 Of the small worth of each terrestrial thing.
 Never, in truth, did Providence record
 In so strong characters this awful word,
 As in the lifeless ashes of his Grace,
 Or my Lord's corpse, whose vital functions cease.
 Let others cringing, if they please, resort ;
 And humbly to your wealthy sons pay court ;
 Ignobly fawning their requests renew,
 And for preferments anxiously sue ;

In pensive contemplations oft my mind
 Is to their fathers' sepulchres confin'd ;
 And from their sleeping dust learns to restrain
 My expectations from all mortal men ;
 From each undue attachment free to climb
 O'er all the little interests of time ;
 O'er the delusive joys of pomp to rise,
 And all wealth's gawdy tinsel to despise ;
 Still above all the empty shades to live
 Which a vain, transitory world can give.

Hark ! what a sound is that ? In such a place
 Each noise my former fears serves to increase.
 It breaks again upon the silent air,
 Solemn and slow—the striking clock I hear.
 One would imagine that it was design'd
 To fix the meditations of my mind.
 Methinks it says Amen, and sets a seal
 To each improving hint it may reveal.
 Of my appointed time it seems to say,
 Another portion has now fled away.
 It chimes to me just like the passing-bell,
 And is of “ my departed hours the knell.”
 'Tis the watch-word to vigilance and care,
 And cries, “ redeem the time,” in reason's ear.
 “ Catch opportunity's refreshing gale,
 “ Catch it fresh breathing, lest away it steal ;

“ Ere

" Ere it shall irrecoverably stray,
 " Since life's short span does by degrees decay.
 " Lo all thy minutes are upon the stretch,
 " And strive with speed eternity to reach.
 " Now to eternity thou drawest near,
 " And art to endless time a borderer ;
 " You make advances always to the state
 " On which you thoughtfully now contemplate."
 O ! may the admonition be impress'd
 Deep on a willing and attentive breast !
 O ! may it heav'ns arithmetic supply,
 " My days to count, my heart to sense apply !"

Often, yea, often have I walk'd below
 Th' impending promontory's craggy brow ;
 I sometimes did thro' lonely places stray,
 And o'er the gloomy desert bend my way ;
 Thro' dreary caverns frequently did press,
 And penetrate their innermost recess ;
 But Nature never, sure, beheld before
 With form so dreadful and tremendous lour ;
 Nor ever was with like impressions fill'd,
 Which with cold awe my breast and vitals chill'd ;
 Which each, black arch, these mouldy walls af-
 ford,
 Surrounded, and with rueful objects stor'd ;
 Where melancholy, melancholy dread,
 Her raven wings incessantly has spread.

Let me no more in these damp places dwell ;
 And now, dismal obscurity, farewell !
 And ye, most doleful seats, and shades of night !
 Gladly I visit the returning light.

A superficial prospect having cast
 On these sad domes, where mortals rest at last ;
 My prying mind prompts me without delay,
 To a more close and intimate survey.
 And could we open lay the tomb again,
 And see what those are now, who once were men ;
 How would the view, to our astonish'd eyes,
 Raise in our bosoms sorrow and surprize !
 How would we start the wond'rous change to trace,
 The mighty change, of all the human race !
 How grieve to see what foul dishonor's paid,
 What small account is of our nature made,
 When in their subterraneous lodgments laid !

Lo ! here the gay and sweetly winning face,
 Which wore incessantly attractive grace ;
 And once of smiles and loveliness was full,
 Grins horribly a naked, ghastly skull.
 Eyes, which more bright than diamonds were confess'd,
 And glanc'd sweet lightning on the coldest breast :
 Alas ! where are they ? Or where shall we find
 The links which once these rolling sparklers join'd ?
 These

These orbs eclips'd, in total darkness lost,
 No more bewitching, radiant glories boast.
 The tongue, that could harmonic charms command,

And pow'rful eloquence, in this strange land
 Has "forgot all its burning;" and now where
 Are those lov'd strains that ravish'd ev'ry ear?
 Where is persuasion's flow, with charms replete,
 That could our judgments wholly captivate?

The master skill'd in language, and sweet sounds,
 Is silent as the night which him surrounds.

The pamper'd flesh, so lately cloathed gay,
 In purple, linen, and in rich array,
 Is rudely cover'd here with clods of clay!

Once the nice, gentle creature could not dare
 "To lay its foot upon the ground," through
 fear,

So delicate and weak it was;" but lo!
 It sleeps in clammy earth enwrapped now;
 Instead of downy pillows rests its head
 On a cold, rocky, gravel-formed bed.

Here "strong men bow themselves; and here
 The arm's unstrung, stout sinews loosen'd are,
 Limbs, of activity and strength possess'd,
 And brawny joints, repose in sullen rest;
 The bones, as bars of iron strong, become
 An heap of dust in the lone, darksome tomb.

The man of business here forgets his aims,
 And lays aside his pleasing, fav'rite schemes ;
 He ceases to perplex himself in vain,
 And discontinues the pursuit of gain.

A total stand does in this place arise
 To commerce, and the sale of merchandize.

Here, as when *Solomon* his temple rear'd,
 No stroke of hammer or of ax is heard.

The winding-sheet, the coffin, and the tomb,
 To our devices give the utmost doom ;

“ Hitherto they may, but no farther come.” }
 The sons of pleasure here in endless night

Take a last farewell of each dear delight.
 No longer does the sensualist here

Anoint with oil, or fragrant rose-buds wear ;
 No more his time on lively music waste,

Nor revel longer at the drunken feast.
 Instead of tables sumptuously fill'd,

With all the plenty elegance can yield ;
 Himself the poor voluptuary gives,

A treat whereon the fatten'd insect lives ;
 “ The reptile on his flesh feeds eagerly,

“ And the worm feasts on him deliciously.”
 Here all the winning graces disappear,

And blooming beauty drops her lustre here.
 Oh ! how her roses wither and decay !

Her lillies languish in this chilling clay !

How the grand leveller contempt does throw
 On what with pleasure made our bosoms glow!
 With what deformity has he defil'd
 What had before the world in bondage held!

Now could the captivated lover gaze	}
On the dear nymph which once could so much	
please,	
What great astonishment would on him seize!	}
“ Is this the charmer, whom not long ago	
“ I fondly doated on, and loved so.	
“ I said she was incomparably fair,	
“ That she did something more than mortal	
“ share.	
“ Her form in symmetry itself was dress'd,	
“ And elegance shone in her air confess'd;	
“ The graces all attended in her train,	
“ And peerless beauties forg'd the silken chain.	
“ Music was in her words; but when she spoke	
“ Encouragement, my raptures she awoke.	
“ How my heart danc'd to the delightful sound,	
“ While in her converse I all comfort found!	
“ Can she, some weeks ago the queen of love,	
“ Now so insufferably loathsome prove	
“ Where are those blushing cheeks, alas! now	
“ fled!	
“ And where those sweet lips, as the coral red!	

“ Where

" Where that white neck, on which the curling
 " load
 " In glossy ringlets elegantly flow'd!
 " With numberless perfections of the face,
 " Accompany'd with each becoming grace!
 " The dreadful alteration me amaz'd!
 " On the bright meteor I fondly gaz'd:
 " While like a splendid star it shone, methought
 " It was with lasting and firm transport fraught.
 " But how, alas! has it so soon decay'd!
 " Fall'n from an orb in which it only stray'd!
 " Shall the sole trace that it on earth must leave
 " Be a vile body, putrid in the grave!"

Lie, poor *Florella*! lie deep as you must,
 In obscure darkness, mixing with the dust.
 Let night, with her impenetrable shade,
 For ever o'er thy beauties be display'd.
 Thy dome and thy condition now agree;
 To thy disgrace let no eye witness be:
 But let thy living sisters view thy state,
 When in the glass their form they contemplate.
 When the sweet image pleasingly shall rise,
 And vast perfections open to their eyes;
 When boundless charms, with animating grace,
 And conscious elegance, glow in each face;
 When tempting minutes dangers great conceal,
 And vain ideas in their breasts prevail;

Then let them think what horrid gloom is drawn
 Over a face which once like their's did dawn;
 A face, in which the brightest features shone
 With brilliant beauty, blooming as their own.
 They by such seasonable thoughts may find
 Bounds to the toils they have to dress assign'd;
 And may acquire more earnest care to clean,
 Not outside caskets, but the pearls within.
 It then might prove their highest wish to live
 In ev'ry virtue grace divine can give;
 To have their minds with real goodness stor'd,
 After the pattern of their blessed LORD.

And would this any of their charms conceal?
 Or from their persons any honors steal?
 Quite the reverse: It would spread matchless
 grace,
 And heav'nly glory, o'er the fairest face;
 It would accomplishments more winning give;
 From it more loveliness they would receive.
 And what is yet a more inviting thing,
 These flow'rs would flourish in eternal spring;
 Nor fade with nature, nor with time decay,
 But bloom for ever in most rich array;
 With ornaments untarnish'd always shine,
 And ev'n in wint'ry age shed sweets divine.
 But that which shall their greatest praises swell,
 And best these noble qualities can tell;

That

That which must, sure, the truest pleasure give,
 Is ; as the ashes of the phoenix live,
 From their hallow'd remains ere long will rise
 A form illustrious to gild the skies ;
 As wings of blessed angels ever bright,
 And lasting as new *Zion's* beaming light.

For me ; the thought of this sad change shall
 still

My mind with shame and endless sorrow fill,
 For paying court to flesh ; and make me fear
 From joys so brittle happiness to share.
 It shall instruct me henceforth not to prize
 The comforts which from well-join'd clay arise ;
 Tho' in one person elegantly meet,
 A form quite perfect, and a soul most sweet.
 'Tis heav'n's last, best, and crowning gift ; to
 be

Receiv'd with gratitude, and hail'd with joy ;
 As the prime blessing it can to us lend ;
 Not strains of fulsome worship to expend ;
 Nor in th' incense of flattery convey'd,
 As adoration to a goddess paid.
 I trust that it my doating eyes will cure,
 And make me walk in wisdom's path secure ;
 Incline me always preference to shew
 To " charms that from meek and good spirits
 " flow ;"

Before

Before each fleeting, ornamental grace,
Which decorates with white and red the face,

My roving meditations I repress
From long excursions thro' scenes of distress.
Fancy awhile attention strictly paid,
To the soliloquy a lover made ;
But judgment now again resumes the sway,
And while her lips instructive truths convey,
My mind she happily directs and bends,
To self-concerning thoughts which wisdom lends.
Howe'er, when on the whole scene I look'd round,
With mortal objects, and death's trophies crown'd;
I could not fail to smite my breast and sigh,
The noblest of things visible to spy }
“ Under the pale horse and his rider lie :”
While I in these pathetic terms exclaim,
“ What ills, thou *Adam*, from thy failings came !”
What direful desolation hast thou brought
On the world, by thy disobedience wrought !
The pow'rful mischiefs see that from sin flow !
Sin, the most stately bodies has laid low ;
Sin has on earth been so harsh and severe,
Among the best of GOD's creation there ;
That deadly bane of nature would have cast
In deepest hell, where torments ever last,
My better part, but that our grac'ous LORD
Himself a ransom for us did afford.

What due acknowledgments can sinners shew,
For the great gratitude to God they owe!

What can a heav'n of blest'd believers give!
Or what warm love should he from them receive!
Can they with ample thanks before him bend!
Such a deliv'rer, benefactor, friend!

While my mind on these doleful objects rests,
A faithful monitor within suggests—

“ Must in me likewise this sad change succeed?

“ And am I, in like manner, doom'd to bleed?

“ Am I to breathe my last, and in my turn

“ Become a corpse, and be what I now mourn?

“ Is there a time approaching, then, so near,

“ In which this body, carry'd on a bier,

“ Shall all this wretched world's temptations leave,

“ And be consigned to its clay-cold grave?

“ While some kind friend, perhaps, at parting

“ may

“ Let fall a tear, and, Oh! my brother! say?”

Nothing more certain; and which shall endure

Than laws of *Medes* and *Persians*, more sure;

A firm decree has ratify'd the doom,

To which at last all mortal men must come.

Should now one of those ghastly figures rise

From its confinement, present to my eyes;

In dread deformity before me stand,

With haggard visage lift a clatt'ring hand,

And

And point it fully to my wond'ring sight ;
 Or open its thin jaws, form'd to affright ;
 Then with a hoarse, tremendous murmur speak,
 And horribly this profound silence break :
 Should it address me just as *Samuel's* ghost
 Did once the fearful, trembling king accost—
 “ The LORD shall give you to the hand of death,
 “ And thou must, also, soon resign thy breath ;
 “ Yet but a little while and thou shalt be
 “ In the same state wherein you now find me.”
 The solemn warning, in a way so grave,
 Must on my mind, sure, strong impressions leave :
 Commands in thunder would scarce deeper sink—
 Yet I ought vastly more to fear, I think,
 That which the LORD expressly has declar'd,
 “ Thou sure shalt die ;” and be for death prepar'd.

Well then, since sentence is against me pass'd,
 Since by a right'ous judge I have been cast ;
 And know not when the warrant may arrive ;
 Let me to sin die, to JEHOVAH live, }
 Before I death from his just stroke receive. }
 Let me the short, uncertain time employ,
 Which before execution I enjoy,
 In making preparations for that state
 Where does a bless'd and better life await ;
 That when the fatal time comes, when my eyes
 Must on all objects close below the skies ;

I may again my Saviour espy,
Seated majestic in the realms on high.

Since then this frame, so wonderfully made,
Must to the grave be very soon convey'd;
Since all my pow'rs of flesh must soon give way
To inactivity, gloom, and decay:
Oh! let it always be my earnest care
To use them right, while in my pow'r they are!
Let me the poor strive always to relieve,
And be "less ready to receive than give."
In humblest posture let my knees still bow,
Before the throne of grace, devoutly low;
While on the earth my eyes are firmly held,
With penitence and dread confusion fill'd;
Or reverently look to heav'n above,
For grac'ous mercy, and forgiving love!
In ev'ry friendly interview let still
The "law of kindness all my converse fill;"
Or if my friends choose rather godly speech,
Let still my tongue the gospel of peace teach.
Oh! that in ev'ry public concourse I
Might, like a trumpet, raise my voice on high;
And in melod'ous accents spread around
A much more joyful and harmonic sound;
While I in elevated language sing
Glad tidings which from free salvation spring!

Be shut still resolutely close, my ears,
 Against the wicked whispers slander bears;
 And strictly careful always to refrain
 From filthy talking of a breath profane;
 Attend to knowledge which from wisdom breaks,
 And stedfast hear when your Redeemer speaks;
 Imbibe the prec'ous truths deep in the mind,
 And be they strongly to the heart inclin'd.
 Bear me, my feet, to the house of the LORD;
 To beds with sick, and domes with paupers stor'd.
 As all my members still on GOD depend,
 May they with rev'rence always to him bend;
 And may I be the willing instrument,
 By which his praise may o'er the world be sent!

Then, ye embalmers, you may spare your pains,
 Since I by faith procure my greatest gains;
 These works of faith, and labours of my love,
 Are the perfumes for which my soul still strove.
 Enwrapp'd in these I'd fear no deadly pest,
 But sweetly in the blessed JESUS rest;
 Hoping that GOD will his "commandment give,"
 By which again "my bones" may life receive;
 Reanimate them from the senseless clay,
 At his most awful and appointed day;
 And as gold from the fire them purify,
 "I say not sev'n, but sev'n times seventy."

Here,

Here, then, my contemplation took its flight,
 And quickly in the garden did alight,
 Adjoining to the mount of *Calvary*,
 On which our blest'd Redeemer deign'd to die.
 Having view'd tombs of fellow-creatures dead,
 Methought I long'd to see where CHRIST was laid.
 And what a spectacle, oh! once was here,
 In this so memorable sepulchre!
 He "who for cloaths with light himself arrays,
 "And walks upon the winged winds" with ease;
 Was pleas'd frail habiliments to wear,
 And with the prostrate dead a dwelling share.
 Who can for this think any praise too great?
 Or can too oft the wond'rous truth repeat?
 Who, with the most transporting, grateful song,
 Can think on the glad theme he dwells too long?
 He, who inthron'd in glory, sits on high,
 'Mongst all the heav'nly hosts diffusing joy;
 Was once a body, bloody, pale, and dead,
 And on this spot repos'd his lifeless head.

How great, Death, was thy triumph in that	}
hour!	
Ne'er had'st thou captive in thy gloomy pow'r,	
So excellent a prisoner before.	}
Did I say prisoner? And was he such?	
No; he was more than conqueror by much.	

Than

Than *Sampson* he far mightier arose,
 When he shook off his transient repose;
 Spoil'd the strong gates, and levell'd with the
 ground

The walls that these dominions dark surround.

In this, O mortals! in this you must place
 Your only hopes of comfort and of peace.

This dreadful path your Saviour has trod,
 And smooth and easy made the rugged road.

CHRIST sleeping in the chambers of the tomb,
 Has from this mansion driv'n the dismal gloom,
 And left sweet odors in each dreary room. }

The dying JESUS, (never let that joy
 Forfake your bosoms! JESUS who did die)
 Your passport and protection sure will give
 Thro' all the territories of the grave.

Trust him; they'll prove "to *Sion* a highway,"
 And you safely to paradise convey.

Believe in him, and you no loss will find,
 But endless gains, when to the tomb consign'd.

For hear what to this weighty point GOD saith,
 "Whofo believes in me shall ne'er see death."

How sublime and emphatical this strain!

This much at least the mighty truth must mean:

"The nature of that latter change shall be

"Made for the better most surprizingly.

"It shall no more be for a punishment,

"But rather as the greatest blessing sent:

" It shall attended to such persons haste,
 " With such a train of solid profits grac'd ;
 " That they must not the name of death receive,
 " For 'tis then only they begin to live :
 " To say that death could from such bliss arise,
 " A happy impropriety implies.
 " Their exit is the end of their frail state,
 " As then perfection will on them await ;
 " Their last groan is the prelude to their joy,
 " To comfort, life, and immortality."

Weak souls ! affrighted at the passing-bell,
 Who at the sight of open'd graves turn pale ;
 Who scarce a skull or coffin can behold,
 And not experience a shudd'ring cold ;
 Who to the grisly tyrant bondmen are,
 And quake when he his iron rod does rear ;
 To the LORD of your spirits loudly cry,
 And for protection on his Son rely.
 By faith you'll from your slavery be freed,
 And courage get on this worst snake to tread.
 Old *Simeon*, when *JESUS* he embrac'd,
 Departed with tranquillity, well pleas'd ;
 When the child *CHRIST* in arms of flesh he
 grasp'd,
 And in faith's arms the Mediator clasp'd.
 That bitter persecutor *Saul*, when crown'd
 With his Redeemer, in *CHRIST* being found ;

Longs

Longs for difmiſſion from this cumbrous earth,
And is all rapture at the ſight of death.

Sure I ſee one more of IMMANUEL's train
Truſting in CHRIST, on his Redeemer lean ;
And cheerfully to ſilent ſhades depart,
With a compoſed and exulting heart.

Under this pow'rful and bleſs'd name, behold !
Numberleſs crowds of ſinful men grown bold,
Have fix'd their banners, and moſt bravely fought,
And " by the Lamb's blood victory have got."

Thou may'ſt by the example which the LORD,
The Captain of Salvation, does afford,

Undaunted ev'ry care and danger meet,
And on the king of terrors ſet thy feet.

Supply'd with this ſure antidote, you may
Round the hole of the aſp ſecurely play ;
And put your hand, unconſcious of dread,
Where the dire cockatrice its den has made.

Thou may'ſt feel vipers on thy mortal part,
And yet experience no deadly ſmart.

You, by a joyful reſurrection, will
Shake them off one day, without any ill.

Reſurrection ! that cheering word prepares
Joy for my ſoul, and lightens all my cares ;
My mind it eaſes of its anx'ous pains,
And an enquiry of vaſt weight explains.

I would have asked, "wherefore in this place.
 "Lie all these corpses, in such abject case?
 "And is this, then, their fix'd and final doom?
 "Has Death, their conqu'ror, chain'd them to
 "the tomb?
 "Will he his captives ne'er from bondage free?
 "Wilt thou forget them, LORD, eternally?"
 No, faith the voice from heav'n, the word divine,
 "Hope doth all good and right'ous men con-
 "fine."

There is an hour (that awful secrets known
 To GOD, the all-foreseeing LORD, alone)
 There is a time, a fixed hour of grace,
 In which an act the heav'nly seal will pass,
 Whereby they shall a full discharge receive,
 Eternal freedom from the gloomy grave.
 Then the LORD JESUS shall from heav'n descend,
 While angels and archangels him attend,
 And with the trump of GOD all nature rend. }
 Destruction's self shall the dread call adore,
 And graves obediently their dead restore.
 They in the twinkling of an eye awake,
 And from ten thousand years' sleep quickly break;
 They spring forth like the bounding roe or deer,
 To meet "the LORD eternal in the air."

And, oh! with what congratulating grace,
 With how transporting, hearty an embrace,

Are the soul and the body once more join'd,
 Companions so affectionate and kind!
 But how much greater signs of love are shewn,
 When CHRIST, compassionate, calls them his own!
 The LORD, who in the clouds of heav'n does
 come,
 Is their kind friend, their father, and bridegroom.
 Yet they are not to suffer any fears
 From all the grandeur in which he appears.
 Those wonderful solemnities so dread,
 Which awe and ruin thro' all nations spread;
 Serve only to inflame their love the more,
 And make their hopes of happiness flow o'er.
 The awful judge, in all his mightiness
 And splendor, vouchsafes their names to con-
 fess;
 Vouchsafes their great fidelity to tell
 Before the beings that in heaven dwell;
 And deigns their goodness to commemorate
 Before the world, who on his will await.

Hark! now the thunders their dread sound at-
 tune;
 The lightnings cease their terrifying rage;
 In silent doubt th' angelic armies see
 Attentive wait the Judge's great decree!
 The race of *Adam*, with an anx'ous mind,
 Expect a sentence rigorous or kind.

That King supreme, adorable, whose grace
 Is more than life to mortals purest peace ;
 And whose adoption is a crown of joy ;
 Upon the right'ous casts a pleasing eye.

O! what a speech from his lips sweetly breaks!

What cheering accents, as he grac'ous speaks!

And with what ecstasies of joy and praise,

They in the bosoms of the faithful blaze!

“ To you, my people, I acceptance give,

“ For ye are they who did my name believe.

“ Lo! ye are they who have yourselves deny'd,

“ And with firm trust still on my pow'r rely'd.

“ No spot or blemish in your frames I see,

“ Wash'd in my blood, cloath'd in my purity,

“ Renewed by my spirit, ye on earth

“ Have prais'd me, and been constant unto death,

“ Come then, ye servants of the living *Lord*,

“ Enjoy the comforts which he will afford.

“ Come, then, ye blessed of the *LORD* above,

“ Children of light, who share my father's love; }

“ Possess a kingdom that shall ne'er remove ; }

“ Receive the crown that fadeth not away,

“ And taste of pleasures which can ne'er decay!”

The right'ous then, this smallest good shall gain,
 That they no more will languish under pain ;
 That sickness ne'er again shall shew her face,
 Her doleful visage, in their dwelling-place.

At that great period death itself shall die,
 And be quite "swallow'd up in victory."
 That fatal jav'lin, whose unerring dart
 Drank monarch's blood, and pierc'd the mortal
 heart;

Death, which all *Adam's* children has annoy'd,
 Shall at that time be utterly destroy'd.

That scythe enormous, which in darkest shade
 The greatest empires has so often laid;
 Which years and generations can remove,
 Shall then perpetually useless prove.

Sin, also, which, thou bloody tyrant, fills
 Thy hateful quiver with tormenting ills;

Sin, which to thee resistless strength could yield,
 And crown'd thee victor in each horrid field;

Which drove thy arrows with unbounded might,
 Shall then be cover'd in unceasing night.

Whatever's frail, or could our minds deprave,
 Shall be thrown off for ever in the grave.

All yet to come is excellence supreme,
 Consummate bliss, and transports still the same.

Eternity! O vast eternity!

Thou dost our boldest, strongest thoughts defy!
 All our researches thy great depths to gain,
 Are useless, ineffectual, and vain!

Who can with landmarks thy dimensions bound?
 Or who find plumbets the abyss to sound?

Arith-

Arithmeticians have rules to shew
 The seasons which progressive time goes thro' :
 Astronomers have instruments to spy,
 And tell how distant all the planets lie :
 Can numbers state, or any lines unfold
 The lengths and breadths eternity should hold ?
 " Its height is more than heav'n; what canst thou
 do ?
 " Its depth is more than hell; what canst thou
 " know ?
 " Its measures doth our lesser earth contain,
 " And in its breadth it holds the watry main."

Mysterious existence! vast excess!
 Not to be render'd by deductions less,
 Or by the largest fums we can express!
 Extent impossible to be confin'd
 By any boundaries by us assign'd!
 None can say after wond'rous ages' waste,
 " That so much of eternity is past."
 For when ten thousand centuries are gone,
 It is but just commencing to come on;
 When millions more have run their ample round,
 It will no nearer to its end be found.
 When ages, num'rous as the bloom of spring,
 Join'd to the herbage which the summers bring;
 Augmented by the ears of autumn's grain,
 All multiply'd by winter's dropping rain;

And

And when ten thousand times ten thousand more,
 Added to numbers infinite before;
 More than imagination can convey,
 Or yet similitude have pass'd away;
 Eternity, amazing, vast, immense,
 Will only at that period commence;
 Or rather (if I in these terms may speak)
 Will its beginning but begin to make.

O! what a pleasing awful thought is this!
 With dread abounding, and yet full of bliss.
 May this give the alarm to all our fears,
 Quicken our hopes, and animate our cares!
 May it instruct us faithfully to live,
 And fortitude to our endeavours give!
 An inconceivable and endless state
 Does shortly, very shortly us await;
 Let us be diligent *now*, to insure
 An entrance into happiness secure!
 Let us our utmost industry apply,
 Since no scene alters in futurity.
 The wheel ne'er turns, nor objects change re-
 ceive;
 All's fix'd, immoveable, beyond the grave.
 Whether we, then, are seated on the throne,
 Or stretch'd on racks, in agony to groan;
 Justice inflexible, or endless grace,
 Will a firm seal to our condition place.

'The saints their happiness rejoicing prove,
 Amidst the smiles of never ending love ;
 Their harps incessantly to joy they fit ;
 No interruption their triumphs admit.
 The ruin which the wicked undergo,
 Is filled with irremediable woe.
 The fatal sentence which the LORD shall seal,
 Is fix'd immoveable, without repeal.
 They cannot one faint, glimm'ring hope receive,
 Their doleful habitations e'er to leave ;
 But all things the same dismal aspect bear,
 And which they everlastingly must wear.

The wicked—How my pensive bosom shrinks,
 When on their dreadful misery it thinks !
 It wav'd the horrid theme with careful awe ;
 And seems yet willing from it to withdraw.
 But it is better for some minutes, sure,
 To cogitate, than endless pains endure.
 Perhaps, the thought of their sad torments may
 Some terrible advantages display ;
 Perhaps, the thought of their augmented woes
 May to my soul some mighty good disclose ;
 May teach me JESUS with more joy to see,
 " Who from the pit unfathom'd sets me free."
 May hurry me, like the avenger's sword,
 To this sole city with protection stor'd,
 Which to sad sinners refuge can afford.

As malefactors in the prison's gloom
 Fearfully wait their trial yet to come;
 So here the wicked in confusion lie,
 And suffer torments to eternity.
 They must for ever dwell in this dire place,
 For "their departure was devoid of peace."
 Their closing eye-lids were with horrors drown'd,
 Which dealt incessantly a direful wound;
 And sad forebodings in their minds did raise,
 "That the black darkness would not ever cease."
 When the last sickness seiz'd their tott'ring
 frame,
 And the inevitable summons came;
 When at their life they saw their archer aim;
 And to the string perceiv'd the fatal reed
 Fitted, and posting with unerring speed,
 When they experienc'd the deadly dart,
 Transfixed deeply in the vital part—
 Good God! what fearfulness must them annoy!
 What horrid dread their ev'ry hope destroy!
 How stedfastly their ghastly eyes they keep,
 Shudd'ring at the tremendous, gloomy sleep!
 Afraid excessively this world to leave,
 Yet utterly incapable to live!
 What pale reviews, what startling prospects rise,
 Conspiring all their souls to agonize!
 When their past life they ponder, they behold
 Most melancholy scenes themselves unfold;

GOD's mercy flighted, unrepented sin,
 And grace withdrawing from the soul within.
 They forward look, nought opens to their sight,
 But that great GOD who forms his judgment right,
 They at the dread tribunal must appear,
 And pay their awful, solemn reck'ning there.
 Around them their affrighted eyes they roll,
 Viewing the friends who their distress condole,
 Who, if partakers in their wicked life,
 Must add fresh anguish to their former grief;
 When they consider, in this dreadful state,
 That this their guilt must further aggravate;
 When they perceive they have not sinn'd alone,
 But have made others act as they have done,
 If their friends are to holiness inclin'd,
 This heaps new sorrow on each troubled mind;
 It greatly heightens their distracting pain,
 That they shall ne'er enjoy their sight again;
 But at a distance unapproachable,
 And parted by a gulph unpassable.

They at the last, perhaps, begin to pray,
 Striving by that their terrors to allay;
 With anx'ous wish they to the LORD apply,
 And for assistance to JEHOVAH cry:
 With trembling lips their falt'ring words they
 pour,
 To that great GOD, "who kills and can restore."

But

But why, oh! why have they so long delay'd
Pray'rs which to Heav'n they should before have
made?

Could they have hopes of any bless'd reward,
When to God's counsels they paid no regard?

And why did they incorrigible stand,
Unmindful ever of his great command?

How oft were they forewarn'd of this sad state,
And what dire punishments would them await?

How oft importunately urg'd by God,
To turn to him, and shun his vengeful rod?

I wish the LORD may on them mercy pour,
And save them at this last alarming hour!

I wish they may his kind forgiveness meet,
Ere deep damnation bursts beneath their feet!

But oh! affronted majesty may then
Regardless of all their complaints remain;

Nor deign to work a miracle of grace,
To give such obstinate transgressors peace.

He may, for aught that any mortal knows,

“ Joy at their griefs, and laugh at all their woes ;

“ May be unheedful of their agony,

“ And mock them when their fear approacheth

“ nigh.”

Thus they lie groaning with severest pains,
In tortures spending what of life remains ;

With chilling sweat their bodies running o'er,
 Which issues coldly from each open'd pore ;
 Convulsive throes now struggle with the heart,
 Grief insupportable throbs thro' each part ;
 Innumerable shafts of sorrow spend
 Their rage upon them, and their conscience rend.

If the ungodly suffer, then, this death,
 And with sad torments thus resign their breath ;
 " My soul, do not into their secret come,
 " Lest you should meet with their eternal doom !
 " Do not, mine honor, with such men unite,
 " But from their meetings take thy daring flight !"
 How awfully accomplish'd are the words,
 The truths which inspir'd wisdom still affords !
 " Sin always bears the most destructive load,
 " Tho' seemingly in the commission good ;
 " Like bites of serpents it inflicteth pains,
 " And like the adders, hidden stings contains."
 Then, these lost wretches' wicked courses shun,
 And from their tents with expedition run.

How happy would this dissolution be,
 Should it from all their tortures set them free !
 Alas ! these tribulations only are
 The bitter prelude to their future care ;
 Which one drop of the " cup of trembling" give,
 Mingled with anguish they must yet receive.

No sooner shall the latest pang expel
 The soul, reluctant, from its earthly cell ;
 But they are hurry'd with most rapid flight,
 To God's much injur'd and offended fight ;
 Not by the conduct or beneficence
 Which blessed angels cheerfully dispense ;
 But left to insults of the fiends accurs'd,
 Who lately tempted them to deeds the worst,
 Who now upbraid them for their lives mispent,
 And to eternity will them torment.
 Who can conceive their sorrow and distress,
 Or their confusion properly express ;
 When inexcusable and guilty, they
 In sight of their incens'd Creator stay ?
 They are received with an angry brow ;
 " The God that made them has no mercy now."
 The spring of happiness, the prince of peace,
 Rejects them with abhorrence and disgrace ;
 He gives them o'er to chains of black despair,
 And to receptacles of gloomy care ;
 'Till that more public, miserable state,
 Which at the great day shall on them await.
 The phials then of unrelenting woe,
 Will these unhappy creatures overflow.
 The holy law, of which they made so light ;
 The gospel, which they hitherto did slight ;
 The pow'r, which they repeatedly abus'd ;
 The goodness, which so often they refus'd ;

Will then, in their exemplary decay,
 With richest honors their neglect repay.
 Then GOD the LORD, who shall without repeal
 His just displeasure on the wicked deal;
 Will draw the arrow to the head, and bind
 Them as the mark of his relentless mind.

A resurrection from the gloomy grave,
 Will to their souls no privileges give;
 But immortality itself shall shed
 Eternal curses on each wretched head.
 Would they not bless with warmest thanks the
 tomb,

“Where all things lie in everlasting gloom?”

Would they not wish for ever there to hide,
 And in its dark recesses still reside?

Their persons, though, the grave will not conceal,

Or o’er their wicked actions draw a veil.

They also must awake; they must arise,

And meet their Judge immortal, in the skies:

That great Judge before whom “heav’n’s pillars
 quake,

“And earth’s foundations to the centre shake:”

A Judge, long-suff’ring once, with mercy stor’d,

A once compassionate and friendly LORD;

But now unalterably fix’d to shew

Stubborn offenders, what great evils flow

From

From their provoking of Almighty God;
 What 'tis to trample on their Saviour's blood;
 And what it is with despite to receive
 The grac'ous overtures his spirit gave.

Oh! what perplexity will then abound!
 And what distraction must the souls confound
 Of wicked rebels! when the final call
 Before God's judgment-seat shall bring them all!
 "What can they do in this day of distress,"
 Which seals their punishment without redress!
 Where? How? Or from whence can they seek
 relief?

Which of the faints will mitigate their grief?
 Where can they find ease from their wretched
 state?

Alas! 'tis all in vain; 'tis all too late.
 Friends and acquaintance here no longer own
 That they before were ever to them known;
 Now heav'n and earth forsake them to the woe
 Which they eternally must undergo;
 And ev'n the MEDIATOR's self denies,
 In these black moments, any hopes to rise.
 To fly, will now impracticable be,
 To clear themselves, impossibility;
 And to implore in supplicating strain,
 Would now be unavailable and vain.

Behold!

Behold ! the book of judgment's open laid,
 The strictest scrutiny will now be made ;
 The secrets of all hearts shall be disclos'd,
 And ev'ry wickedness to light expos'd ;
 The things which hitherto were hid in night,
 Shall be displayed in the clearest light.
 How empty, ineffectual, and bare
 With each refined artifice appear ;
 Will which the hypocrites have men deceiv'd,
 And worthy characters from them receiv'd !
 The jealous God, the mighty LORD, who hath
 Been round their bed ; has been about their path ;
 And hath seen all the ways which they have run ;
 " Before them sets the things that they have done."
 They can't to one in thousands answer make,
 But in the awful judgment trembling quake.
 Speechless with guilt, and branded with disgrace,
 They dare not view the blessed angels' face.
 Oh ! what a favour would the foaming sea,
 By hiding their ashamed heads, convey !
 How very willingly would they be hurl'd
 Beneath the ruins of the tott'ring world !

If the contempt that's thrown upon them, then,
 Can cause so insupportable a pain ;
 " How will their hearts stand," when with woes
 prepar'd,
 The sword of endless indignation's rear'd,

And

And fiercely wav'd round each defenceless head,
 There its abundant agonies to shed;
 Or aim'd directly at the naked breast,
 That they eternally may be distress'd!
 How must the wretches scream with wild surprise,

Rending the heav'ns with sad, bewailing cries;
 When "the right-aiming thunderbolts" of God,
 To execute his orders, "go abroad!"
 Go, at the dreadfully commanding word,
 To drive them from the kingdom of the LORD;
 Not to involve them in a moment's pain,
 Or tortures which but one short hour remain;
 But into all the restlessness and care,
 The pangs which fires unquenchable prepare,
 And griefs of everlasting, black despair!

O! misery of miseries! sad fate!
 Too shocking for reflection to repeat.
 But if it is so dismal to foresee,
 And that when view'd so very distantly;
 And with some comfortable hopes combin'd,
 Some expectations an escape to find;
 How hard, how inconceivably severe,
 How vastly bitter these dire pangs to bear;
 Without a respite from such agony,
 Thro' hopeless ages of eternity!

Who can the bowels of compassion shew?
 In whom do sentiments of pity glow?
 Who for his fellow-creatures can conceive
 Tender concern, their hardships to relieve?
 Who is he? For CHRIST's sake, and in God's
 name,

Let active zeal his sympathy proclaim.
 Let him beseech mankind to seek the LORD,
 While in their reach he may himself afford;
 To throw their arms rebellious away,
 Ere the acts of indemnity decay;
 Submissively the holy LAMB adore,
 Who for his own has perfect bliss in store.
 Let us to men here act the friendly part,
 Let our benevolence itself exert,
 To prove the feelings of a tender heart:
 By warning whomsoever may be gain'd,
 Quickly to take the wings of faith unfeign'd;
 With undelay'd repentance straight comply,
 And "from yet absent indignation fly."

Upon the whole; what great discoveries,
 Immense, stupendous, open to my eyes!
 Do thou, my soul, to serious thoughts re-
 sign'd,
 In faithful memory keep them confin'd.

Still

Still recollect them with a prudent breast,
When you lie down, or when you rise from
rest.

Do thou, when walking, always them receive
As the companions who best counsel give;
To them, when talking, strict attention pay,
As prompters who the soundest truths convey;
And to whatever business you attend,
Heed them as those who will thee best be-
friend.

If you by these considerations move,
Your ev'ry view will more extensive prove;
All your affections will exalted be,
And rise in value more conspic'ously;
And you will soar on more majestic wings,
O'er tantalizing reach of earthly things.
Thy bosom with these influences fill'd,
That on which your supreme desires you build,
The scope of your endeavours, will be then
The approbation of the LORD to gain;
Who will with glory fill the judgment-seat,
And the decisive sentence there repeat.
His pleasure for thy rule will to thee leave
The greatest happiness you can receive;
His glory be thy aim; his holy grace
With strength unceasing will thy faith in-
crease.

Wonder, O man, with admiration see
 The great events now near approaching thee;
 View the strange prodigies which soon will fall
 With dread awe on the universal ball;
 Events so vast, that nothing here below,
 No finite being can their measure know.
 Events, by which whatever yet was thought
 Great in this world, will be reduc'd to nought;
 And will to littleness and nothing tear
 The annals of which mankind took such care:
 Which (JESUS, for their coming give us grace!
 Be our defence, O LORD, when they take
 place!)

Are with the fixed, everlasting fate
 Of all the living and the dead replete.
 I must behold the graves then cleaving wide,
 And ocean teeming from its mighty tide;
 Must unsuspected multitudes espy,
 And countless crowds together swarming fly;
 Must see from both the thronging nations spring,
 To hear the sentence of their Judge and King:
 Must see the world blaze with destructive flame,
 To non-existence turn'd, from which it came;
 Stand at the downfall of mortality,
 And an attendant on dead nature be.
 I must the great, expansive skies behold,
 Themselves like scrolls of paper closely fold;

And

And the incarnate God, of boundless worth,
 From brightness inaccessible come forth;
 On whom ten thousand thousand angels wait,
 While he confirms both men's and devil's fate.
 I must see time conceal'd in endless night
 And vast eternity disclos'd to sight;
 Must enter on a new existence now,
 Which never nearer to an end shall grow,

Let the most vain imagination say,
 Ought I not heedfully to watch my way;
 The purity of my belief to try,
 And not too much on human strength rely?
 Are there inquiries worthy greater care,
 Or for importance can with them compare?
 Does not this give an infinite command,
 With girded loins before the LORD to stand;
 To trim my lamp, and my best garments wear,
 When I before the "bridegroom shall appear?"

That I, wash'd in the blessed, bloody tide,
 The fountain open'd in my Sav'our's side;
 Clad with the marriage-garment which was
 wove

By his obedience and transcendent love;
 May, "unreprovable, be found in peace,
 Unblameable," by his abundant grace.

Else,

Else, how shall I with boldness stand, when all
The stars of heav'n from their bright orbits
fall?

How shall I come with courage in my face,
Erect and daring, fearless of disgrace;
When ev'n the earth, from its foundations low,
Is like a drunkard, reeling to-and-fro?
How shall I then look up with pleasing joy,
And behold my salvation drawing nigh;
When hearts of multitudes thro' terror fail,
And dreadful agonies their souls assail?

Now, Madam, lest my meditations may
Set in a cloud, and any gloom display
Unpleasing to your mind, let me once more
The brightning prospects of the just explore.
Their joyful expectations held in sight,
May serve our doleful musings to delight;
May our sad thoughts exhilarate, which were
Long fix'd on sepulchres and objects drear;
And have been hovering so much around
Infernal darkness, and the depths profound:
As a large plain, with cheerful verdure fill'd,
Can to the eye relief and vigor yield;
Which some minute or glaring thing had tir'd,
By being too attentively admir'd.

The

The good and righteous reposing lie,
And in earth's bosom quietness enjoy ;
As wary pilots cautiously seek,
In stormy seasons, some well-shelter'd creek ;
There to partake of harmony and rest,
While dreadful tempests this low world infest.
Here they are in safe anchorage ; and here
No hidden shoals, or foundering sands are near ;
Freed from iniquity's prevailing seas,
They live in calm serenity and ease ;
No powerful temptations now can block
Their passage, or impel them on sin's rock,
But we shall very shortly see them hoist
Their flag of hope, which with glad breezes
 flies ;
Riding before a kindly blowing wind,
Of worth atoning, and a loving mind ;
'Till with the sails of faith assur'd they press
Into the port of endless happiness.

Then, may the honor'd, much esteemed friend,
The lady for whom these lines have been penn'd ;
Rich in good works, in heav'nly tempers great,
But with CHRIST's merit vastly more replete ;
O may she with a favorable gale,
Enter the harbour, like a stately sail,
Just from a noble expedition come,
Return'd successful, and in triumph home ;

While

While acclamations, joy, and honour wait
 With shouts incessant, on her lucky state!
 While my small bark, attendant on the joy,
 Cheerfully joining the solemnity,
 And a partaker of the victory;
 Shall slowly, with a peaceful, gentle wind,
 Humbly obsequious, glide on behind;
 And both in the lov'd, wish'd for haven rest,
 With perfect bliss, and endless safety bless'd!

THE
5TH, 6TH, AND 7TH CHAPTERS
OF THE
GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. MATTHEW,
BEING
CHRIST'S SERMON ON THE MOUNT,
VERSIFIED.

LUKE, 21st Chap. 33d Ver.

" HEAVEN AND EARTH SHALL PASS AWAY, BUT
" MY WORDS SHALL NOT PASS AWAY."

CHAPTER V.

AND when the LORD great multitudes espy'd,
He straightway gain'd a lofty mountain's side;
Where being seated, his disciples came,
Whom he instructed in this godly theme:
The poor in spirit are supremely blest'd,
For their's is heav'n, and everlasting rest.
Blest'd are the mourners, who at last shall find
That God will comfort the afflicted mind.

Bless'd are the meek and gentle, who shall gain
 A seat on earth, and endless bliss obtain.
 Who thirst and hunger for religion's sake
 Shall plenty still of boundless joys partake.
 Bless'd are the merciful, for they shall know
 The sweets of mercy which themselves bestow.
 Bless'd are the pure, of just and upright ways,
 Who God shall view, and taste celestial ease.
 Bless'd are the peace-makers, for they shall be
 The sons of God, and his salvation see.
 Those who for righteousness' sake feel woe,
 And persecution in this world below,
 Are bless'd, since heav'n and happiness await
 Their glad removal from a human state.
 Your case is bless'd when men shall you revile
 And to your charge lay actions grossly vile;
 When varied wickedness of you they speak,
 And falsely witness 'gainst you for my sake;
 Exult exceedingly, with joy elate,
 As your reward in heav'n is vastly great;
 For thus with rancour keen did they pursue,
 And hate, the prophets who preceded you.
 Ye are the salt of earth, which, should it lose
 Its favour once, is of no farther use;
 But worthless grows, and may be cast away,
 And trodden down among the beaten clay.
 Ye are the light by which mankind should move,
 Who wish to merit great JEHOVAH's love.

A city,

A city, sure, that's built on rising ground,
 Must be conspicuous to all around.
 Men light not candles, that a bushel may
 Conceal the lustre which they would convey ;
 But, plac'd in candlesticks, they banish night,
 And deal to all the family their light :
 Then let your light before mankind so shine,
 That they may imitate your acts divine ;
 And proper glory to your father give,
 Who to eternity in heav'n does live.
 Let no such thought e'er harbour in your breast,
 That I the law or prophets will molest ;
 I came, submissive to my Father's will,
 That I the law and prophets might fulfil.
 For unto you I verily declare,
 'Till heaven and earth shall vanish into air ;
 No jot or tittle of the law shall fail,
 'Till all's accomplish'd which it doth reveal.
 Who, therefore, shall the least commandment
 break,
 And others teach the same ill course to take ;
 The heav'nly angels will give him the name
 Of least, and justly his transgressions blame ;
 But who so doth and teacheth them shall gain
 The name of great, and heav'nly bliss attain.
 Thus I admonish you, beware, take heed,
 Your faith the Scribes' and Pharisees' exceed ;

Or else you shall in no case heav'n enjoy,
 And taste its transports, which can never cloy.
 You've heard it said, of old men gave command,
 Thou shouldst commit no murder in the land,
 And who so shall of murder guilty be,
 Cannot the judgment without danger flee :
 But I say unto you, that whoso'er
 Does enmity against his brother bear,
 And causeless wrath, and unbecoming hate,
 Shall be in danger of the judgment-seat :
 And he that, *Raca*, shall his brother call,
 Will in great hazard of the judgment fall ;
 But whoso'er, thou fool, shalt to him say,
 Should fear hell-fire, and for forgiveness pray.
 If, when thy gift is to the altar brought,
 Thou there remembrest that thou art in fault ;
 And hast done any thing by which you might
 Your brother's anger or offence excite ;
 Thy off'ring there before the altar leave ;
 And go, and pardon from thy brother crave ;
 When thou hast made him merciful and kind,
 Then give thy off'ring with a cheerful mind.
 Strive soon thy adversary to appease,
 And as you walk, endeavour him to please ;
 Lest he thy body to the judge should give,
 From whom the officer would thee receive,
 And straightway hurry thee to prison, where
 You'll suffer sorrow, and corrosive care :

Thus

Thus I assure thee, thence thou shalt not get,
 'Till thou hast paid each farthing of the debt.
 You've heard 'twas said by men of ancient time,
 Avoid adultery, that heinous crime.
 But I say unto you, that whoso'er
 With lustful eyes shall on a woman stare;
 That man in heart is guilty of this sin,
 And needs repentance for his thoughts within.
 And if thy right eye chance to give offence,
 Then pluck it out, and straightway cast it thence:
 For it is better one eye should be gone,
 Than all thy body in hell-fire be thrown.
 If thy right-hand act any wicked deed,
 Then cut it off, and cast it thence with speed;
 For it is better one hand should be lost,
 Than thy whole body into hell be toss'd.
 It hath been said, that who so is inclin'd
 To part from her whom marriage rites have join'd;
 Let him a writing of divorcement give,
 That so apart they may unfinning live.
 But I say, whoso'er shall from her part,
 Whom wedlock made the sharer of his heart;
 Save for the cause of fornication, he
 Then makes her guilty of adultery;
 And he that marries her divorced will,
 In sight of God, adultery fulfill.
 You've heard that men of old this law did make,
 Whene'er you swear, your vows you shall not
 break;

But

But shall unto the LORD exactly pay
 Whatever thou hast vow'd to do or say.
 But I say unto you, from oaths forbear,
 And ne'er presume by any thing to swear :
 Neither by heaven, for it is the place
 Where GOD enthron'd shews his Almighty face ;
 Nor by the earth, GOD's footstool, where around
 He deals his mercy, and his love profound ;
 Nor by *Jerusalem*, which GOD has made
 His chosen city, and its bulwarks laid ;
 Nor by thy head shalt thou thy promise plight,
 Since not one hair thou canst make black or white ;
 But still let Yea and Nay your sayings guide,
 That evil swearing you may thus avoid ;
 For whatsoever farther shall extend,
 Is wickedness, and doth to evil tend.
 You've heard that men of old this precept gave,
 Eye for an eye, and tooth for tooth receive.
 But this commandment unto you I speak,
 That you 'gainst evil no resistance make ;
 Whoe'er by blows shall give thy right cheek pain,
 Then turn to him the other, nor complain :
 And whosoe'er at law thy coat demands,
 Let him thy cloak get also from thy hands :
 He that compelleth you to go a mile,
 Go with him two, nor him for that revile.
 Those who would borrow from you kindly hear ;
 Give those who ask, nor turn away thine ear.
You've

You've heard what men of ancient time have said,
 Who this command and admonition made ;
 Your neighbour love, and hold him in your breast,
 But all your enemies you shall detest.

But I say unto you approve of those
 Who shew themselves your enemies and foes ;
 Bless them which curse you, and endeavour still
 To cherish those who wish to treat you ill,
 Those who despitefully shall you offend,
 Let pray'rs and blessings on their crimes attend ;
 That you by gentleness yourselves may prove
 The children of the heav'nly LORD above ;
 Who makes the sun to rise on good and bad,
 Whose show'rs alike the just and wicked glad.
 If you love only those who love again,
 What profit have you ? What do you obtain ?
 Do not the Publicans act even so,
 And to their friends and neighbours fondness
 shew ?

And if your brethren you salute alone,
 What do ye more than other men have done ?
 Do not the Publicans thus also greet
 Their friends and brethren wheresoe'er they meet ?
 Be ye then perfect, as the LORD on high
 Is good and perfect to eternity.

CHAPTER VI.

TAKE heed you do not charity bestow,
 That men may see you, or your actions know;
 Your heav'nly Father will not, else, regard
 Your alms, or for them give you a reward.
 When thou dost, therefore, deal thine alms a-
 round,

Let not before thee any trumpets sound;
 You may in synagogues and streets perceive
 That always thus the hypocrites behave;
 Who hope by ostentatious deeds to find
 Themselves admir'd and honor'd by mankind.
 This I say unto you, they shall obtain
 The earthly glory which they seek to gain.
 But when thou hast thy charity convey'd
 Let not thy left know what thy right hand paid;
 That so thine alms, conceal'd from mortal eyes,
 May be distributed in secret wise;
 Your Father, who in secret sees and heeds,
 Will then bless openly your pious deeds.
 And when thou prayest, always strive to shun
 The false appearance hypocrites put on;
 For in the synagogues they standing love
 To shew their worship, and their faith approve;
 And in each corner of the streets they pray,
 That they to men their goodness may display.

This I say unto you, they shall procure
 The earthly honours that they would secure.
 But when you worship, to your room repair,
 Shut close the door, and enter into pray'r ;
 Address your Father, who in secret reigns,
 And he shall openly reward your pains.
 But when you pray, be careful to refuse
 Vain repetitions which the Heathen use ;
 For by much talk they foolishly expect
 They will be heard, nor treated with neglect ;
 Be ye not like them, for your Father knows
 What things you need, ere ye your wants dis-
 close.

In this wise make your supplications known,
 In humble manner, to the LORD alone :

- “ Father of all, who fill’st the boundless skies,
- “ Let to thy name eternal blessings rise.
- “ May thy dominion no confinement see,
- “ But all existence to thy will agree.
- “ As heav’nly angels thy commands obey,
- “ Let earth’s inhabitants their homage pay.
- “ Since by thy goodness we alone can live,
- “ May we to-day our daily bread receive.
- “ As we forgive our debtors what they owe,
- “ May we, O LORD ! thy great forgiveness
 “ know.
- “ Into temptation let us never stray,
- “ But save us always from each evil way.

“ The kingdom, glory, and the pow’r thou
“ hast,

“ Which to eternity shall firmly last.

“ Then let the universe resound again .

“ With joyful acclamations of *Amen.*”

If you forgive when mortals you offend,

Your heav’nly Father will like grace extend ;

But if to men no pardon you afford,

Neither will you find mercy with the LORD.

Moreover, when you fast, avoid with care,

The sad appearance hypocrites then wear ;

For they assume a melancholy mien,

That so of men their fasting may be seen.

This I say unto you, they shall possess

Rewards for which so eagerly they press.

But when you fast, let joy your frame o’erspread,

Wash clean your hands, with oil anoint your
head ;

That so your fasting, to mankind unknown,

May of JEHOVAH be perceiv’d alone ;

Your Father who in secret does regard,

And see your actions, will your faith reward.

On earthly treasures do not time employ,

Since rust and moth your labor can destroy ;

And thieves and robbers may themselves avail

Of your possessions, and your riches steal.

But your chief treasures let the heav’ns contain,

Where rust or moth no entrance can obtain ;

Nor

Nor thieves nor robbers thence can bear away
 The riches which you there securely lay,
 For wherefoe'er your treasures can be trac'd,
 Your hearts will there undoubtedly be plac'd.
 The eye's appointed to dispense the light,
 The body gains by its beholding sight;
 If thine eye, therefore, shall be single found,
 Thy body will with total light be crown'd:
 But if thine eye to wickedness should bend,
 Then total darkness shall your frame attend.
 If then thy light should turn to fullen gloom,
 How dismally obscure must it become!
 No man can possibly with credit serve
 Two lords at once, and truth to both preserve,
 For else for one his hatred will be known,
 While all his love is to the other shewn;
 Or one by him will ardently be priz'd,
 While in his heart the other is despis'd,
 Ye cannot *Mammon* faithfully obey,
 And likewise own the great JEHOVAH's sway,
 I therefore say, avoid each thought and care
 Of what you should to cherish life prepare;
 What sort of food you might securely use,
 Or yet what drink with safety you should choose;
 Nor for your body anx'ously enquire,
 What kind of cloaths is proper for attire;
 Is not the life of greater worth than meat?
 The body more than raiment yielding heat?

The winged songsters of the sky behold,
 Who to the sun their varied plumes unfold;
 They neither sow nor reap the fertile plain,
 Nor into barns collect the hoary grain;
 And yet your heav'nly Father feeds them so,
 That they no want or griping hunger know.
 Are ye not better than the fowls of air,
 Whom he regards with so much tender care?
 Who can by thought a proper plan design,
 Which to his stature may a cubit join?
 Why do ye ask with such a thoughtful breast,
 What sort of raiment will preserve you best?
 See how the lillies of the valley rise,
 Nor toil, nor spin, but open to the skies;
 Yet even *Solomon*, in glory gay,
 Could never boast such elegant array.
 If God the herbage of the fields thus crown,
 Which blooms to-day, to-morrow is cut down;
 Ye faithless people, can ye still be blind,
 And not perceive to you he'll prove more kind?
 Take then no thought about your drink or meat,
 Nor say when hungry, What have we to eat?
 Nor when you're dry, What liquid should we
 prove,
 Which might most speedily our thirst remove?
 Or, what apparel is the best to wear,
 To guard our bodies from the chilling air?

(For

(For still the *Gentiles* keep these things in view,
 And think true happiness they thus pursue.)
 Your heav'nly Father knoweth what you need,
 And will supply you with paternal speed.
 But seek ye first with unremitting pain
 The realms of God, and right'ousness to gain;
 And all these things into your pow'r shall fall,
 If on the LORD with fervent zeal ye call.
 No thought of this, then, harbour in your mind,
 What good or ill to-morrow has design'd;
 To-morrow shall to-morrow's things convey,
 The evil's still sufficient for the day.

CHAPTER VII.

BE cautious from judgment to refrain,
 Lest you like judgment should partake again.
 Whatever judgment you to mortals give,
 Such judgment shall you from the LORD receive:

And as you mete your measure to mankind,
 Like measure shall you with JEHOVAH find.
 And why dost thou so easily espy
 The mote that lodges in thy brother's eye;

And yet considers not the mighty beam
 Which thine eye holds, to thy eternal shame ?
 Or how wilt thou thus to thy brother say,
 Let me the mote pull from your eye, I pray ;
 When lo thine own eye doth a beam contain,
 Which chiefly should excite a godly pain ?
 Thy own beam first, thou hypocrite, remove,
 Ere others' feelings you attempt to prove ;
 Then shalt thou comfort to thy brother raise,
 And from his eye extract the mote with ease.
 Give not to dogs the things that are divine,
 Nor cast your pearls before unruly swine ;
 Lest with their feet they break them and destroy,
 Then turn again, and your repose annoy.
 Still on the LORD with stedfast hope believe,
 Implore his mercy, and you shall receive :
 JEHOVAH's kingdom seek with zealous mind,
 And you eternal happiness will find :
 Knock with firm virtue at the throne of grace,
 And you shall enter God's all happy place :
 For he that asketh, shall his wish secure ;
 And he that seeketh, shall true bliss procure,
 And he that knocketh at God's blessed throne,
 Shall make felicity supreme his own.
 What man of you whose son should bread require,
 Would with a stone fulfil his strong desire ?
 Or if a fish he happen'd to demand,
 Would give a serpent from a parent's hand ?

If ye then evil, know how best to grant
 The goodly gifts your children chance to want;
 Shall not the LORD much better things bestow,
 On all who to his will obedience shew?
 - Whate'er to you from men you think is due,
 Ev'n so to mankind you should always do;
 For thus the law and prophets you fulfil,
 And pay compliance to GOD's holy will.
 At the strait gate an entrance strive to gain,
 Which leads to pleasures ever free from pain;
 For wide's the gate, and open is the way,
 Which guides poor mortals from the LORD astray:
 Destruction's paths extensive are, and broad,
 And many wretches enter its sad road;
 For strait's the way, and narrow is the gate,
 Which leads to life, and few go in thereat.
 Avoid false prophets, who mild carriage bear,
 And do externally sheep's clothing wear;
 But you in them will hidden mischief find,
 And breasts like wolves, as rav'nous and unkind,
 The fruits they bear their vileness shall disclose,
 And shew their wickedness their hearts inclose.
 Do grapes on thorns for mankind ever grow?
 Or do the thistles any figs bestow?
 Thus ev'ry good tree useful fruit will yield,
 But trees corrupt with evil fruit are fill'd.
 A good tree cannot evil fruit conceive,
 Nor from bad trees can you good fruit receive.

Each

Each tree which doth not goodly fruit produce,
Is fell'd and burn'd, as of no other use.

Wherefore their fruits shall evidently tell,
Whether from you they merit ill or well.

Not ev'ry one that saith LORD, LORD, shall gain
The realms of bliss, and endless joys obtain ;

But he that doth my heav'nly Father please,
Shall join with angels in eternal praise.

In that day many shall to me exclaim,

LORD, have we not been prophets in thy name ?

And in thy name have dæmons overthrown ?

And in thy name much wond'rous actions done ?

'Then will I say, I never gain'd your heart,

Ye workers of iniquity depart.

Therefore who doth my admonitions hear,

And to my sayings lend a willing ear ;

Is like a man who, with true wisdom crown'd,

Rear'd his strong edifice on rocky ground,

The rain descended, floods with rapid rage,

And roaring winds, against his house engage ;

But yet it fell not ; founded on a rock,

Their force united it could safely mock.

And ev'ry one that hears those words of mine,

Yet doth to wickedness his soul incline ;

Shall to a foolish person be compar'd,

Who on the sand a tott'ring fabric rear'd ;

Strong floods rush on, the heavy rains descend,

And dreadful storms their fury on it spend ;

Awhile

Awhile it weakly strives their force to stay,
And with a crash then tumbles to decay.

It came to pass, when JESUS made an end,
All did with wonder to his words attend ;
And were astonish'd at the laws he spake,
Which were deliver'd for poor mortals' sake.
Unlike the Scribes, with boldness he display'd
The doctrines which to endless comforts lead.

ON THE
ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

IMMORTAL LORD! JEHOVAH most supreme!
 At whose dread word all things from nothing came;
 And must again, when your commands await,
 Return to their primæval, empty state.
 By your controul, the kindly-shining sun
 Incessant moves, his daily course to run;
 And the pale moon does with her silver light,
 Diffuse her ceaseless splendor on the night:
 As you direct, the planets ever roll,
 And tell your mightiness from pole to pole.
 Thou sov'reign God, omnipotent, most just,
 Who formed *Adam* out of brittle dust;
 And in thy likeness did his person frame,
 And gave him faculties to praise thy name!
 But he, transgressing thy most sacred law,
 Did on the world thy fore displeasure draw;
 'Till thy blest'd Son forsook his throne on high,
 To save fall'n mankind from their misery;
 And for their sake endur'd most racking pain,
 That they thereby might sure salvation gain.
 I AM, invisible, pure, good, and kind,
 In whom the just do endless comforts find.
 Incomprehensible, Almighty God,
 Who govern mankind by thy awful nod.

Deathless,

Deathless, all-ruling, uncreated *Lord*,
 Who order all things by thy pow'rful word.
 Thou God inthron'd, unerring, and unseen,
 Eternal Governor of mortal men.
 Infallible, omniscient, ador'd,
 Unpassive, loving, ever-watchful LORD.
 Propit'ous, all-beholding, unconfin'd,
 Rev'renc'd and eminent Judge of mankind.
 God, incorporeal, unchang'd, most high,
 At whose great word the dreadful thunders fly.
 Most grac'ous, immaterial, unrestrain'd,
 In whose light bonds the right'ous are detain'd.
 LORD undeceiv'd, resistless, and uney'd,
 On whose great mercy we should still confide.
 How can poor mortals gratefully repay
 The countless blessings of thy gentle sway!
 Tho' we should pass fourscore revolving years,
 And spend that time in never-ceasing pray'rs;
 Nay, should we live innumerable days,
 And chaunt incessantly our songs of praise;
 Yet, still unprofitable servants, we
 Could never tell thy love sufficiently;
 And yet thou dost with tenderness receive
 The poor returns which we sincerely give.
 LORD everlasting, to our souls instill
 A warm desire thy dictates to fulfill!
 Make us still eager for thy saving grace,
 And crown us joyful in the realms of peace!

DESCRIPTION OF SUNDAY EVENING,

SPENT IN A

COFFEE-HOUSE,

IN THE

CITY OF DUBLIN.

'T IS Sunday ev'ning, and when pray'rs are
done,

Straight to the coffee-house crowds thronging run,
Where from their minds they utterly discard
Texts which in church they heard without regard.
Calls for the news, and "Is the packet come?"
With waiters' "Here, Sir!" echo thro' the room.

The tawdry fops, with sneering, vain grimace,
Adorn'd with ignorance—and flimsy lace,
Strut in mock majesty, and view with scorn
The *lower* creatures who this scene adorn.

Here the old dotards sip their capilaire,
And talk of politics with lofty air;
On state affairs importantly proceed,
And pore on papers which they cannot read.

The

The spruce apprentice, from his master free,
 In his best cloaths hastes here with merry glee;
 With powder'd hair resolv'd to cut a dash,
 And treat of money—tho' he has no cash:
 But as the coxcomb will not want his tea,
 He must be trusted—as he cannot pay.

Thus when some hours in idleness they spend,
 Their steps in fullen mood all homewards bend;
 Or to some tavern, or curs'd stew repair,
 To banish languor—by increasing care.

If men the Sabbath treat with such neglect,
 What can we from them on week-days expect?
 Will those who little heed to Sunday shew,
 And on that day no praise to God bestow;
 When gilded pleasures, or a thirst of gain,
 Provoke their passions, and their thoughts detain;
 Forsake such objects, and with souls sincere,
 Address to God their fervent, humble pray'r?
 Can such men hope the LORD will gentle prove,
 To those who wickedly despise his love?
 Or make them sharers of that heav'nly throne,
 Which he has promis'd to the good alone?

A D V I C E

TO THE

NON-OBSERVERS OF THE SABBATH.

ALL ye who drowsily on Sunday creep
 To hear a sermon—tho' ye soundly sleep;
 Awhile with patience to my words attend,
 And mark the counsel of a chiding friend.

Ye who must sleep, should always stay at home,
 Nor ever yawning to God's temple come;
 For his commands thus wickedly ye break,
 And of his worship open mock'ry make.
 Can you indulge a foolish, empty thought,
 That ye are blameless, when ye are not caught
 In slumb'ring posture, and may snugly lie,
 If you can shun each fellow-mortal's eye?
 But know, rash creatures! that JEHOVAH's sight
 Beholds your actions in the darkest night;
 Nor are your inmost, secret thoughts unknown
 To God, who governs ev'ry thing alone.

To you, fair nymphs! I next address my theme,
 As your great levity rebuke must claim.

Pray,

Pray, is the church a proper place to court?
 Is that a scene for gigglers to make sport?
 Should you form parties there, or shameless leer,
 Remark your dress, and at each other sneer?
 Fly such impieties, nor bring disgrace
 By empty carriage, on a charming face;
 But wisely strive, by modest, decent ways,
 To gain affection, and the LORD to please.

With you, ye fops, rakes, fribbles I conclude,
 Who early learn the method to be rude;
 And hope each fair one's easy faith to win,
 By launching deeply into modish sin.
 Beware of prating in the house of God,
 Nor vilely use the ogle, wink, or nod.
 Endeavour God's consuming wrath to shun,
 Nor rashly into endless tortures run:
 So shall your days with happiness be crown'd,
 And even death will scatter bliss around.

O N A G E.

LO! hoary age now slowly stalks abroad,
 And bends beneath its momentary load ;
 Striving with nerveless limbs, and half-clos'd eyes
 To taste the sweets which want of strength denies :
 For feeble seventy will not admit
 Of joys for vig'rous manhood only fit.
 And with what rapid motions do alas !
 From youth till age our fleeting moments pass !
 We shine this minute, and are rais'd on high,
 Tho' we, perhaps, must the next instant die.
 We glide like shadows vain before the wind,
 Which leave not the least vestiges behind.

Think, then, ye sons of men, ere 'tis too late,
 What dreadful punishments must you await ;
 If you in vain pursuits have spent your days,
 Nor paid attention to GOD's holy ways :
 For if you should his dread commands neglect,
 In your last hours, what peace can you expect ?
 But if thro' life his will you have obey'd,
 Nor have by wicked counsels e'er been sway'd ;
 Your dying couch shall yield you calmest ease,
 And from your minds each fearful thought erase.
 O may we, then, with zeal unceasing strive
 To keep a fervent love of GOD alive !
 May we the firmest virtue still retain,
 That we eternal happiness may gain !

ON LIFE.

LIFE, potent sovereign of all mankind,
In whose light bonds with pleasure they're confin'd!

Thou balmy potion, sweet which ne'er can cloy,
And which we're anxious always to enjoy!
Thou dearest friend to rich men and to poor,
For which all hardships gladly they endure!
When tempests rage, for thee the sailors pray,
And for thee cast their dear-bought wealth away.
The pris'ner for thy sake would undergo
The most severe and complicated woe.
Each sex and age with equal pow'r you bend,
With like desires they at your shrine attend,
Do thou, indulgent, my fond wishes hear,
And to my cravings turn a placid ear!
Grant that my life I on such terms may choose,
That it I ne'er may be afraid to lose!
O make me always in God's nurture live,
And to his precepts due attention give!
Into my breast a love of him instill,
And lead me always in his holy will!
From dire commotions let me ever cease,
And lull me into everlasting peace!

O N D E A T H.

DEATH, thou best comforter of the distress'd,
 By whom their agonies are hush'd to rest!
 The good man's bliss, the wicked's greatest curse,
 Since their bad state by thee is chang'd to worse!
 Thou aged youth! sure messenger of fate!
 Impartial judge of poverty and state!
 Whence is it that you always terrors bring,
 Tho' you're oft' but a momentary sting?
 And that, tho' vested with unbounded sway,
 So very few are willing to obey?
 How do you cause such universal dread?
 It must from consc'ousness of guilt proceed.
 What else could make mankind so strangely err,
 As worldly toys to heav'nly bliss prefer?
 O be thou ever present to our sight,
 And guide our footsteps in the paths of light!
 Destroy each evil thought that may arise,
 And drive the mist of error from our eyes!
 That we, when our appointed hour is come,
 With Christian fortitude may meet our doom!
 If virtue was our guide, we may rely
 On God's firm promise "We shall never die."

A N

ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC

BY THE

PUBLISHERS OF THE DUBLIN CHRONICLE,

WHICH WAS INSERTED IN THEIR PAPER
ON THE SECOND OF JANUARY, 1772.

THE infant year in blithsome mood appears,
And with glad strains each jocund bosom cheers ;
While ev'ry hour in lively pleasure flows,
Each merry heart with sweet contentment glows ;
Thus may our friends, for ever free from strife,
In health and happiness enjoy their life !
May with prosperity each wish be crown'd,
And bliss unfullied scatter peace around !

To all our friends who hitherto were kind
We pay the tribute of a grateful mind ;
And hope by our endeavours still to please,
Among the public fresh supplies to raise.
Our types are new, our paper good and large,
And yet we've added nothing to its charge ;
The price was but an halfpenny before,
Now, much amended, it will cost no more ;

And it shall still abundantly be 'stor'd
With all the news the season may afford.

Our modern bards, we trust, will not refuse
To court the favor of their darling muse;
And grace our *Poets' Corner* with that fire
Which fam'd *Parnassus* can so well inspire.
We take our leave, with fondest hopes that those
On whom we do our confidence repose,
Will now prove friendly, nor their aid delay,
As we will strive their kindness to repay.

AN
ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC

ON DROPPING THE
PUBLICATION OF THE DUBLIN CHRONICLE
IN THE YEAR 1772.

SINCE nothing else, good friends, will do,
This paper bids you all adieu.
And now we'll tell the reason why
The *Dublin Chronicle* must die.
Of advertisements, few or none,
Which are as marrow to the bone,
We could collect; for what we got
Would hardly serve to boil the pot;
And we must always, let us tell 'ye,
Make some provision for the belly:
And when the proclamations ceas'd,
Expence and trouble still increas'd;
So that we find it better far
To yield, than wage destructive war.
But yet we still vend writing paper,
Which you can no where purchase cheaper;
With ink, wax, wafers, pens, and quills,
And *Anderson's* and *Hoffman's* pills;

Likewise

Likewise pure, inspissated juice
 Of liquorice, for colds of use ;
 With *British* oil, and drugs beside,
 Too num'rous to be notify'd ;
 And also books of ev'ry sort,
 For taste, religion, and for sport ;
 And many pretty, printed toys,
 For blooming girls, or prattlings boys ;
 With *Mahomet*, *Zobeide*, and *Timon*,
 The dramatic romance of *Cymon* ;
 And publications, new and old,
 Which any where in town are sold.
 In *College-green*, near *Gibson's* shop we live,
 Where we with thanks your custom will receive.

EPITAPH ON GENERAL WOLFE,

WRITTEN IN 1771.

READER, this monumental pile survey,
 Nor, void of pity, turn thine eyes away.
 Lo! here entomb'd *Wolfe's* mortal frame is laid,
 Which Nature's debt too soon alas! has paid.
 Here sleeps the hero, who, at honor's call,
 Hurl'd his dread veng'ance on the hostile *Gaul*;
 Thro' ranks opposing rush'd with boundless might,
 And still undaunted dar'd the coming fight:
 When glory beckon'd, join'd the bloody field,
 And made his foes to matchless courage yield:
 Who *Bourbon* taught to drop her haughty pride,
 And bravely conquer'd—yet more bravely dy'd.

The tears of millions weep thy sudden fate,
 And keenest sorrows on thy shade await.
 Love, friendship, laurels crown thy sacred urn,
 And plaintive *Britons* ceaseless grieve and mourn;
 In doleful measures grace thy patriot name,
 And sound thy praises in the lists of fame;
 Record thy valour in the plains of blood,
 And dangers slighted for thy country's good;
 Transported tell, how with thy latest breath,
Britannia's welfare chac'd the fears of death;
 How worth exalted fill'd thy noble breast,
 And lull'd thee sinking into silent rest.

EPITAPH ON GENERAL WOLFE,

WRITTEN IN 1771.

WHEN hostile *Bourbon*, swollen with vaunting
 pride,
Britannia's wealth and warlike troops defy'd ;
 When fam'd *Canada* own'd the *Gallic* fway,
 And *Quebec* learn'd its mandates to obey :
 Then youthful *Wolfe*, brave, emulous of fame,
 With *England's* sons enroll'd his peerless name ;
 The thirst of glory fir'd his manly breast,
 And quell'd the fears that might his peace molest ;
 By honor prompted, ev'ry danger grew
 An empty shade, and vanish'd from his view :
 Thus strongly arm'd, he hail'd the bloody plain,
 Contemn'd the wounds he might in war sustain ;
 With dauntless courage blest'd the fatal blow,
 And dy'd content at *Gallia's* overthrow.

What could a mother's poignant plaints remove
 For that lost son who held her warmest love ?
 What ease her sharp and agonizing woes,
 Or calm her anguish to serene repose ?
 The glowing joy, how *Britain's* heroes tell
 He nobly fought, and crown'd with conquest fell.
 The tears of millions drown *her* single cries ;
 The parent's grief in millions' sorrow dies ;
 While praises, honors, trophies join to save
 His valu'd mem'ry from the fullen grave.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF GEN. WOLFE,

AS ORIGINALLY WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1771.

THO' sculptur'd marble can but faintly tell
 How *Wolfe* fought, conquer'd and triumphant fell;
 Tho' mortal honors never can proclaim
 The boundless value of his deathless name;
 Tho' virtue's friends, in soft, harmonic lays,
 In vain attempt to celebrate his praise:
 Yet weeping *Britons* thus their fondness shew,
 Thus strive to pay the gratitude they owe;
 In mourning sadness labour to deceive
 The fullen darkness of the gloomy grave;
 With heart-felt sorrow wish to testify
 That *Wolfe*, tho' dead, to them can never die.

When glory pointed to the martial plain,
 Where carnage, horror, and confusion reign;
 Behold the hero ev'ry danger dare,
 Spring to the fight, and hail the bloody war!
 With fearless valour to the van advance,
 And bravely curb the arrogance of *France*!
 Behold him wounded! in the jaws of death!
 Revere his country with his latest breath!
 With eager transports catch the joyful sound,
 That *Britain's* sons with victory were crown'd!
 "I die content, my foes are overthrown,"
 He smiling cries, and sinks without a groan.

THE PRECEDING
LINES ON THE DEATH OF GEN. WOLFE,

ALTERED.

THO' sculptur'd marble can but faintly tell
How gallant *Wolfe* triumphant fought and fell ;
Tho' mortal honors feebly must proclaim
The boundless worth of his exalted name ;
And Virtue's friends, in soft harmonious lays,
In vain attempt to celebrate his praise :
Yet *Britons* thus their fond attachment shew,
Thus strive to pay the gratitude they owe ;
In mourning sadness labor to deceive
The fullen darkness of the gloomy grave ;
With heart-felt sorrow wish to testify
That *Wolfe*, tho' dead, to them can never die.

When glory pointed to the martial plain,
Where carnage, horror, and confusion reign ;
Behold the hero ev'ry danger dare,
Spring to the fight, and hail the bloody war!
With fearless valour to the van advance,
And bravely curb the arrogance of *France* !
Behold him wounded ! in the jaws of death !
Revere his country with his latest breath !
With eager transports catch the joyful sound
That *Britain's* sons with victory were crown'd !
“ I fall content, my foes are overthrown,”
He smiling crys, and sinks without a groan.

ANSWER

ANSWER TO A RIDDLE

SENT TO ME BY

A YOUNG LADY.

IN Spring the trees their budding pride renew,
 And gaily glitter in a verdant hue;
 They, next, with sweet and gaudy blossoms glow,
 From which refreshing, balmy odors flow;
 Succeeding fruit from ev'ry bough depend,
 And blushing clusters make the branches bend:
 The ripen'd apples, for man's use ordain'd,
 Are from the trees by careful persons glean'd;
 And, press'd, a cool and pleasant juice afford,
 Or fold, increase the coffers of their Lord.
 When rough north winds the leafy trees assail,
 The roaring gusts against their dress prevail;
 Their shady honors feel a swift decay,
 And, like poor mortals, quickly fade away.
 The short enjoyments of their beauty shew
 That all is frail and fleeting here below.
 The rain descending from their boughs appears
 Like falling drops of melancholy tears.
 If my solution of the riddle's right,
 An *apple-tree* is what you had in sight.

A R E B U S.

WHAT's that person's name, pray, in which
 may be found,
 Without any discount, the sum of a pound?

A N S W E R.

IN a *Mark* thirteen shillings and four pence we
 find,
 Which when to six and eight pence, a *Noble*,
 conjoin'd,
 Will make just a pound sterling, and give us the
 name
 Of a man who to learning and merit lays claim.

LINES BY AN UNKNOWN AUTHOR,

INSINUATING THAT

MISS ASHMORE, NOW MRS. SPARKS,

WAS ONE NIGHT INTOXICATED, WHILE PER-
FORMING THE PART OF SYLVIA,

IN THE DRAMATIC ROMANCE OF CYMON.

POOR *Sylvia* I pity'd last night in the grove,
When unable to tell the sad tale of her love.
Quoth I, surely *Merlin* to silence has twitch'd her,
Or else the enchantress with brandy bewitch'd her.

REPLY TO THE ABOVE LINES.

MALICE, thou bane of frail mankind, for,
bear

To wrong a nymph so exquisitely fair :

Ashmore the chaste, the witty, and the gay,

Could not on brandy throw her time away.

Hopes built on universal praise must fall ;

“ Vain's that attempt which strives to please us
all ! ”

ON THE GREATLY DEPLORED
 DEATH OF JOHN AVERELL, D. D.
 LATE BISHOP OF LIMERICK.

THOU grisly tyrant, in whose cruel breast,
 Nor pity, kindness, or compassion rest!
 Infatiate Death! harsh, unrelenting Lord!
 Who to the good, bad, rich, and poor afford
 Equal respect; nor ought on earth can save
 Their short-liv'd bodies from the darksome grave!
 Could no less victim please thy bloody mind?
 Or could you not more worthless objects find
 To spend your shafts on, and employ your rage
 On those who totter with inactive age?
 The great, the noble soul at length is fled,
 And *Averell* lies among the pallid dead!
Averell, whose ev'ry kind and tender thought
 Was with benevolence the purest fraught:
 Whose constant care was to relieve the poor,
 And for their souls and bodies wealth secure;
 Who may in deepest sorrow now deplore
 Their once sure friend, who is alas! no more,
 In faith, firm hope, and charity he still
 Guided his actions by God's holy will;
 And by adhering to the perfect way,
 Has gain'd a crown that never shall decay;
 Has purchas'd heav'n, no more to suffer pain,
 But in eternal happiness to reign.

O N

DRY, WARM WEATHER IN SPRING,

SUCCEEDED BY RAIN.

WHEN vernal *Phæbus* his long station keeps,
 And ne'er on duty like a sluggard sleeps;
 When keen and fervent his wing'd arrows fly,
 And clearest lustre crowns the vaulted sky;
 Then hangs each flow'r its weak and drooping
 head,
 And mournful gardens weep their beauties dead;
 The budding blossoms are observ'd to fade,
 And sadly beg some wat'ry planet's aid;
 Distending earth its gaping jaws displays,
 And with dumb wishes for refreshment prays;
 The parched fields defy the farmer's toil,
 And hungry cattle crop the scorching soil;
 The birds in clusters seek the close retreat,
 And panting shun the overpow'ring heat;
 While sick'ning nature is oppress'd with care,
 And universal mourning seems to wear.
 But when from heav'n the wish'd-for rain de-
 scends,
 Its honors fair creation soon extends;

The

The nodding trees their leafy pride renew,
 And with fresh glory boast their verdant hue;
 The op'ning flow'rs, restor'd to richest bloom,
 Emit a sweet and delicate perfume;
 Each blushing hedge then rears its gladsome head,
 While glowing blossoms fragrant odors shed;
 The fertile lawns their former pomp regain,
 And herds in gambols scud across the plain;
 Unnumber'd daisies deck each grassy vale,
 And gentle zephyrs waft a spicy gale;
 The feather'd songsters echo thro' the grove,
 And in fond strains repeat their constant love;
 The prospect pleasure to the farmer yields,
 Who, cheerful, views his plenty-bringing fields;
 The frisking lambs the woolly sheep attend,
 Whose joyous bleatings the deep vallies rend;
 The frugal bees their honey'd treasures hoard,
 Which in abundance fragrant flow'rs afford;
 The yawning earth receives the limpid food,
 And gladly drinks the all-enliv'ning flood;
 While smiling nature is elate with joy,
 And tastes of comforts which can never cloy.

Thus some poor mariner, distress'd, forlorn,
 By adverse winds from his dear country torn;
 When foaming surges round the vessel roar,
 Which crashing break with horror on the shore;

O'er-

O'erwhelm'd with anguish, sees with streaming
eyes

Surrounding terrors, and inclement skies ;
Laments his family, now left to weep
For him, thought bury'd in the raging deep ;
But should the tempest by degrees subside,
And fanning breezes give a tranquil tide ;
His woes are banish'd by the welcome wind,
Preceding hardships banish from his mind ;
His sparkling eyes his ardent joys confess,
And smiles declare his heart-felt happiness ;
The long'd-for port with swelling sails he gains,
Where rest awaits him from his late felt pains ;
His friends, wife, children, his warm transports
share,
And mirthful pleasures dissipate his care.

All hail, dread LORD ! who deal with mighty
hand

To heav'n, earth, sea, and air thy great command !
Who in their proper time to mortals give
The fruits of earth, on which they are to live !
Who in due season send heat, snow, and rain,
And hoary frost, which binds the level plain !
Let all the world their songs of homage pay,
And own, rejoicing, thy benignant sway !
With ceaseless praises thy vast worth proclaim,
And in loud pæans celebrate thy name !

A S O N G.

MY *Phillis* is blooming and young,
 And moves with an elegant grace;
 The accents that fall from her tongue
 Redouble the charms of her face.

I see her each day with delight,
 Nor strive to repel the strong flame;
 I think of her all the long night,
 And clasp her bright form in my dream.

Each female I view with disdain,
 When *Phillis*, dear *Phillis* is by;
 She only can banish my pain,
 She only can gladden my eye.

Fair nymph, kindly cherish my love,
 Nor rack me with cruel neglect;
 Enraptur'd, should you but approve,
 I'm lost if my suit you reject.

Ye Gods! to make happy my life,
 Fulfill this one ardent desire;
 Let *Phillis* bless me as a wife!—
 On earth nought besides I require.

A S O N G.

SAY, *Phillis*, must I longer strive
 Your flinty heart to move;
 And keep my torment still alive,
 By plunging more in love.

If perseverance in my flame
 Be an imputed sin;
 Sure, *Phillis*, you are much to blame,
 That rais'd the flame within.

In your bright eyes the lightning blaz'd,
 Which set me all on fire;
 And in my breast such transports rais'd,
 As never can expire.

I pine and languish all the day,
 With hope and fear oppress'd;
 In vain attempt to chace away,
 Blind *Cupid* from my breast:

The urchin tells me, when I rage,
 " 'Twas *Phillis* sent me here."
 How can I, then, molest the page
 Of one I hold so dear?

Angelic accents grac'd your tongue;
 Resistless sounds to me!
 I fell your captive as you sung—
 O shall I e'er get free!

Your sex for mildness was design'd;
 For passions fond and true;
 May those sweet virtues fill thy mind,
 And shew their power on you!

Let gentle pity melt thy heart,
 Nor kill me with disdain!
 But as much tenderness impart,
 As you have done of pain.

A S O N G.

WHAT charms can *Phillis* boast,
 To captivate my mind?
 And yet alas! I'm lost,
 Should *Phillis* prove unkind.

Her nut-brown, flowing hair,
 Drefs'd elegantly plain,
 Sure could not form a snare,
 To give me so much pain.

Her fair, angelic face,
 Where native sweetness still
 Shines with triumphant grace,
 Has not the pow'r to kill.

Her eyes, where ev'ry glance,
 And richest beauties bloom;
 And little *Cupid's* dance,
 Could never seal my doom.

Her cheeks, in whom reside
 The lilly and the rose
 Tho' crown'd with sweetest pride,
 Did not my griefs impose.

Her

Her teeth, like virgin snow,
 Superlatively white,
 Ne'er made my bosom glow
 With rapturous delight.

The accents from her tongue,
 Could yield no thrilling joy;
 Nor her voice when she sung,
 My happiness destroy.

Her lovely, swelling breast
 May gently rise or fall;
 But cannot hurt my rest,
 Or my fond soul enthrall.

Her pretty, dimpled chin,
 Could never cause my woe;
 Nor yet her charming skin,
 My peace of mind o'erthrow.

Why from her polish'd arm,
 Tho' fram'd with nicest art,
 Should I fear any harm,
 Or wounds to pierce my heart.

What care I for her frown?
 Or for her winning smile?
 Could *that* my comforts drown?
 Or *this* my hopes beguile?

But

But whither do I stray?

Some error dims my eyes:

With falsehoods should I play?

Or deal in glaring lies?

Since *Phillis* can with ease

Pronounce my life or death:

To her I vow my days,

And yield my constant breath,

Then, *Cupid*, lend an ear,

And to my wish incline!

Fulfill this ardent pray'r,

Make charming *Phillis* mine!

A S O N G.

W HEN *Phillis* trips across the plain,
 And views me with severe disdain;
 Ye Gods! how can I tamely see
 Her smile on all around but me!

When fondly I confess my love,
 And warmly hope she'll gentle prove;
 She, cruel, hears unheeded all,
 And seems to glory in my fall.

When late I met the nymph alone,
 And made again my passion known;
 Then thousand tender vows I paid,
 But vain alas! was all I said.

I wept and languish'd in her sight,
 And own'd she was divinely bright;
 She coldly listen'd to the theme,
 And, scornful, mock'd my ardent flame.

With foolish rashness oft I swear
 Her image from my breast to tear;
 But adamantine chains deny
 That from her bondage I should fly.

From

From sleep when I expect relief,
 The night augments my bitter grief;
 And in my dreams, O sad distress!
 I see my rival's happiness.

Thus comfortless I pass my days,
 And, hopeless, find my woes increase;
 Nor dare presume but from the grave
 The smallest respite to receive.

A S O N G.

I ONCE was unrestrain'd and free,
 Like birds that sport from tree to tree;
 'Till *Phillis* aim'd a pointed dart,
 And lodg'd its venom in my heart.
 What hapless wretch can long endure
 Anguish incapable of cure?
 Or say what med'cine can remove
 The torments of despairing love?

Can such a sweet, angelic face,
 And person form'd with matchless grace,
 Contain an unrelenting mind,
 To ev'ry soft emotion blind?
 The rougher sex compassion knows,
 And mourns its fellow-creature's woes;
 Then, sure, the gentle, female breast
 Must sympathize with the distress'd.

O cruel fair! with pity heed,
 And heal the heart you taught to bleed;
 Nor longer rack your faithful swain
 With agonizing, cold disdain!
 So shall I bless the happy hour
 In which I yielded to your pow'r;
 And with my *Phillis* taste of joy
 That shall my all of life employ.

A S O N G.

THAT *Phillis* is gentle, good-humour'd, and
free

To all but poor *Damon*, the world must agree ;
Alas ! him she cruelly treats with disdain,
And seems to taste pleasure in giving him pain.

Whenever my passion I venture to own,
My ardor she scornfully pays with a frown ;
When mutual returns to my love I expect,
I killing indifference meet, and neglect.

At her feet when I mournfully languish and pine,
And warmly pronounce her supremely divine ;
She hastily shuns me with heart-rending sneers,
With smiles heeds my torments, and laughs at my
tears,

But dare I her actions presume to upbraid,
Or call to account such an angelic maid ?
Yet of female softness sure void she must prove,
Whom tenderness, pity, or kindness can't move.

Oh *Cupid* ! direct your keen, well-pointed dart,
And pierce this fair charmer's still obdurate heart !
Let her feel the transports, but not the despair
Attending a passion so fond and sincere !

A S O N G.

ON a bank by a rivulet's side
 Poor *Damon* sat pensive alone;
 While the waters seem'd sadly to glide,
 Responsive to his doleful moan.
 " Oh! what shepherd was e'er so distress'd!
 " Why do you so hard-hearted prove!
 " Say, how can you behold me oppress'd,
 " And heedlessly view my soft love!

" When, dear *Phillis*, your angelic frame
 " All lovely appear'd in my sight,
 " I acknowledg'd blind *Cupid's* strong flame,
 " And own'd his omnipotent might.
 " But alas! you with scorn still repay
 " Each proof of affection I give;
 " And regardless hear all that I say—
 " What mortal more wretched can live!

" Then, ye earthly, frail comforts adieu,
 " Since *Phillis* her bosom has steel'd;
 " I in vain the bright charmer pursue,
 " And rest the grave only can yield.
 " May the youth who her favour shall gain,
 " And happily reign in her soul;
 " Never cause her a moment of pain,
 " Nor ever her actions controul!"

Then

Then by chance lovely *Phillis* was near,

And heard all his piteous tale;

And, desirous to banish his care,

Did for him her passion reveal:

“ My fond *Damon*, I was but in jest,

“ When I feign’d your love to despise;

“ I could with you for ever be blest’d,

“ No object’s so dear to my eyes.”

The glad shepherd in transports of joy

The fair one to his bosom press’d;

He forgot that she ever was coy,

And she clasp’d the swain to her breast.

Then to church the sweet nymph he convey’d,

Where *Hymen*’s mild knot was fast ty’d;

He a bridegroom most happy was made,

And she a delectable bride.

ON A YOUNG LADY.

ASK me no more for whom I sigh;

Nor dare my passion to reprove;

No beauty sparkles in an eye

More brilliant than the maid's I love.

Coyness to prudery unknown,

Shines blended with the glow of youth;

Prudence has mark'd her for her own,

And bless'd her with the love of truth.

Religion, child of endless peace,

Reigns in her breast without controul;

And, deck'd with each external grace,

No virtue's foreign to her soul.

CUPID'S APOLOGY.

AS *Venus* and *Cupid* were taking a walk,

The mother began to her son thus to talk:

“ Dear *Cupid*, pray tell me how comes it that I

“ Am so oft' deceiv'd by a beardless, blind boy?”

Quoth he, “ Because women rush into men's arms,

“ Before they display half the force of their charms.

“ Would they act more shily, and quit such odd

“ pranks,

“ I'd get much less scolding, and you much more

“ thanks.”

ON A YOUNG LADY

WHOSE GLOVES WERE DECORATED WITH THE
FIGURES OF *HEARTS* AND *DIAMONDS*.

THE *Hearts* that deck each filken glove,
What mortal can unmov'd withstand?
Which hold forth challenges of love,
When drawn upon the fair one's hand?

Why from the *Di'mond's* mimic charms,
Should you borrow weak assistance;
While your snow-white, polish'd arms,
Captivate without resistance?

Bright *Venus* can, with winning art,
Conquests make by blooming faces;
But enslav'd is ev'ry heart,
When assail'd by countless graces.

Since, then, submissive to your will
Admiring numbers prostrate fall;
Those whom your cruel frowns must kill,
Let gentle smiles to life recall!

ON JANUARY.

THE *New Year* comes, and in its train,
 Cold chatt'ring hail, and beating rain ;
 While furious winds, replete with rage,
 In loud, tumultuous strife engage.
 The rustics, clad in coarse attire,
 Now huddle close around the fire ;
 Where, free from gnawing care and strife,
 They lead a cheerful, frugal life ;
 And, happy in an humble state,
 Unenvy'd view'd the rich and great.
 The air inclement tempests cloud,
 And storms horrific roar aloud ;
 While clust'ring herds to shelter run,
 The direful hurricanes to shun ;
 And *Sol*, withdrawn from mortal fight,
 But seldom deals his partial light.
 The fowler, with the rising day,
 Thro' thorny brakes directs his way ;
 And as the woodcocks flush around,
 The shot inflicts a fatal wound ;
 Or while the snipe darts thro' the skies,
 Swift death arrests him as he flies.
 The water's frozen top employs
 Unnumber'd groupes of girls and boys ;

Who gladly o'er the crystal tide,
 In daring, active motions slide;
 Or form'd in parties, joyful throw
 Their harmless balls of purest snow;
 And jocund, blythe, their sports pursue,
 'Till *February* comes in view.

ON FEBRUARY.

NOW *February* bleak appears,
 Which fills our breasts with gloomy fears;
 And, cheerless, makes us oft retreat
 To court the fire's enliv'ning heat.
 The fruitless earth dejected moans
 Its doleful fate in deepest groans.
 Now, weighty show'rs of driving hail,
 With raging vehemence prevail;
 Succeeding cataracts of rain,
 With rapid floods o'erwhelm the plain;
 And ravage with resistless force,
 Whatever dare oppose their course;
 Then, frosts in fetters bind the ground,
 And spread their firm-lock'd chains around;
 Next, falling clouds of chilling snow,
 Add still fresh implements of woe;
 While dreadful hurricanes of wind,
 Disturb with fears each timid mind:
 And yet the choristers of air
 In throngs assemble now to pair;
 And jocund, fill each wood and grove,
 With sweetest notes of constant love.
 The farmer views, with heaving sighs,
 The tumults that involve the skies;

And

And aching sorrows fill his soul,
 While raging, dismal tempests howl.
 Now *Phæbus* peeps abroad by day,
 And glads us with his cheering ray ;
 Contracting each returning night,
 'Till *March* approaches to our sight.

ON MARCH.

IN *March* destructive tempests roar,
 And foaming billows lash the shore;
 While ev'ry sailor's daring breast
 With anx'ous trouble is oppress'd.
 Consumptive people waste away,
 And sickly mortals now decay;
 And while the earth acquires fresh bloom,
 They quickly hasten to the tomb.
 Rude blasts convulse the northern skies,
 And as loud-sounding storms arise;
 The jovial rustics quaff their beer,
 And hail this season of the year.
 The huntsman with his sweet-ton'd horn,
 With joyful shouts salutes the morn;
 And free from fear, pursues his dogs,
 O'er hills and dales, thro' plains and bogs.
 The pretty, little, harmless lambs,
 Frisk gladly with their woolly dams;
 And while the vallies deep resound,
 They bleating leap, and sport around.
 Now to the cultivated plain,
 The farmer trusts his yellow grain;
 Which will in proper time afford
 A ten-fold produce to its Lord.

But

But lo! the sun, increas'd in light,
 Displays his glory to our sight.
 The cheerful, all-enliv'ning spring,
 Instructs the feather'd race to sing;
 While Nature, tasting purest mirth,
 To pleasant *April* gives its birth.

ON APRIL.

NOW *April* comes, whose fertile rain
 With verdure decks each grassy plain ;
 And does to smiling fields dispense
 Its glad and welcome influence.
 The sky serenely bright appears,
 The sun's kind heat the farmer cheers ;
 The sportive lambkins skip around,
 While ev'ry lawn's with daifies crown'd.
 The budding trees their bloom renew,
 And put on robes of verdant hue.
 The milkmaids now, untaught by art,
 To their dear swains, their love impart ;
 While ev'ry youth, with equal flame,
 Returns the passion of his dame.
 The hardy plowman turns the soil,
 And drowns in merriment his toil.
 The honest rustic tells his tale
 Over a pot of nut-brown ale ;
 While belles and coxcombs are array'd
 In costly cloth, and rich brocade.
 The warbling birds their carols sing,
 And joyful hail the lovely spring.
 The busy bees now fly abroad,
 To seek their mellow, honey'd load ;

And frugal ants, with prudent care,
 Supplies for winter now prepare.
 The season daily warmer grows,
 The cooling breeze more rarely blows;
 Still *Phæbus* darts a stronger ray,
 And tells us of the coming *May*.

ON MAY.

FAIR Nature deck'd in mild array,
 Now ushers in the lovely *May*;
 While welcome *Phæbus* glads our sight,
 And fills our bosoms with delight.
 The blossoms pendant on the bough,
 With balmy odors richly glow.
 The blooming verdure kindly sheds
 Its fragrance on the grassy meads.
 With sweetest notes the vocal thrush,
 Harmonic pipes from ev'ry bush;
 And whistling blackbirds, from each thorn,
 Salute, with melody, the morn.
 Fond *Ceres* crowns with rising grain
 The fertile, culture-boasting plain.
 The frugal bees collect with care
 The sweets which op'ning blossoms bear;
 And hoard a plentiful repast
 Against the winter's gloomy blast.
 The feather'd songsters watch their nest,
 And lull their clam'rous young to rest;
 Which striplings oft, in wanton play,
 Remorseless seize, and bear away.
 The nymphs and shepherds in each grove,
 Alternate chaunt their faithful love;

And

And not a creature now complains,
 While jocund, lovely *Maia* reigns.
 But lo! the sun still clammers high,
 And darts fresh glory from the sky;
 His steeds more slowly drive at noon,
 And warn us of approaching *June*.

ON JUNE.

BEHOLD now with an aspect clear,
 The kindly smiling *June* appear ;
 While in its train the sun displays
 The force of his delightful rays !
 The blooming orchards all around,
 Are with the sweetest blossoms crown'd ;
 And the industr'ous, frugal bees,
 Collect the honey from the trees.
 The cheerful larks now soar on high,
 And sing, rejoicing, to the sky.
 The hawthorns clad in smiling bloom,
 Emit a fragrant, rich perfume.
 Fond *Flora*, in her gaudy dress,
 Keeps in the gardens her recess ;
 And now beholds with glowing eyes,
 The sweetly-smelling flow'rs arise ;
 While ev'ry field, and each gay plain,
 Exulting owns her pleasant reign.
 With joy the husbandmen behold
 The cheerful crops their farms unfold.
 The welcome cuckoos fly around,
 And glad us with a simple sound.
 The bashful nymphs now nightly stray,
 Where cooling rivers gently play ;

And by the rustic swains uney'd,
 Plunge their fair bodies in the tide.
 But see the all-enliv'ning fun,
 His daily course unweary'd run;
 And give, with much reluctance, place
 To *July*, which comes on apace!

ON JULY.

NOW *July* comes, on which await
 A scorching sky, and fervent heat;
 While rays fierce-darting from the sun,
 Incessant move, their course to run.
 The apples ripen on the trees,
 And flow'rets court the busy bees.
 The woods and groves with music ring,
 As feather'd choirs in concert sing;
 And fragrant meadows, blushing sweet,
 The smell with balmy odors greet.
 Say, can the painter's pencil vie
 For colors, with the butterfly?
 Or with his nicest tints expose,
 Such graces as the blushing rose?
 The woodbines, deck'd in native pride,
 Tho' mounting near the bramble's side,
 Surpass in ornament and smell,
 Each perfum'd, gaudy, flutt'ring belle.
 The chatt'ring, corn-frequenting quail,
 And hoarse-pip'd, meadow-loving rail;
 With notes alternate strike the ear,
 And hail with joy the jocund year.
 Now frisking herds shun *Sol's* bright ray,
 And in refreshing waters play.

The loaded trees luxuriant glow,
 And now their mellow fruits bestow.
 But *Phæbus* quickly hastes away,
 Contracting each succeeding day;
 'Till pleasing *August* comes in fight,
 Which yields us longer rest at night.

ON AUGUST.

LO blooming *August*, smiling kind,
 Elates the careful farmer's mind!
 Hark! how the gently-swelling breeze,
 In mildness whispers thro' the trees;
 And wafting calmly o'er the plain,
 Bends into waves the yellow grain!
 The dog-star now, with raging heat,
 Makes the reluctant hind retreat;
 And rest his weary limbs awhile,
 That he again may work and toil.
 The trees with juicy apples bend,
 And pears from loaded boughs depend:
 The peaches with a blushing dye,
 Invite the taste, and glad the eye;
 While balmy flow'rets all around,
 With richest honors cloath the ground.
 Their pickles now the swains prepare,
 And, joyful, to the fields repair;
 Jocund to reap, with busy hands,
 The produce of their fertile lands:
 Their work with plenty *Ceres* crowns,
 And in rich crops their hardships drowns.
 With hurry ev'ry village teems,
 And all one scene of bus'ness seems;

While

While frugal mortals life employ
 In bustle, labor, care, and joy :
 The morning sees their toil begun,
 Which ends not with the setting sun ;
 And all the willing task pursue,
 'Till mild *September* comes in view.

ON SEPTEMBER.

SEPTEMBER, rich with waving grain,
 With plenty crowns each hoary plain ;
 While careful husbandmen, with joy,
 Diligently their time employ ;
 And cheerful reap the nodding hoard,
 Their fertile fields ten-fold afford.
 With mellow fruit the orchards glow,
 Which mild and pleasant fruit bestow ;
 Or press'd, afford a cooling juice,
 Ordain'd by God for mankind's use.
 The silver moon, with borrow'd beams,
 And waning lustre, nightly gleams ;
 While gilded stars, remotely bright,
 To earth emit a twinkling light.
 The bleating sheep, secure from cold,
 Are closely tended in their fold ;
 And lowing herds their stalls contain,
 Well shelter'd from the chilling rain.
 The feather'd warblers cease to sing
 In strains which made the woods once ring ;
 And settle pensive in the grove,
 Forgetful now of making love.
 The sun more dimly rules by day,
 And shines now with a fainter ray ;

While

While fading hedges fore lament
 The leafy honors from them rent.
 But see, loud-swelling blasts arise
 And darker horrors cloud the skies!
 A dismal prospect all things wear
 As sad *October* does appear.

ON OCTOBER.

NOW bleak *October* rushes on,
 Which seldom owns the cheering sun;
 And weak, consumptive beings fear
 This sickly season of the year.
 The leafless trees dejected mourn
 Their once glad beauties from them torn;
 While dreadful *Boreas* blows amain,
 And strews their honors o'er the plain.
 The drooping warblers of the wood,
 Now fearful roam abroad for food;
 And every naked, lonely bush
 Bemoans the absent, sweet-pip'd thrush.
 Swift round his head the thresher wheels
 His flail, whose weight the barley feels;
 And to his blows, quick-falling, yield
 The ripen'd harvests of the field.
 The horrid tempests direful roar,
 And surges dash against the shore;
 While sailors view, with fearful eyes,
 The lightnings flashing from the skies.
 Each jolly swain, o'er nut-brown ale,
 Now cracks a jest, or tells a tale;
 And hearty shouts proclaim around,
 That mirth and harmony abound.

Chill'd mortals round the embers crowd,
 And joyous sing, or talk aloud;
 Then to their homely couches creep,
 To ease their toil in balmy sleep:
 While with *November* shorter days,
 Long nights, and nipping colds increase.

ON NOVEMBER.

NOVEMBER, of unwelcome hue,
 Approaches dismal to our view ;
 While dreadful hurricanes display
 Their baneful force by land and sea.
 The dismal rain its fury pours,
 In weighty, quick-descending show'rs ;
 While muddy streams, in swelling rills,
 Rush rapid down the sloping hills ;
 And clouds of hail sharp-pointed fly,
 Darting their vengeance from the sky.
 The thrifty housewife cards and spins,
 Whose task with rising *Sol* begins,
 Nor till he long has sunk from sight,
 Does she to labor bid good night.
 The lowing cattle seem to moan,
 And for their verdant pastures groan ;
 Whose owners, heedful of their cry,
 With straw and hay their wants supply.
 Now lively folk at balls and plays,
 Or charming cards, their fancies please ;
 And foolish children round the fire,
 Of fairies, ghosts, and sprites enquire ;
 Till weary grown, they shrink to bed,
 Fill'd with horrific, idle dread.

Now,

Now, in the cold, benumbing night,
 The sparrows bend their eager flight
 To snug-thatch'd roofs, where they remain,
 Secure from storms, and chilling rain.
 But lo! *December* next appears,
 Which racks our breasts with painful fears.

ON DECEMBER.

ROUGH, baneful hurricanes arise,
 And northern tempests cloud the skies;
 While chilling blasts make mortals know
December comes, replete with snow.
 The wither'd herbage of the fields
 Scant food to hungry cattle yields,
 That heartless crop the poor remains
 Of fertile once, and verdant plains.
 With plenty deck'd, the festive board
 Does mirth and jollity afford;
 And jocund people *Christmas* hail
 With sports, songs, jests, and honest ale;
 Which serve to banish fullen care,
 And ease the hardships of the year.
 The innocent and useful sheep,
 To places set with bushes creep;
 And there in plaintive bleatings moan
 The pleasant, funny season gone.
 Thick crowded stars adorn the night,
 And shed a clear and glitt'ring light.
 In mourning clad, the feeble sun
 Dejected moves, its course to run;
 And faint, obscure, each gloomy day,
 Scarce deals to earth a single ray.

The frost with hoary honors crown'd,
 In close-lock'd fetters binds the ground;
 Whose keen and piercing pow'rs dispense
 To land and sea their influence,
 Which numb the limbs with nipping pain;
 And the year ends with cold and rain:

ON MORNING.

BEHOLD the glitt'ring stars retire,
 And in thick clouds themselves repose;
 Avoiding *Sol's* resplendent fire,
 While beaming glory round him flows.

The daring cock, with lofty throat,
 Gives notice of the coming morn;
 And nightingales of sweetest note,
 Forsake their resting-place, the thorn.

The huntsman with loud, early cries,
 Now starts the fearful, nimble hare;
 And o'er the plains impatient flies,
 The worthless, timid prey to share.

From his straw couch the frugal clown
 Hastes quick to earn his wages poor;
 And snarling cur-dogs in each town,
 Stand barking at their masters' door.

The fowler, with observant eye,
 Explores each wood and brake around;
 And as the warblers sleeping lie,
 They sink beneath a deadly wound.

Now fishermen into the flood,
 With stedfast look commit their bait;
 While in large shoals the finny brood
 Catch eager at their certain fate.

The linen from the clean-wash'd pail,
 Is hung to dry upon the thorn;
 And sturdy threshers with the flail,
 Incessant beat the yielding corn.

The soaring larks, ascending high,
 Freed from the dismal gloom of night,
 Tune their shrill pipes, and gladly fly,
 Rejoicing at approaching light.

The blooming milkmaid sweetly sings,
 As she trips lightly o'er the plain;
 And kindly smiling, new-milk brings,
 To her enamour'd, honest swain.

The school-boy o'er the verdant sod,
 With tardy pace moves on his way;
 Regardless of his teacher's rod,
 He spends his golden hours in play.

ON NOON.

THE sun his lazy car has driv'n
 Up the steep, meridian height ;
 Illumining the earth and heav'n,
 With keenest rays of piercing light.

The face of nature looks serene,
 Fresh glories beam throughout the skies ;
 While from the fields and hedges green,
 The aromatic fragrance flies.

The birds in throngs now panting fly,
 And dip them in the limpid flood ;
 Or in thick clusters joyful lie,
 Close cover'd by the shady wood.

See from on high the larks descend,
 Unable to endure the heat ;
 And where the leafy poplars bend,
 The weary hind seeks a retreat.

Swift from its cell the busy bee
 Flies anx'ous to collect its sweet ;
 And oxen from the plow set free,
 In shades repose their tired feet.

The school-boy now indulges play,
 And quits his heavy book awhile;
 The brawny rustics toss the hay,
 And with loud laughs their tasks beguile.

The mower from his work retires,
 To cool him in the gentle breeze;
 And hides from *Sol's* resistless fires,
 While scarce a zephyr fans the trees.

In herds the harmless, woolly, sheep,
 Throng ardent to the thicket's side;
 And hast'ning down the rugged steep,
 In leaf-clad coverts joyful hide.

Now from the field the careful swain,
 Homewards directs his tardy way;
 But when refresh'd, returns again,
 To make amends for his delay.

In the green bow'r, with cheerful throat,
 Each shepherd chaunts to his lov'd dame;
 While she with soft, enchanting note,
 Repays his true and constant flame.

ON EVENING,

THE sober ev'ning, ting'd with red,
 Steals slowly on the wond'ring sight;
 While *Phæbus* rests on *Thetis'* bed,
 And introduces dusky night.

The empty shadows longer grow,
 As objects pass along the plain;
 The gadding cows move homewards slow,
 And in their well-known stalls remain.

Lo! from his work the frugal clown,
 Retires now to his simple treat;
 And tir'd with labor, lays him down
 On the green bench before his gate.

Protected safely from the fox,
 To their folds haste the bleating sheep;
 And echo rising from the rocks,
 Expands responsive o'er the deep.

The milkmaid with her snow-white pail,
 Now to her ev'ning task repairs;
 While honest shepherds quaff their ale,
 And toast their charming, comely fairs.

The feather'd warblers cease their song,
 And hasten joyful to their nest;
 Quick flying to their callow young,
 They lull them into quiet rest.

The lads and lasses on the green,
 In sprightly measures frisk and play;
 With rustic garlands deck their queen,
 Or tumble thro' the new-mown hay.

The leathern-winged bat now flies,
 From the old abbey's crevic'd wall;
 While gently from the gilded skies
 The genial dew-drops lightly fall.

His daily toil the farmer leaves,
 And bends his flow-pac'd journey home;
 While wisely provident he faves
 A stock for winter's barren gloom.

The twinkling stars resume their place,
 And shed around a glimm'ring light;
 While *Luna* with a silver'd face,
 Gives warning of approaching night.

ON NIGHT.

SEE Night, bedeck'd in dark array,
 Her sluggish steeds now slowly drive;
 While not a beam points out the way,
 Save what the glow-worms faintly give.

The striplings loudly sing thro' fear,
 As they run quickly o'er the plain;
 While tippling drunkards guzzle beer,
 To ease them of their marriage pain.

From the old, ruin'd, solemn dome
 The owl, impatient of the light,
 Now dares to venture from its home,
 And screaming takes its airy flight.

The prowling fox, with cunning eye,
 His feather'd spoil prepares to seize;
 And as in quiet sleep they lie,
 On turkeys, ducks, hens, geese he preys.

In crowds the elves assembled now,
 In circles dance upon the grass;
 The songsters resting on the bough,
 The night in silent slumbers pass.

The faithful watch-dog in the yard,
 Observant in his kennel lies ;
 His owner's property to guard,
 And keep his dwelling from surprize.

Now scarce a whisper strikes the ear,
 Across the fragrant, level land ;
 Their masks the bloody ruffians wear,
 And at lone corners take their stand.

The frugal husbandmen repose,
 On couches plain their drousy heads ;
 But when their centinel cock crows,
 They rouse them from their straw-made beds.

The fairies gliding at the door,
 Now thro' the key-hole nimbly creep ;
 And lightly tripping on the floor,
 Pinch dirty house-maids in their sleep.

The silver moon flits swift away,
 The stars emit a weaker light ;
 The skies their gilded robes display,
 And bar the gates of fable night.

A F A B L E.

IN days of yore, when ev'ry creature
 Could glibly talk, as taught by nature :
 When larks and linnets tun'd each matten,
 In *Greek* sublime, or noble *Latin* :
 When dogs and cats held pretty prattle,
 And could, like modern people, tattle :
 A philosophic fox would tell ye
 His *summum bonum* was his belly ;
 And when keen hunger call'd for food,
 A turkey, duck, or hen was good :
 When pigs taught arithmetic, and
 How many planets move or stand ;
 And plainly shew'd twice two are four,
 Great truths, from children hid before !
 When learned monkies practis'd physic,
 Could vomit, bleed, draw teeth, or—make sick ;
 With fevers, agues, rais'd a rout,
 And dissertations on the gout :
 When rav'nous wolves prais'd self-denial.
 Yet ne'er themselves would make the trial ;
 But, when the spirit mov'd, could eat
 A tender lamb—'twas harmless meat !
 When owls demure kept sober schools,
 And laid down methodistic rules ;

Preach'd

Preach'd worldly pleasures all were vain,
 Yet could not from such things refrain;
 When geese, deck'd richly in brocade,
 Made conquests at a masquerade;
 And were as ceaseless of good fame,
 As any modern, titled dame:
 When peacocks fram'd the newest fashion,
 And made fops' cloaths in ev'ry nation:
 When grim baboon turn'd dancing-master,
 And made each awkward miss move faster;
 And prov'd the modish method how
 To court'fy, or to scrape a bow:
 When 'mongst the modest sheep each prude
 Could faintly bleat, " Fie, Sir, you're rude:"
 When magpies with coquettish air,
 Would laugh, grin, hop, and fondly stare:
 When all the finny brood could play
 Up " Water parted from the Sea:"
 Rats could distinguish by their taste,
 Whose wheat or barley was the best;
 And would, like villains unconfin'd,
 Their neighbours rob, to justice blind:
 When Crispin Jack-all taught each beau
 His shoes to buckle at the toe:
 When frisseur goats dress'd ladies' hair,
 With puddings, grease, and *French poudrè*;
 Instructing foreign modes to prize,
 But heartily their own despise:

When frugal bees, at early dawn,
 With care explor'd each flow'ry lawn;
 And joyful bore the honey'd load,
 On eager wings to their abode;
 Where, dire distress! each worthless drone
 Securely feasts, as on his own:
 When lap-dogs in an ev'ning sat
 To sip their tea, and have some chat;
 War, music, politics, such stuff,
 For some time serv'd them well enough;
 Till back-biting alone could please,
 Much like the custom now-a-days,

When things were thus upon a time,
 (No matter when, or in what clime)
 A sage assembly met together,
 One morning in fine summer weather;
 All thither summon'd by the ass,
 Whose office that of herald was;
 For, *Stentor-like*, his lungs were strong,
 And sweetly could he bray a song;
 Or o'er a quart of nappy ale,
 Roar out a catch, or tell a tale;
 In order to deliberate
 On some things of important weight;
 Beasts, insects, birds, fish, one and all,
 Hear and obey the vocal call.

The place of meeting 'twas agreed,
 Should be upon a verdant mead ;
 Where an extensive lake displays
 Its crystal waves to *Sol's* bright rays ;
 For then the fishes in the deep,
 Like folk at church, might hear, or—sleep ;
 Vermin, fowl, cattle round the lake,
 Of some refreshment might partake.

Tho' mountains then aloud could roar,
 And billows scold along the shore ;
 Tho' voices sounded from each hill,
 And murm'ring strains from ev'ry rill ;
 Tho' plaintive accents fill'd each rock,
 And echo dar'd their notes to mock ;
 Tho' zephyrs chaunted thro' each grove,
 And nodding trees vow'd faithful love ;
 Yet ev'ry noise was straight suppress'd ;
 As thus a cow the crowd address'd,
 And claim'd attention from the throng,
 While words momentous grac'd her tongue :

“ My friends and brethren ! (certainly
 “ I with such terms may now make free ;
 “ Since they are us'd by all our preachers,
 “ Our holy priests, and rev'rend teachers)
 “ I had a wondrous dream last night,
 “ Which caus'd some pain, but much delight :

“ Yet think not that I idly speak,
 “ Or that my intellects are weak;
 “ No vain chimæra I relate,
 “ Or what is foreign to repeat;
 “ For twice before it fill’d my mind,
 “ Or may I from this time be blind;
 “ And you know what’s repeated thrice,
 “ Will come to pass—so say the wise.”

Here all attend with ears erect,
 And anx’ously the tale expect;
 While Madam *Bas*, elate with mirth,
 Thus gives the strange narration birth:

“ Methought the genius of the flood,
 “ Slow rais’d him from the slimy mud:
 “ His head was crown’d with gilded rays,
 “ Which cast a strong, refulgent blaze;
 “ His body was array’d in white,
 “ Which soon dispell’d the gloom of night;
 “ And from his lips mild accents broke,
 “ As thus in solemn tone he spoke:

‘ To what I now reveal attend,
 ‘ And know I am your dearest friend.
 ‘ Lo! underneath this lake is plac’d
 ‘ An herb of most surprising taste;

‘ Its wondrous quality is such,
 ‘ ’Twill make you happy by its touch;
 ‘ No dangers shall on you await,
 ‘ Nor fears disturb your peaceful state;
 ‘ No more shall men your ease molest,
 ‘ No more annoy your tranquil rest;
 ‘ For, this preventative procur’d,
 ‘ Eternal safety is secur’d;
 ‘ So general is its excellence,
 ‘ Such useful good does it dispense;
 ‘ To ev’ry being ’twill suffice,
 ‘ That creeps, or walks, or swims, or flies;
 ‘ The hook no more the fish need fear,
 ‘ Nor birds avoid the fowler’s snare;
 ‘ All things by land, in air, or sea,
 ‘ May chase their empty dread away:
 ‘ Then straight convene each animal,
 ‘ (I mean that is *irrational*)
 ‘ And seek diligently to find,
 ‘ This sure preserver of their kind;
 ‘ But ye must all this water drain,
 ‘ Before ye can the plant obtain.’

“ This said, he sunk; I rais’d my head,
 “ And tofs’d and tumbled on my bed.
 “ I have disclos’d what I was bid,
 “ Nor is the smallest tittle hid.

“ Like

" Like stocks or stones shall we stand still,
 " Nor strive those orders to fulfill?
 " And careless of our happiness,
 " Neglect what may insure success?
 " Shall we, regardless of our lives,
 " Not wish to shun the butchers' knives?
 " And foolishly despise the means
 " Tho' hard, to ward off future pains?
 " At least my kindred will not, sure,
 " Such shameful slothfulness endure;
 " When they the bright example give,
 " You'll all, perhaps, tho' late, believe;
 " Nor longer with indiff'rence hear
 " The admonition I declare."

The kine assented with a nod,
 And rent amain the grassy fod;
 The dogs tore us as well as able,
 And emulation fir'd the rabble:
 All warmly strove, with tooth and claw,
 The water from the lake to draw;
 But when the progress was but small,
 And all prov'd ineffectual;
 When long they tugg'd and toil'd in vain,
 And thus could no advantage gain;
 As Mrs. Cow was deeply read
 In ev'ry tongue alive or dead;

Was

Was vers'd in history, and knowledge,
 Tho' never bred in *Oxford* college ;
 Profoundly skill'd in algebra,
 In civil, martial, and church law ;
 And could with grave deportment tell
 A story very plausible ;
 She order'd silence, and aloud
 Again harangu'd the list'ning crowd :

“ I've heard (I will not say how true,
 “ But that point I must leave to you)
 “ That *Xerxes'* troops drank rivers dry ;
 “ Why may not we this method try ?
 “ I know there are as many here
 “ As he had, what should we, then, fear ?
 “ And perseverance will o'ercome
 “ The hardest task in *Christendom*,”

Quite sure of victory, they think
 They can with ease the waters drink ;
 Whole tons most cheerfully they swill,
 But find the lake o'erflowing still ;
 Again they drink, but soon perceive
 The liquid plain fresh stores receive ;
 At length a bear, with age grown grey,
 Stepp'd forth, and begg'd those words to say :

“ I fear we labor with some evil,
 “ Some fell delusion of the Devil ;

“ We

" We find him oft o'er man preside,
 " His chief companion and his guide ;
 " And oft persuading him to try
 " And court impossibility.
 " We *reason* want, 'tis true, to shew
 " The paths in which we ought to go ;
 " But let us not perversely run,
 " And aim at what can ne'er be done."

He said ; they heeded what he taught,
 Dispers'd, and own'd they were in fault ;
 Convinc'd, they were no longer blind,
 Unlike some millions of mankind ;
 Who pursue obstinately still
 Schemes which they never can fulfill,

ON

STRAMORE PATRON.

IN blest'd *Hibernia's* thrice-renowned isle,
 Where hospitality and plenty smile ;
 Thro' whose rich plains, clear, fertile rivers flow,
 Whose happy lands no pois'nous creatures know,
 Whose hardy soldiers roaring cannons dare,
 And face, undaunted, all the rage of war ;
 Where *Ulster* stretches its fair pastures forth,
 To the cool climate of the wholesome north ;
 The county *Monaghan* is known to fame,
 For yarn, flax, linen cloth, and store of game ;
 Here lies the barony of *Trugh*, of old
 Replete with sportsmen, resolute and bold ;
 Who fearless follow'd their sure-scented dogs,
 O'er hills and dales, thro' valleys, glens, and
 bogs ;
 Who at the summons of the sweet-ton'd horn
 Leap'd from their beds, and hail'd the jocund
 morn ;
 Whose swift, strong hunters left the fields behind,
 And rival'd in their speed the winged wind :
 In vain the five-bar gate oppos'd their way,
 Nor ditch nor drain could stop them from the
 prey ;

E e

Whether

Whether the cunning fox they hold in sight,
 That wily, fowl-destroying thief by night;
 Whether the harmless, timid hare they trace,
 Whose mazy windings oft perplex the chase;
 Or the stout buck, with tow'ring pride elate,
 Who dares, majestic, his impending fate;
 With gleeful shouts exulting they pursue,
 And echo gladly while the game's in view.
 The sons still own the ardor of their fires,
 Their gen'rous breasts glow with *Nimrodian*
 fires;
 And in like sports some vacant hours employ,
 To banish trouble and afford them joy.

Large shoals of fishes gambol in each flood,
 Here crooked eels quick wallow thro' the mud;
 In crystal brooks there darts the speckled trout,
 The wide-mouth'd pike here rears his rav'nous
 snout;
 The finny brood, the roach, the tench, and breme,
 Plunge thro' each lake, and play in ev'ry stream;
 And all conspire to please the angler's eye,
 To seize the bait, or catch the cheating fly.
 Here basks the partridge in the stubble field,
 Great store of grouse the heath-clad mountains
 yield;
 The woodcock flushes from the close-set brake;
 See from the marsh the snipe to flight betake!
 Ducks,

Ducks, teal, and widgeon wing their airy round,
And rails and plover cop'ously abound.

In lower *Trugh*, near the *Black-water* side,
A verdant plain extendeth far and wide,
Known by the appellation of *Stramore*,
A place ne'er spoken of in verse before.
On *Easter Monday* hither thousands run,
To be spectators of, or join the fun.
Here limping fiddlers haste as well as able,
To glean some coppers from the giddy rabble;
And here blind pipers merrily repair,
To charm each rustic's truly rustic ear.
The sports begin; the music plays; and lo!
The lively lads and lasses in a row
Form the light dance, and trip it on the ground,
To the sad bagpipes' or harsh fiddle's sound;
And for their dance the stated tribute pay,
The sum an halfpenny—then march away;
For here no formal complaisance is shewn,
Nor female partner paid for by the clown.
What tho' no master ever taught them how
To drop a court'fy, walk genteel, or bow;
In sprightly measures on the green they move,
And cheerful hop, as they themselves approve.

Here *Oonab* stands; her pumps, you see, are new,
Her gown stripp'd linen, and her stockings blue;

And then who can unmov'd, uncharm'd withstand
 The penny ring that decks her yellow hand !
Terrence the lightning of her eyes receives,
 And swears for her alone he dies or lives ;
 While his red waistcoat shoots a pointed dart,
 Which pierces her, kind fair one ! thro' the heart.

I could recount an hundred other names
 Of rustic youths, and fresh-complexion'd dames ;
 Whose native beauties feel no sinful paint,
 Whose blooming cheeks no borrow'd colors taint :
 But as some palates squeamishly are nice,
 Ev'n these few characters may now suffice.

Lo ! there at commons two form'd parties stand,
 Each grasps the bended weapon in his hand ;
 Then near each other in the ground are fix'd
 Two sticks at each end, some score yards betwixt ;
 Thro' one of which the wooden ball must run,
 Before the game is either lost or won.
 And now the ball flies swift across the ground,
 Now o'er their heads behold it lightly bound !
 Anon it falls ; the ready heroes near,
 Oft intercept it in its quick career.
 See one confiding in his active speed,
 Resistless drive it o'er the grassy mead ;
 'Till running forward with unguarded force,
 A rival's foot arrests him in his course,

And

And lays him prostrate ; then loud laughter rise,
 And shouts of triumph rend the vaulted skies.
 Not long the conqu'ror shall exulting boast
 His late gain'd vict'ry, which must soon be lost :
 A trip projects him headlong on the ground,
 While roaring clamors echo all around.
 Successively they stumble, run, and fall,
 Alternate bear away, or lose the ball ;
 Till with the exercise fatigu'd, they make
 A willing truce, and some short breathing take.

For foot-ball two selected bodies there,
 With eager looks and cheerfulness prepare :
 And first aside their coats and hats they lay,
 As these would prove too cumbrous in the play,
 Now o'er the plain the ball is swift impell'd,
 And quickly bounds across the verdant field ;
 Now thro' the air it lightly skims along,
 And from aloft drops in the gaping throng ;
 Again it flies, again the youths engage
 In struggling conflict, but unknown to rage :
 The thick-foal'd brogue from the fore, bleeding
 shin

With erring kicks strips off the bleeding skin ;
 They juggle, trip, kick, wrestle, fall, and rise,
 And shout and swear with loud, confused cries ;
 Nor cease their sports, till weary with their toil,
 They sit them down, and gladly rest awhile.

Here crowds divert themselves at pitch-and-toss,
 All wish to win, tho' to their neighbours' loss.
 Here *Philip* squanders all his cash away,
 The price of his good yarn, at idle play.
 Behold how *Miles* his rent and tythe forgets,
 And ventures all his money here on betts!
 See *Murtoagh* risk the purchase of his shoes,
 And very justly ev'ry farthing lose;
 While *Dermot's* fleec'd of what should buy some
 meal,
 And is compell'd to beg, work hard, or—steal;
 And *Teague* rejoices at his lucky fate,
 Five shillings won, make him with bliss elate.

Together there a group of little boys
 In their train'd hands the well-shap'd cocksticks
 poise.
 A circle's swept upon the beaten land,
 And in its centre, lo! a prop does stand:
 On this a piece of lead, or button's laid,
 The stated length is measur'd on the mead,
 O'er which they throw; three casts for ev'ry pin;
 Happy's the lad who can the trifle win!
 Well pleas'd is he, compleated is his joy,
 Who from the circle drives the worthless toy!

Lo! here are troops of brawny rustics seen,
 Who with agility spring on the green.

Some

Some with hop-step-and-leap themselves divert,
Others at running-leaps are most expert :
Here sev'ral hold a staff in either hand,
With which they bound far o'er the level land :
Some throw the drawing, some the shoulder
stone,
And inactivity is felt by none.

Here fortune's wheel is quickly turn'd about;
Round which the gulls raise at themselves a
shout;
While its proprietor, with merry heart,
Acts, as prime gainer in the farce, chief part:
How prone are we to aid the wily foe,
Who for *Eve's* offspring plots unceasing woe!

Some fav'rite scheme does ev'ry one employ,
And all is cheerfulness, content, and joy.

The fun now streaks the skies with ruddy
light,
And yields its empire to the pow'r of night ;
In splendid pomp the silver moon is crown'd,
And twinkling stars emit their beams around ;
When to the tents the men and women drive,
Like bees in summer clust'ring at the hive.
Around they ply with whiskey, rum, and beer,
While cyder, wine, and brandy join the cheer ;
With

With jokes and tales the meeting they pro-
long,

And crown their revels with an *Irish* song ;
Make love by turns, and sometimes hop and
prance,

And blithsome grown, again renew the dance ;
Bagpipes and fiddles, with their grating notes,
Join in full concert with the rustics' throats ;
They curse, tell lies, dispute, talk loud, and
laugh,

Till urg'd to madness by the drink they quaff,
To blows and furious combat they proceed ;
Friends fall by friends, and sons by fathers bleed ;
Their angry strokes to all alike they deal,
The liquors o'er their senses so prevail.

The knotty flœe-tree cudgel bruises sore,
And from their heads draws floods of crimson
gore ;

Tough ash and hazle give a desp'rate wound,
And stout shilelahs on their skulls resound :
With jars and tumults thus they end the play,
And fights and bloodshed close the parting day.

Suppose that now their steps all homeward
bend,

And heavy deluges of rain descend ;
The new red cloak and petticoat are spoil'd,
The bonnet, handkerchief, and gown are soil'd ;

The tipsy husband tugs along his wife,
 Drunk as himself, the torment of his life;
 Their tott'ring limbs can scarce their load sus-
 tain,

Stagg'ring they tumble thro' some miry drain;
 Whence hardly dragg'd, along the road they stray,
 And blindly reeling, oft mistake their way;
 Till partly dry'd and warmed by the fire,
 They to their humble, rushy beds retire;
 Where I must leave them to serene repose,
 And thus my simple narrative shall close.

ON THE
MUCH LAMENTED DEATH
OF THE
REVEREND FOWKE MOORE, *A. M.*

MASTER OF *DUNGANNON* FREE-SCHOOL, IN THE
COUNTY OF *TYRONE*.

AT length the sure-aim'd shaft of fate has
sped,
And *Moore* lies number'd with the mould'ring
dead :

His mortal frame, thro' many years' decay
Exhausted, yields him to his parent clay.
Tho' pedantry was banish'd from his breast,
The man of learning shone in him confess'd ;
Unfeign'd devotion, with peculiar grace,
Liv'd in his life, and smil'd upon his face.
His gentle bosom, free from envy's sting,
Ne'er made dire discord among neighbours spring ;
But, with the social virtues fully fraught,
The placid paths of harmless pleasure taught :
With jocund innocence, and wit refin'd,
The gentleman and Christian were conjoin'd.

Farewell, blest'd shade ! may thy example guide
 Thy fellow-creatures thro' life's rugged tide !
 May resignation, such as thine, impart
 Its healing balm to ev'ry wounded heart !
 Teach them with thankfulness to kiss the rod
 Of bitter grief, inflicted by their God !
 Make them confess, that he who deals the woes,
 Has equal pow'r their sorrows to compose ;
 And in due time with lasting joys will bless
 The patient sons and daughters of distress !

A N

OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE.

YE brave assertors of *Hibernia's* weal,
 Whose bosoms glow with patriotic zeal!
 Self-offer'd patrons of the noblest cause,
 To save your country, liberties, and laws!
 A brother-soldier fondly would impart
 The warm emotions of an honest heart;
 And pay to *Ireland's* volunteers that praise,
 Which lasting honor to your names should raise:
 But, from conviction that his nerveless verse,
 In feeble numbers would your worth rehearse;
 To future *Miltons* he consigns the lyre,
 To chaunt a theme which *Homers* might inspire.

Now *Gallic* perfidy, and *Spanish* pride,
 In hostile triumph on the ocean ride;
 Together leagu'd, a formidable band!
 Menace destruction to our native land.
 If with such foes our fate is to contend,
 Not I alone a sister must defend.
 While devastation and unbridled rage,
 Involve in common ev'ry sex and age;
 Then thousand *Dudleys*, seiz'd by ruthless pow'r,
 In fruitless plaints must weep their natal hour;

And time-worn heroes, spent by years and pain,
Lift their weak hands, and supplicate in vain.

In days of yore our gallant grandfires spread
O'er *France* and *Spain* an universal dread;
Thro' ranks opposing rush'd with boundless might,
And still undaunted dar'd the coming fight.
Have then our fathers, candidates for fame,
With well-earn'd trophies gain'd a deathless name?
And shall their sons, when glory calls aloud,
In timid indolence their heads enshroud?
With tameness suffer *Bourbon's* haughty train,
For free-born souls to forge a servile chain?
No.—Dangers slighted for *Ierne's* good,
Shall sound our valour in the field of blood;
In future times our prowess shall be told,
And our example make our children bold;
While they, like us, each vaunting foe defy,
Resolv'd to conquer, or unvanquish'd die.

A N

OCCASIONAL EPILOGUE.

WHERE'ER my animated glances fly,
 A martial object strikes my roving eye.
Hibernia summons her bold chiefs around,
 Whose ardent breasts revere the welcome sound ;
 Honor erects her banners in the air,
 To which the sons of liberty repair ;
 While fame and glory light fair freedom's fires,
 And emulation each brave soul inspires.

In former times what our forefathers were,
 Let *Blenheim's* plains, and *Dettingen* declare ;
 Where *Gallic* armies own'd superior might,
 And sunk in death, or sought ignoble flight.
 In foreign climes, then, was their courage shewn,
 And shall we hesitate to guard our own ?
 Of noble ancestors how can we boast,
 If foes invade us, or insult our coast ?
 And faithless *Bourbon's* abject, slavish band,
 Should with impunity despoil our land ?
 Forbid it, virtue ! and forbid it, shame !
 Such dastard meanness should infect our fame !
 Your country calls, while freedom intercedes,
 And honor stimulates to gen'rous deeds ;

The

The lordly impulse ev'ry bosom warms,
And magnanimity provokes to arms.

Permit me, Sirs, in unaffected strain,
To plead my sex's cause, nor plead in vain ;
Soldiers, by duty, should protect the fair ;
An helpless female's their peculiar care.
To you we leave guns, cannons, bay'nets, swords,
Our weapons are an arsenal of—words.
While you with eager steps to battle press,
A woman's province is—to talk and dress.
Our magazines of arrows, flames, and darts,
Are solely suited to our lovers' hearts.
But while on your protection we confide,
The vaunting threats of *Bourbon* we deride.
Your well-known fortitude shall calm our woes,
And lull our sorrows to serene repose :
Shielded by liberty's brave volunteers,
Our breasts exult, and dissipate our fears.

ON THE
SINCERELY DEPLORED DEATH
OF
MR. GABRIEL CORNWALL,
OF STUARTSTOWN,
SURGEON AND APOTHECARY.

ESCULAPIUS.

THE racking fever, with resistless force,
Has thro' the heart impell'd its baneful course;
The struggle of contending nature's o'er,
Life's pulse is stopp'd, and *Cornwall* is no more.
My boundless store of medicines in vain
Has been administer'd to ease his pain;
The king of terrors, with malignant eye,
Frown'd on my aid, and bade his arrow fly.

LUCINA.

No more his skill obstetric shall relieve
The pregnant dame, and bid her cease to grieve;
No more recall her to the joys of life,
And bless the husband in his gentle wife.

G g

And

And is, alas ! time's fleeting circle run !
 Has death bereft me of my fav'rite son !
 Weep, weep, ye matrons, and your los's deplore,
Cornwall your guardian, breathes alas ! no more.

MOMUS.

My festive board no more his song shall hail,
 Or hang attentive on his mirthful tale ;
 Hush'd are his notes, for ever mute the voice,
 That made his jocund friends so oft rejoice.
 The virtues of his sociable mind,
 Were form'd to please and humanize mankind ;
 But death, on cruelty extreme intent,
 Our *Cornwall* from the world and me has rent.

CHARITAS.

No more his lenient hand shall soothe with
 care
 The bed of sickness, and avert despair ;
 No more around his charitable door,
 Dispense his lib'ral bounties to the poor.
 But hark ! Heav'n's awful voice affords relief,
 And calls, indulgent, to assuage our grief :
 " *Cornwall*, tho' lost to earth, shall never die,
 " Supremely blest'd to all eternity."

Accept, dear shade ! the tribute of my lays,
 Which fondly press to celebrate thy praise.

The

The heart-felt sorrow of thy num'rous friends,
 Plaintive around thy breathless corse attends.
 Revolving seasons would attempt in vain
 To ease their woe, and mitigate their pain;
 Did not religion calm the rending sigh,
 And teach this lesson, "All are born to die."

AN ACROSTIC.

“**J**OIN voices, all ye living souls,” to raise
 Of him due thanks, who taught you **G**OD to praise:
 Heav’n *lost* to man his deathless works record,
 Nor stops his muse till heav’n’s thro’ **C**HRI**S**T *re-*
stor’d.

Millions of angels, from the realms of day,
 In joyful transports hail the noble lay:
 Loud swells the music on their golden strings,
 To fill the concert as the poet sings.
 On *Milton’s* brows unfading laurels shine,
 No bard more worthy claims rewards divine.

AN ACROSTIC.

GROANING with anguish at the mournful
 tale,

England’s brave sons their breathless chief bewail.
 No more their ears, accusom’d to rejoice,
 Exulting hear his animating voice.
 Rous’d by resentment, when his country calls,
 Ardent he flies, and crown’d with conquest falls.
 Lost to the world in vig’rous manhood’s bloom,
Wolfe sinks, alas!—but triumphs o’er the tomb.
 On fame’s strong pinions wafted to the skies,
 Lo! all the hero’s fragrant honors rise.
 From the oblivion of the fullen grave,
 Eternal gratitude his worth shall save.

AN ACROSTIC.

LET hoary age no more with insolence
 Obtrude its precepts, as sole guide of sense:
Rawdon the brave, in youthful manhood wife,
 Disputes the maxim, and its truth denies.
Rawdon we find with sterling worth replete,
 Alike in senate and in battle great.
 While *Ireland* such an ornament can own,
 Dauntless and prudent, for her native son;
 On her detractors she with scorn may smile,
 Nor heed the gibes with which her foes revile.

AN ACROSTIC.

AS *Gallic Conflans* made his haughty boast,
 Dooming to hostile ravage *Ireland's* coast;
 Mov'd by a *British*, patriotic flame,
 In its defence a brave protector came;
 Remov'd its danger, lull'd its fears asleep,
 And *England* reign'd bright empress of the deep.
 Like *Jove's* fierce bird, quick darting on his prey,
Hawke flew resistless o'er the foaming sea;
 And scorning rocks, and winds that raging blow,
 With intrepidity assail'd the foe:
 Knowing no terror when his country spoke,
 Eager thro' tempests, fire, and death he broke.

AN ACROSTIC.

SUBLIMELY great, the philosophic mind
 In *Newton* shines, unequall'd, unconfin'd.
 Regions and causes in dark chaos lost,
 In his solutions clearest lustre boast.
 Sunk in obscurity, of proof bereft,
 Astronomy to errors maze was left;
 At *Newton's* call, uncertainty withdrew,
 Conviction spoke, and wisdom rose to view:
 No more the mist of ignorance prevails,
 Enlighten'd truth its pleasing form reveals.
 With rev'rend wonder, and supreme delight,
 The whole creation opens to our sight.
 Orb upon orb, in awful order plac'd,
Newton explor'd, and all their motions trac'd.

AN ACROSTIC.

QUICK flew the hostile news, and *England's*
sons

United rise against the haughty *Dons*.

Elizabeth collects her gallant bands,

Earnest to execute her great commands.

Now rides the vast *Armada* o'er the main,

Elate with all the arrogance of *Spain*:

Loud roars the tempest, and the raging waves

Ingulph the vaunters in their briny graves.

Zealous of fame, unaw'd by wars alarms,

A *virgin queen* her dauntless subjects arms;

By Freedom summon'd, nobly they obey,

Eager to press where glory points the way:

The gallant cause OMNIPOTENCE befriends—

How can they fail whom PROVIDENCE defends?

AN ACROSTIC.

KINDLED by fervent, patriotic zeal,
 Illust'rous *Alfred* fought his country's weal:
 No turns of fortune could his purpose shake,
 Greatly he ventur'd for his people's sake.
 Alike in council and in war renown'd,
 Laws he compos'd, and was with conquest crown'd.
 Fraught with each virtue, his majestic soul
 Revolv'd, confirm'd, and plann'd, the mighty
 whole.

England from him her consequence first drew,
 Deriv'd her knowledge, and in glory grew.
 True to his God, superior to distress,
 Heav'n saw, approv'd, and blest'd him with suc-
 cess.

Envy in him could no foul blemish find,
 Goodness and royalty were so combin'd:
 Religion pure, and schemes without deceit,
 Engross'd his thoughts, and stamp'd him justly
 Great.

Applauding ages shall record the theme,
 Tun'd to the praises of his valu'd name.

AN ACROSTIC.

WITH boundless force the senses to com-
 mand,
 Immortal *Shakespeare* shall unrivall'd stand.
 "Life's many color'd scenes" he boldly drew,
 Look'd thro' the soul, and ev'ry passion knew.
 Inventive beauties in his writing shine,
 Acknowledg'd wit, and energy divine.
 Mute tho' his tongue, to ruthless death a prey,
 Still shall the poet transports sweet convey.
 Harmonious numbers swell the melting strain,
 As tender maidens breathe their love-sick pain :
 Kindly affectionate the verses flow,
 Expressing friends or parents' bliss or woe :
 Strong rush the measures which in colors bright
 Paint anger, jealousy, or mortal fight.
 Enrich'd with elegance of style sublime,
 Admiring crowds, in ev'ry peopled clime,
 Resound his merit, and with candour own,
England's sweet bard all other bards outshone.

AN ACROSTIC.

KIND PROVIDENCE, attentive to our good,
 In tender mercy deals us cloaths and food ;
 Nor less beneficent in other things,
 Gives us for governor the best of kings.
 Guided by motives of the purest kind,
 Endu'd with ev'ry excellence of mind ;
 On virtue's base intent to found his name,
 Religion unaffected stamps his fame :
 Grac'd with each principle to prove him great,
England's lov'd monarch holds the reins of state.
 Touch'd by the orphan's, or the widow's grief,
 His lib'ral hand administers relief.
 Ever observant of his children's weal,
 The parent glows with amiable zeal :
 His bliss compleated by a matchless spouse,
 In spotless truth he pays his marriage vows.
 Respected, equitable, mild, and just,
 Deathless his worth shall soar above the dust.

AN ACROSTIC.

JOYFUL our breasts the happy day record,
On which brave *Marlborough* drew his flaming
sword:

Heav'n smil'd benignly on the honest cause,
Nor let his valour sink without applause.
Doom'd to the fury of his matchless force,
United armies seek to stem his course;
Keen bursts his thunder, and the motley foe,
Enfanguin'd meets a total overthrow:
Onwards he drives, *JEHOVAH* leads the way,
Fortune attends, and vict'ry crowns the day.
Madly impell'd by boundless empire's charms,
Ambition urg'd rash *Lewis* into arms;
Reduc'd by adverse fate, and racking shame,
Late he deplores his vain pursuit of fame.
Bright glory pants her radiant beams to shed,
On mighty *Marlborough's* triumphant head.
Resounding plaudits, and heroic song,
On eagle's wings shall waft his praise along:
Until old time his stated glass has run,
Greatly shall bloom the honors he has won,
High as the stars, and splendent as the sun.

AN ACROSTIC.

COULD my fond thoughts à proper utt'rance
find,

How would they praise the first of womankind!

Adorn'd with ev'ry excellence and grace,

Roy'lty holds in her but a second place.

Like a good angel hast'ning from the skies.

On blessings' wings *Charlotte* to *England* flies,

The virtues which her heav'nly form compleat,

To rank give worth, and dignity to state.

Endu'd with female gentleness of breast,

Quiescent the tumultuous passions rest.

Unfeign'd devotion, void of showy art,

Elates her soul, and animates her heart.

Exalted feelings, and maternal love,

Nourish'd by piety, her merits prove.

Oppress'd by indigence, or sunk in grief,

From her each wretch is sure to find relief.

Guided by sense each weakness to controul,

Reason invigorates and fills her soul.

Enrich'd by wisdom, and chaste honor's laws,

Admiring millions join in just applause.

The jarring int'rests which at courts are seen,

Besiege in vain *Great Britain's* darling queen.

Rais'd

Rais'd up by GOD our manners to amend,
 In grateful strains our thanks should heav'nward
 tend :

Taught by her bright example, age and youth,
 Attach'd sincerely to the paths of truth ;
 In graceful humbleness their lives shall lead,
 Nor fear the shafts which lay them with the dead.

YARICO TO INKLE.

AN EPISTLE.

☞ The following Epistle is supposed to have been written by YARICO, in the beginning of her slavery, just as INKLE was embarking for *England*; and contains a little history of her unprecedented ill-usage, mixed entreaties, tenderness, and upbraidings.

FROM this sad place where anguish ever reigns,
 And helpless wretches groan beneath their chains;
 Where stern oppression lifts its iron hand,
 And restless cruelty usurps command;
 Where slav'ry its infernal visage rears,
 And racks its victims with incessant cares:
 To soothe her soul, and ease her aching heart,
 Permit a wretch her sufferings to impart;
 To paint her bitter, life-consuming grief,
 And from the doleful story seek relief:
 To *Inkle* she complains; to him who taught
 Her hand in language to express her thought.
 Yet ere your sails before the winds are spread,
 A woman's sorrows with compassion read;

Her

Her dying farewell from her pen receive,
And to her wrongs a tear in pity give.

Fain would I learn from whence your hate
arose,

The cruel cause and source of all my woes.
Oh! tell me why am I so wretched made?
For what unwilling crimes am I betray'd?
Is it because I lov'd?—Unjust reward!
That love preserv'd you from the ills you fear'd.
If 'twas a fault, alas! I'm guilty still,
For still I love, and while I live I will:
Nor change of fortune, nor your cruel hate,
Shall cure my passion, or its warmth abate.

False as you are, how dare you trust anew
To winds and waves as treacherous as you?
Think'st will the gods you serve, if gods they
are,
For crimes like your's their punishments forbear?
If injur'd innocence their care be made,
Tho' I forgive, their certain vengeance dread.

What if your bark, by adverse tempests tofs'd,
Should on some barb'rous coast, like mine, be
lost;

Think that you see your friends and you pursu'd
By savage people, greedy of your blood:

Who

Who then will snatch you from your fell despair?
 You'll find no *Yarico* to shield you there.
 How would you wish you never had betray'd,
 Or sold for trifling gain an helpless maid?

Oh! yet redeem me while you've pow'r to save,
 And make me your's, if I am doom'd a slave!
 Your faithful slave indeed I'll ever prove,
 And with continued care attend my love.
 Think on the vows you have so often made;
 How did you promise? How have you betray'd?
 And think, oh! think of the dear load I bear;
 Must a poor babe a mother's suff'rings share?
 Shall the dear witness of our mutual flame
 Be born to want, to misery, and shame?
 Whose tender care shall hush your infant cry?
 Or whose indulgent hand thy wants supply?
 Behold a gift a father's love prepares!
 Unceasing trouble, and continu'd fears!
 This is the portion destin'd to be thine,
 Thou'rt heir to all the woes that now are mine.

Oh! could my pen in artful language tell
 The sad variety of ills I feel!
 Would some kind pow'r assist my thoughts to flow,
 Strong as my love, and piercing as my woe;
 To speak the anguish of my bleeding heart,
 My bitter pangs, and agonizing smart;

Hard as you are, you'd mitigate my pain,
 Or pitying take me to your arms again.
 Remember, as 'tis sure you often must,
 When the seas drove you on our fatal coast;
 How did my bloody friends your life pursue,
 Nor one of all who landed 'scap'd but you?
 Pale with your fears, and breathless with the chase,
 With wearied steps you fled from place to place.
 Forlorn, distress'd you knew not where to go,
 To shun the fury of the desp'rate foe;
 'Till chance, or rather some propitious God,
 Your feet conducted to a shady wood:
 Screen'd from your hunters' eyes, but not your
 fears,

On the bare ground you lay, o'erwhelmed with
 tears.

By me alone was thy retreat perceiv'd,
 And oh! by love my soul was straight enslav'd!
 My arms encircled round your neck were made
 A guard and easy pillow for your head;
 Thus in soft slumbers, stretch'd at ease you lay,
 'Till op'ning morning summon'd us away.
 In haste I cry'd, "Awake, awake, my dear!
 "The chirping birds approaching day declare;
 "See how the fainting stars foretell the morn!
 "Awake, my love, and to our cave return."

Whole months secure in this recess we pass'd,
 And each new hour came happier than the last;

Such was our love, so mutual was our flame,
Our hopes, our fears, our wishes were the same.

The various presents other lovers gave,
I brought to furnish, and adorn our cave;
With softest, party-color'd skins I made,
Perfum'd with sweetest flow'rs, a fragrant bed.
Had you a wish that ever I deny'd?
Or was not with a willing care supply'd?
O! what returns for such a waste of love!
But still would I entreat, and not reprove.
Yet let me mind you of what once you said,
While oaths confirm'd the promises you made:
" My *Tarico*, my life, my love, you cry'd,
" My dear preserver, and my choicest pride!
" Thou kindest, softest cure of all my woe,
" How shall I pay the gratitude I owe!
" Thou Pow'r that mad'st me, hear me while I
" swear
" Eternal love, eternal truth to her!
" If thou vouchsaf'st me to behold once more
" My dear, my long lost friends, and native
shore;
" If ever I forget her tender care,
" Do thou regardless hear my dying pray'r;
" Drive me in bitterness of want to rove,
" And shut me ever from the realms above!"

Is he a God whose curses you implor'd,
 And shall his hand not grasp th' avenging sword?
 Ne'er can you hope in sweet content to live,
 Or know the comforts you refuse to give.
 Among the vices men abhor the most,
 Ingratitude is sure of all accurst.
 Can the just gods with pleasure look upon,
 Or love a temper so unlike their own?
 Kind offices a kind requital claim,
 He pays but half, who but returns the same;
 Who gives at first a gen'rous temper shews,
 The other only pays the debt he owes:
 But you, regardless of my cries and pray'rs,
 Smile at my wrongs, and mock my falling tears;
 Not one return for all the mighty debt,
 But cruel rage, and persecuting hate;
 This, this is all your nature can bestow,
 And thus you pay the gratitude you owe.

Time and my griefs this body shall decay,
 My moving frame shall be but lifeless clay;
 Then peaceful in the silent grave I'll rest,
 Still this warm blood, and calm this glowing
 breast:

But the remembrance of my wrongs shall live;
 Your treachery whole ages shall survive;
 Men yet unborn will my hard lot relate,
 And curse your cruelty, and weep my fate:

And if in distant years some hapless maid,
 Shall be by faithless, barb'rous man betray'd;
 Condemn'd in sharpest misery to rove,
 Unblest'd with hope, yet curs'd with fatal love;
 One to whom life and liberty he owes,
 From whose indulgence ev'ry blessing flows;
 Then shall be drawn the just comparison,
 " So trusted *Tarico*—and was undone."

Think of that morn when on the beech I stood,
 And saw the bark at anchor on the flood.
 Straight to your cave with eager haste I ran,
 " Behold, I cry'd, a vessel on the main!
 " Away, my love, nor longer let us live
 " Unknown to peace security can give."
 No more you needed; pleasure in your eyes
 Flash'd like a shooting light in ev'ning skies.
 Your eager arms around my neck were flung,
 In silent transports on my lips you hung;
 The mighty joy, too great to be express'd,
 Glow'd on your cheeks, and struggled in your
 breast.

" Adieu, you cry'd, ye friendly shades, adieu!"
 " And in embraces to the shore we flew.
 " And thou, my cave, my ever kind retreat,
 " Scene of my happiness, my safety's seat,
 " Farewell! and ye, ye cruel men, adieu!
 " Adieu to all, my *Tarico*, but you!

" You,

“ You, my preserver, shall be ever near,
 “ Reign in my soul, and ev’ry blessing share.”

But why do I pursue th’ ungrateful tale?
 Why urge a suit that never will prevail?
 Why tell, when nearer to the shore we drew,
 The waving colors you beheld and knew.
 “ See, see, my love, what heav’n relenting sends!
 “ Behold my friends, my countrymen and friends!”
 Then loud you cry’d, and wav’d your hand in
 air,

And straight we saw the hast’ning boat appear;
 With eager strokes we cut the yielding tide,
 And joyful climb the lofty vessel’s side.
 If from a life of long, continued care,
 From threat’ning cruelty, and restless fear;
 From death, the greatest of all ills we dread,
 To be in one propit’ous moment freed;
 Be happiness that can addition know,
 Your friends’ embraces made it so to you.

And now the ship unfurls its crackling sails,
 Whose bending bosoms catch the rising gales:
 Like distant clouds appears the less’ning shore,
 ‘Till the faint prospect can be seen no more.
 “ Adieu, my friends, my countrymen, adieu!
 “ A lasting farewell here I take of you.”

Thus while I cry'd, as consc'ous of my fate,
 Unusual sadness on my spirits sat;
 By blood ran cold, my bosom heav'd with sighs,
 And gulping sorrow trickled from my eyes:

But you with well dissembled sorrow came,
 (Dissembled 'twas, tho' still you look'd the same)

"Oh! whence, my love, this change, this mourn-
 "ful look!"

You said, and mingled kisses as you spoke.

"What means my dear! oh! tell me why you
 sigh!"

"Why steals the pearly moisture from your eye!"

"Tell me, and let me cure the ills you feel,

"Or share the torments which I cannot heal;

"For heav'n-born sympathy my bosom warms,

"And boundless love my melting heart alarms."

Pleas'd with your words, suspecting no deceit,
 Artless I swallow'd the ensnaring bait;

Honest myself, I thought the world so too,

Nor falsehood fear'd, for no deceit I knew.

No more I wept, my griefs were lull'd asleep,
 'Till 'twas decreed I must for ever weep.

Brisk blew the driving winds, the fleeting ship

Buffs the white waves, and skims along the
 deep;

When on the deck a sudden shout is heard,

Barbadoes' welcome coast at last appear'd.

The

The cheerful sailors skip from place to place,
 And smiling joy appear'd on ev'ry face;
 But you sat silent, pensive, and alone,
 And meditated mischief yet undone:
 Then was the scheme of my undoing laid,
 Then was the curs'd determination made.
 Oh! say what mov'd you to the cruel deed!
 Did it from hate, or thirst of gain proceed?
 Urge nothing—for if love's not in our pow'r,
 Is there from gratitude requir'd no more?
 That's the grand tie that should for ever bind,
 The surest charm to fix a noble mind.

What tho' the burning sun's discol'ring rays
 Have shadow'd with a browner dye my face;
 Yet was I thought most lovely to the sight,
 The virgin's envy, and the youth's delight;
 Nor was my birth unequal to my fame,
 I from a race of sov'reign princes came.
 My love, the noblest of the youthful train
 With warm persuasion pleaded to obtain:
 Alas! unheeded all their vows I heard,
 Nor knew a tender wish 'till you appear'd
 Subdu'd, I yielded up to you alone,
 Decreed the slave of love to be undone.

Ye pow'rs divine, who rule the world below,
 Relieve, or teach me how to bear my woe!

Give

Give me, oh ! give me eloquence to move
His stubborn heart, and bring him back to
love !

Oh ! make him feel the horrors I endure,
And kindly fly my miseries to cure !
So shall my life be spent in endless praise,
And lasting honors to your names I'll raise.

And now I stood upon the long'd-for shore,
And warmly hop'd the hours of sorrow o'er.
You smil'd, and as you fondly press'd my hand,
" Welcome, you cry'd, my *Tarico*, to land !
" Thou kindest, dearest, tend'rest, lovely maid,
" Now shall my promis'd gratitude be paid."
Oh ! how unmanly is the flatt'ring lye,
Which cheats but to enhance our misery !
For that which aggravates our troubles most,
Is to know happiness, and know it lost.
Such soothing words conceal'd the black deceit,
And lull'd me unsuspecting of my fate.
But now no longer need the mask be on,
The means were over, for the end was won ;
No more th' endearing look your falsehood wears,
But all the monster in full light appears :
" Take her, you cry'd, my right I here resign,
" Your slave by purchase, as she once was mine."
You ended ; and the wretch to whom you spoke,
(Pride and ill nature settle in his look)

Approach'd,

Approach'd, and sternly seiz'd upon my hand;
 And rudely haul'd me under his command.
 Such cruelty what savage ever knew,
 Or hearing could believe you meant it true?
 Too true I found it, when with barb'rous scoff;
 And hate unknown before, you shook me off;
 Then plung'd me o'er in ev'ry human ill,
 Not to be spoke, and what I only feel.

Can you forget, or did you ne'er regard,
 The sad distress which in my soul appear'd?
 How chill'd with horror I could scarce survive;
 And mad and blasted stiffen'd yet alive?
 How grov'ling at your feet in wild despair,
 I beat my bleeding breast, and tore my hair?
 Then what did rage, and love, and fear, not
 say,

As madness prompted, and my pangs gave way?

“ Oh! save me, and this fatal doom reverse,

“ Which once endur'd there is no greater curse!

“ Or tell me why with vengeance you pursue

“ Her who was life and happiness to you!

“ Relentless can you stand to all I say,

“ Unchang'd, unmov'd—Oh! give compassion!

“ Or kindly, with some well dissembled vow

“ Delude me still, it would be pious now!

“ But oh! I read my anguish in your look!

“ I can no longer, for my heart is broke!

“ Yet let my heaving breast and streaming eyes
 “ Speak for me what my fault’ring tongue de-
 “ nies!

“ Recall the former image to your view
 “ Of her who loves—who was belov’d by you!
 “ Who now o’erburthen’d with a mother’s cares,
 “ The tender pledge of our endearment bears!
 “ I feel the infant struggling in my womb,
 “ As consc’ous of its wretchedness to come:
 “ Oh! spare the guiltless bade! let nature move
 “ Your heart to pity, though ’tis deaf to love!”

I could no more; your cruel looks congeal’d
 My flowing blood, and ev’ry vital chill’d;
 No more my bosom heav’d; my dying eyes
 Were clos’d, and sense forsook me with my cries:
 Oh! had it been for ever gone indeed,
 From what a world of woes had I been freed!
 But fate conspiring to protract my grief,
 Unseal’d my eyes, and gave me back to life.

I found me, when my senses were restor’d,
 In the curs’d house of him I call my Lord:
 My bitter wrongs in vain I did deplore,
 For you, the source of all, I saw no more.
 How should I act in so severe distress!
 Words could not paint my anguish, nor redress;
 Yet still to keep a glimm’ring hope alive,
 The last sad comfort wretches can contrive;

I told

I told my fatal story o'er with pain,
 And su'd for pity, but I su'd in vain;
 Condemn'd to feel unutterable woes,
 And all the wrongs that slav'ry can impose.

Tho' deaf to justice, and love's softer claim,
 Oh! yet redeem me in regard to fame!
 For still the living story of my woe
 Shall follow, and acclaim where'er you go;
 Mankind will shun you, and the blasting tongue
 Shall hoot the monster as you pass along:

“ Behold the wretch, whose breast to nature
 “ steel'd,

“ For kindness hated, for compassion kill'd!”
 Then, as you taught me, if there is to come
 A day of gen'ral, just, and awful doom;
 If fit gradation be observ'd in pains,
 Oh! think and tremble what for you remains!
 Unless sweet mercy shall your heart incline
 To shun the anguish, by relieving mine;
 So endless torments will you change for peace,
 And men, instead of cursing you, shall bless;
 The Gods in mercy will the deed regard,
 And pay you with a penitent's reward:
 Or if the state you brought me to believe
 Be but a story, fabled to deceive;
 Yet sweet contentment never hope to own,
 Remorse shall find you on a bed of down;

In vain for ease to bus'ness you'll repair,
My wrongs shall reach you, and avenge me there.

Forgive, thou still lov'd author of my pain !
My griefs are heavy, and I must complain.
Oh ! kill me, or some milder ill provide,
Ere fate quite severs, or the seas divide !
That thought distracts me—my strain'd eyes grow
dim,

And nature shivers at the dreadful theme.
A thousand things my loaded heart would say,
But oh ! my trembling hand will not obey !
Then let your fancy image my distress,
And yet, oh ! yet, while you have pow'r, redress !

CHEVY CHASE.

A SONG.

IN ENGLISH METRE.

GOD prosper long our noble king,
 Our lives and safeties all;
 A woful hunting once there did
 In *Chevy Chase* befall.

To drive the deer with hound and horn,
 Earl *Percy* took his way;
 The child may rue that is unborn,
 The hunting of that day.

The stout Earl of *Northumberland*
 A vow to GOD did make;
 His pleasure in the *Scottish woods*
 Three summer days to take;

The chieftest harts in *Chevy Chase*
 To kill and bear away.
 These tidings to Earl *Douglas* came,
 In *Scotland* where he lay:

Who

Who sent Earl *Percy* present word,
 He would prevent his sport;
 The *English* earl, not fearing this,
 Did to the woods resort;

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,
 All chosen men of might;
 Who knew full well in time of need
 To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant grey-hound swiftly ran,
 To chace the fallow deer;
 On Monday they began to hunt,
 When day-light did appear;

And long before high-noon they had
 An hundred fat bucks slain;
 Then having din'd, the drovers went
 To rouse them up again.

The bowmen muster'd on the hills,
 Well able to endure;
 Their backsides all with special care,
 That day were guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly thro' the woods,
 The nimble deer to take;
 And with their cries the hills and dales
 An echo shrill did make.

Lord *Percy* to the quarry went,
 To view the tender deer;
 Quoth he, Earl *Douglas* promised
 This day to meet me here;

But if I thought he would not come,
 No longer would I stay.
 With that a brave young gentleman
 Thus to the Earl did say:

Lo! yonder doth Earl *Douglas* come,
 His men in armor bright;
 Full twenty hundred *Scottish* spears,
 All marching in our fight.

All pleasant men of *Tividale*,
 Fast by the river *Tweed*.
 Then cease your sport, Earl *Percy* said,
 And take your bows with speed.

And now with me, my countrymen,
 Your courage forth advance;
 For never was there champion yet
 In *Scotland* or in *France*,

That ever did on horseback come,
 But if my hap it were,
 I durst encounter man for man,
 With him to break a spear.

Earl *Douglas* on a milk-white steed,
 Most like a baron bold,
 Rode foremost of the company,
 Whose armor shone like gold.

Shew me, he said, whose men ye be,
 That hunt so boldly here;
 That without my consent you chace
 And kill my fallow deer.

The man that first did answer make,
 Was noble *Percy*, he;
 Who said, We list not to declare,
 Nor shew whose men we be:

Yet we will spend our dearest blood,
 The chiefest harts to slay.
 Then *Douglas* swore a solemn oath,
 And thus in rage did say:

Ere thus I will outbraved be,
 One of us two shall die;
 I know thee well, an earl thou art,
 Lord *Percy*, so am I.

But trust me, *Percy*, pity it were,
 And great offence to kill
 Any of these our harmless men,
 For they have done no ill.

Let thou and I the battle try,
 And set our men aside.
 Accurs'd be he, Lord *Percy* said;
 By whom it is deny'd.

Then stept a gallant squire forth,
Witherington was his name;
 Who said he would not have it told
 To *Henry* our king for shame;

That e'er my captain fought on foot;
 And I stood looking on;
 Ye be two earls, said *Witherington*,
 And I a squire alone.

I'll do the best that do I may,
 While I have pow'r to stand;
 While I have pow'r to wield my sword,
 I'll fight with heart and hand.

Our *English* archers bent their bows,
 Their hearts were good and true;
 At the first flight of arrows sent,
 Full three score *Scots* they slew.

To drive the deer with hound and horn,
 Earl *Douglas* had the bent;
 A captain mov'd with mickle pride,
 The spears to shivers sent.

They clos'd full fast on ev'ry side,
 No slackness there was found;
 And many a gallant gentleman
 Lay gasping on the ground.

O CHRIST! it was great grief to see,
 And likewise for to hear
 The cries of men lying in their gore,
 And scatter'd here and there.

At last these two stout earls did meet,
 Like captains of great might;
 Like lions mov'd, they laid on loads,
 And made a cruel fight.

They fought until they both did sweat,
 With swords of temper'd steel;
 Until the blood like drops of rain
 They trickling down did feel.

Yield thee, Lord *Percy*, *Douglas* said,
 In faith I will thee bring
 Where thou shalt high advanced be,
 By *James* our *Scottish* king.

Thy ransom freely I will give,
 And thus report of thee,
 Thou art the most courageous knight
 That ever I did see.

No, *Douglas*, quoth Earl *Percy* then
 Thy proffer I do scorn;
 I will not yield to any *Scot*
 That ever yet was born.

With that there came an arrow keen
 Out of an *English* bow,
 Which struck Earl *Douglas* to the heart,
 A deep and deadly blow.

Who never spoke more words than these,
 Fight on my merry men all!
 For why, my life is at an end,
 Lord *Percy* sees me fall.

Then leaving life Earl *Percy* took
 The dead man by the hand,
 And said, Earl *Douglas*, for thy life
 Would I had lost my land!

O CHRIST! my very heart doth bleed
 With sorrow for thy sake;
 For sure a more renowned knight
 Misfortune did never take.

A knight among the *Scots* there was,
 Who saw Earl *Douglas* die,
 And in his wrath did vow revenge
 Upon the Earl *Percy*:

Sir *Hugh Montgomery* was he call'd,
 Who with a spear most bright,
 Well mounted on a gallant steed
 Ran fiercely thro' the fight :

And past the *English* archers all,
 Without all dread or fear,
 And thro' Earl *Percy's* body then
 He thrust his hateful spear.

With such a vehement force and might
 He did his body gore ;
 The spear went thro' the other side,
 A large cloth-yard and more.

So thus did both these nobles die,
 Whose courage none could stain.
 An *English* archer then perceiv'd
 The noble earl was slain :

He had a bow bent in his hand,
 Made of a trusty tree ;
 An arrow of a cloth-yard long
 Up to the head drew he.

Against Sir *Hugh Montgomery*
 So right his shaft he set ;
 The grey-goose wing that was thereon,
 In his heart's blood was wet.

This fight did last from break of day,
 'Till setting of the sun ;
 For when they rung the ev'ning bell,
 The battle scarce was done.

With the Earl *Percy* there was slain
 Sir *John* of *Ogerton* ;
 Sir *Robert Ratcliff*, and Sir *John*,
 Sir *James* that bold baron.

And with Sir *George* and good Sir *James*,
 Both knights of good account ;
 Good Sir *Ralph Raby* there was slain,
 Whose prowess did surmount.

For *Witherington* needs must I wail,
 As one in doleful dumps ;
 For when his legs were smitten off,
 He fought upon his stumps.

And with Earl *Douglas* there was slain
 Sir *Hugh Montgomery* ;
 Sir *Charles Currel*, that from the field
 One foot would never fly.

Sir *Charles Murrel* of *Ratcliff* too,
 His sister's son was he ;
 Sir *David Lamb* so well esteem'd,
 Yet saved could not be.

And the Lord *Markwell* in likewise,
 Did with Earl *Douglas* die :
 Of twenty hundred *Scottish* spears,
 Scarce fifty-five did fly.

Of fifteen hundred *Englishmen*,
 Went home but fifty-three ;
 The rest were slain in *Chevy Chase*,
 Under the green-wood tree.

Next day did many widows come,
 Their husbands to bewail ;
 They wash'd their wounds in brinish tears,
 But all would not prevail.

Their bodies bath'd in purple blood,
 They bore with them away ;
 They kiss'd them dead a thousand times,
 When they were clad in clay.

This news was brought to *Edinburg*,
 Where *Scotland's* king did reign,
 That brave Earl *Douglas* suddenly
 Was with an arrow slain.

O heavy news, King *James* did say,
Scotland can witness be ;
 I have not any captain more,
 Of such account as he.

Like tidings to King *Henry* came,
 Within as short a space,
 That *Percy* of *Northumberland*
 Was slain in *Chevy Chase*.

Now GOD be with him, said our king,
 Sith't will no better be ;
 I trust I have within my realm
 Five hundred good as he.

Yet shall not *Scot* or *Scotland* say
 But I will vengeance take,
 And be revenged of them all,
 For brave Earl *Percy's* sake.

This vow full well the king perform'd,
 After an *Humble Down* ;
 In one day fifty knights were slain,
 With lords of great renown.

And of the rest of small account,
 Did many hundreds die.
 Thus ended the hunting of *Chevy Chase*,
 Made by the Earl *Percy*.

GOD save the king, and bless the land,
 In plenty, joy, and peace ;
 And grant henceforth that foul debate
 'Twixt noblemen may cease !

CHEVY CHASE,

A SONG.

IN LATIN METRE.

VIVAT rex noster nobilis;
 Omnis in tuto fit:
 Venatus olim flebilis
Chevino Luco fit.
 Cane, feras ut abigat,
Percaeus abiit;
 Vel embruo elugeat,
 Quod hodie accidit.
 Comes ille *Northumbria*,
 Votum vovid DĒO,
 Lufus in fylvis *Scotia*,
 Habere triduo;
 Eprimis cervis *Chevia*,
 Cæfos abripere.
Duglasium hæ notitiæ
 Adibant propere:

Qui

Qui ore tenuis delegat,
Se ludum perdere.

At *Percaus* non hesitat
Ad fylvas tendere;

Quingenis ter teliferis,
Virtutis bellicæ;

Qui norunt, rebus arduis,
Sagittas mittere.

Curritur a venatico,
Damas propellere;

Die Lunæ diluculo,
Ad rem accingunt se;

Centumque cervi sunt cæsi
Ante meridiem,

Tunc redeunt, cibus impleti,
Ad venationem.

De monti sagittarii,
Apti militiæ,

Proderunt armarii
Hodie a tergo.

Per fylvas celarent canes,
Ut cervos capiant;

Ac simul montes et valles
Latrata resonant.

Fædinam comes adiit,
 Berinam visere;
Duglas minatus est, inquit,
 Hic mecum affore;

Congressum autem desperans,
 Mora non dabitur.
 Quo dicto, Tyro elegans
 Illum alloquitur:

En! en *Duglasius* eminus!
 Armis cum splendidis;
 Bis mille cum militibus,
 Visui obviis:

Cunctis de valle *Tivia*,
 Ad ripas *Tuæsis*.
 Ludos, ait, intermittite,
 Arcubis habitis.

Et vobis nunc, O nostrates,
 Tollatur animus;
 Haud præsto fuit athletes,
Gallus vel *Scoticus*,

Mihi, equestris obvius,
 Quin postulante re,
 Eocum vellum cominus,
 Vi, hasti ludere.

Equisseffor *Duglassius*,
 Audax ille Baro,
 Præfuit aliis omnibus,
 Aurato clipeo.

Cujates, ait ostendite,
 Hic aufi pellere,
 Ac me invito, impete
 Feras occidere.

Qui primus verbum edidit,
Percaus nomine;
 Qui fumus, ait, non libuit
 Vobis ostendere:

At sanguinem abfumemus,
 Cervos destruere.
 Juravit tunc *Duglassius*,
 Dixitque temere;

E nobis pereet unus,
 Antequam devincar;
 Tu comes es, bene notus,
 Egoque tui par.

At, si qua fides, est scelus
 Miserum! perdere
 Ullos de his infontibus,
 Immunes scelere.

Nosmet pugnemus cominus,
 Viris absentibus.

Depereat, inquit *Perceus*,
 Huic adversarius.

Tunc armiger exiluit,
Witherington nomine,
 Regem, ait, scire noluit
 Hoc, præ dedecore ;

Quod dux pugnaverat pedes,
 Me stante obiter ;
 Vos duo estis commites,
 Ego, ait, armiger.

Obnixæ omne faciam,
 Dum stare dabitur,
 Ac dum vibrare machæram,
 A me pugnabitur.

Angligeni tendunt arcus,
 Quam cordatissimi,
 Decis fex a missilibus
 Cæduntur *Scotici*.

Adversus feras sectantes,
 Misit *Duglasius*
 Torvum ducem, dimicantes,
 Tractis hastilibus.

Incincti sunt celeriter,
 Parum pigritiæ;
 Multusque jacet belliger,
 Inanis, animæ.

Pol! dolor erat visere,
 Ac etiam audire,
 Viros plangentes undique,
 Perfusos sanguine.

Comites tandem coibant,
 Multo magnanime,
 Instar Leonum feribant,
 Truci certamine.

Pugnarunt vel in sudore,
 Districtis ensibus;
 Ac maduerunt cruore
 Æque ac imbribus.

Ut dedas, ait, *Duglasius*,
 Te ducam subito,
 Ubi eris præpositus
 A rege *Jacobo*.

Proh gratis redimam captum,
 Et celebrabo te,
 Equitem quam magnificum,
 Et sine compare.

Cui *Percaus* ait, minime!

Quod offers respuo;

Nollem unquam me dedere

Viventi *Scotico*.

Tunc est emissus calamus

Ab arcu *Anglico*;

Quo fixus est *Duglasius*

Heu! tenuis círculo:

Qui verba hæc emurmurat,

Viri, contendite!

Quid ni, mors mea propinquat,

Spectante comite.

Tum *Percaus* exanimi

Manum it prendere;

Dicens causa *Duglasii*

Se terras perdere.

Vel cor, ait, fundit sanguinem

Per tui gratia;

Nam nunquam talem equitem

Non novit noxia.

Miles decernens *Scoticus*

Duglasium emori,

In *Percaum* mortem ejus

Devovit ulcisci:

Hugo de monte gomeri,

Hasta cum splendida,

Movit decursu celeri,

Ferox per agmina:

Præteriens sagittarios

Anglos impavide,

Percaios ventriculos

Foravit cuspide.

Tanta cum violentia

Fodit corpuscula,

Plus tres pedes per ilia

Transivit hastula:

Sic ceciderunt comites

Quam invictissimi.

Quum sagittario subdit res

Percaum occidi:

Arcum intensum dextera

Factum insigniter,

Tres pedes longa spicula,

Implevit fortiter.

Hugonem Gomeri versus

Sic telum statuit,

Vel anserinus calamus

In corde maduit.

Ad vesperam ab aurora

Duravit prælium ;

Octava scilicet hora

Vix est præteritum.

Cum *Percaio* est peremptus

Dominus *Ogerton*,

Johannes Ratcliff, *Robertus*,

Et *Jacobus* Baron.

Jacobus et *Georgius*,

Equestris ordinis,

Radolphus Raby Dominus,

Periit magnanimis.

Pro *With'rington*, sit gemitus,

Ac si in tristibus,

Qui pugnavit de genibus,

Truncatis cruribus.

Perierunt cum *Duglasio*

Hugo Gomericus,

Carolus Currel a campo

Nunquam discessurus.

De *Ratcliff Murrel* *Carolus*,

Nepos a sorore ;

David Lamb bene habitus,

Exanguis corpore.

Ac etiam *Markwell* Dominus

Deditus est neci:

Vix e duobus millibus

Fugerunt sexdeni.

E ter quingenis *Anglicis*

Vix tot abiere;

In *Luco* cæsis cæteris,

Sub fagi tegmine.

A plurimis cras viduis

Lugetur misere;

Vulnera lota lacrymis,

Nec prævaluere.

Cruentata corpuscula

Secum abstulere,

Millies dederunt oscula,

Defanetis funere.

Fertur apud *Edinburgham*,

Regnante *Jacobo*,

Duglasium fibito cæsum

Fuisse jaculo.

O lamentabile dixit,

Scotia sit testis,

Haud alius Dux superfuit

Equalis ordinis.

Henrico tradidit fama,
Pari intervallo,
Percaïum de Northumbria
Occisum in Luco.

Quum Rex edixit, valeat,
Rebus sic stantibus!
Spero quod regnum abundat
Quingenis talibus.

Ast sentient me ulciscentem
Scoti et Scotia,
Ac vindictam inferentem
Percaï gratia.

Quod est a Rege præstitum
Cæsis in montibus,
Quinques denis militum,
Nec non Baronibus.

Ac de plebe perierunt
Centeni plurimi.
Venatum sic finierunt
Percaï Domini.

Sit Rex et Grex beatulus
Pace et copia,
Ac absit a magnatibus
Malevolentia.

1st CORINTHIANS, 13th Chapter.

THOU' I should speak with mens' and angels'
tongues,

And grace with eloquence sublime my songs ;
Yet, lacking charity, I should be found
As brass, or tinkling cymbals, nought but sound.
Tho' with the gift of prophecy inspir'd,
Knowledge of mysteries I have acquir'd ;
Altho' enlighten'd intellects I share,
And faith, which mountains from their base can
tear ;

Devoid of charity, I must become
The worthless offspring of my mother's womb.
Tho' I bestow my riches on the poor,
Who miserably crowd around my door ;
Or give my martyr'd body to the flame,
Yet, wanting charity, I lose my name.
Long-suff'ring charity is meek and kind,
Nor heeds another's bliss with envy's mind :
Is not puff'd up with hateful vanity,
Nor looks on mankind with a scornful eye :
Doth not with insolence itself behave,
Or its just rights with haughty conduct crave :
To bitter quarrels easily incline,
Or against others evil acts design :

Doth not in vile iniquity rejoice,
 But in defence of truth exalts its voice,
 Benignant charity, with gentle heart,
 In sympathizing sorrows bears a part;
 In God's veracity confiding still,
 Its hopes are built on his unerring will:
 And, deck'd with mild habiliments of peace,
 Immortal charity will never cease:
 Tho' tongues shall fail; knowledge dissolve away;
 And faculties prophetic feel decay.
 Our present minds contracted wisdom deal,
 Events foretelling on a narrow scale;
 But when compleat perfection comes in sight,
 Its feeble dawn shall yield to boundless light.
 When I in childhood ignorantly walk'd,
 As children I thought, understood, and talk'd:
 But when I to maturity had grown,
 Each childish tendency away was thrown.
 Now objects darkly through a glass appear,
 Which shall hereafter spotless lustre wear:
 And partial knowledge is on me bestow'd,
 Until I reach the happy realms of God.
 And now faith, hope, and charity abide,
 But still the last shall o'er the rest preside.

ISAIAH, 9th Chapter, 7 first Verses.

YET shall the dimness less obscure be found,
 Than when vexation's arrows flew around;
 When on *Zebulun*, and *Naphthali's* land,
 At first he lightly laid affliction's hand;
 And afterwards, upon the ocean's shore,
 His cup of indignation bubbled o'er;
 Beyond fam'd *Jordan*, who, with healing tides,
 By *Galilean* regions proudly glides.
 The people who long walk'd in gloomy night,
 Have been refresh'd with comfortable light;
 They who the darksome vale of death possess,
 Have seen the shining beams of happiness.
 Thou hast the nation greatly multiply'd,
 But its hilarity not magnify'd:
 Their's is the joy of farmers freed from toil,
 Or that of soldiers who divide the spoil.
 The burden of his shoulder thou hast broke,
 And his oppressive, *Midianitish* yoke.
 Horrific noise, and blood-stain'd garments shew,
 The fatal conflict of the warlike foe;
 But this shall be with sacrifices made,
 A grateful tribute to *JEHOVAH* paid,
 For unto us is born a child divine,
 A son bestow'd of chosen *Judah's* line,

On whom shall rest the government supreme ;
 And this shall be his everlasting name,
 Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty LORD,
 Eternal Father, Prince of Peace ador'd.
 Of his peace and dominion shall be shown
 A constant increase upon *David's* throne ;
 With judgment and with justice to direct
 His holy servant, and his rights protect.
 The LORD of Hosts, whose word shall never fail,
 Will this perform with unabating zeal.

ISAIAH, 11th Chap. 10 first Verses.

FROM *Jesse's* stem a blooming rod shall shoot,
 And a rich branch shall flourish from his root.
 On him shall rest the spirit of the LORD,
 With wisdom and pure understanding stor'd;
 The spirit of good counsel and of might,
 Teaching how to know and fear God aright:
 Which shall expand his faculties of mind,
 And shew perfections of an heav'nly kind;
 Nor on his intellects of sight or sound,
 Shall he his punishments or judgments found.
 He shall the poor with righteousness try,
 And for the meek reprove with equity.
 His awful voice shall fill the earth with pain,
 And when he speaks the wicked shall be slain.
 Justice the girdle of his loins shall prove;
 His reins are girt with faithfulness and love.
 The wolf and lamb in harmony shall live,
 And leopards into friendship kids receive:
 The calf, the fatling, and the lion's heir
 Shall walk submissive to an infant's care.
 The cow and bear together shall be fed,
 Nor shall their young feel any jealous dread,
 But on a common couch their bodies lay;
 And like an ox the lion shall eat hay.

The

The sucking child shall play, without controul,
 Around the stingsless asp's unpoison'd hole ;
 And without danger the wean'd child may rest
 His hand on the fell cockatrice's nest.
 From fatal proofs of their malignity
 My holy mountain shall be ever free :
 For as the waters the vast ocean fill,
 So shall the world pay homage to God's will.
 A root of *Jesse* in that day shall rise,
 To which the people shall direct their eyes ;
 To this the Gentiles shall with ardor press,
 And gain rewards of lasting happiness.

ISAIAH, 53d Chapter.

THE truth of our report who deigns to own?
And to whom hath God's mighty pow'r been
shown?

For as a tender plant he shall be found,
And as a root in dry and parched ground :
To form or comeliness no claim he lays,
Nor has he beauty our desires to raise.
Despis'd, rejected, and beheld with scorn,
A man of sorrows, and to troubles born :
As if asham'd to keep him in our view,
We turn'd indignant, and our eyes withdrew.
Surely he did our miseries sustain,
And in his person bear our grief and pain :
Yet have we reckon'd him to feel the rod
Of an offended and avenging God.
For our transgressions he was wounded sore,
And bruises for our wickedness he bore :
On him our peace-conferring stripes were laid,
And by his chastisement our debt was paid.
All we, like silly sheep, have gone astray,
Attach'd, thro' ignorance, to error's way ;
And on him hath the LORD impos'd the weight
Which our sins render'd exquisitely great.
Afflicted and oppress'd with keenest woes,
His lips refuse his anguish to disclose :

Speechless as lambs beneath the butcher's knife,
 Or silent sheep, he yields his spotless life.
 He was from trial and confinement brought,
 And by whom shall his pedigree be sought?
 With guilt untainted he resign'd his breath,
 And for my people's crimes receiv'd his death.
 With wicked men he sunk into the tomb,
 And with the rich partook a mortal doom :
 Yet had he done no violence or wrong,
 Or with deceit defil'd his heart or tongue.
 But it pleas'd God his wounds to multiply,
 And rack him with unceasing misery :
 When his soul's made an offering for sin,
 His seed shall bloom, his days of joy begin ;
 And in his hand the service of the LORD
 An overflowing increase shall afford.
 He of the travail of his soul shall see,
 And satisfaction reap abundantly :
 By knowledge shall my right'ous servant save
 Numbers, and on himself their sins receive.
 Therefore his lot shall with the great abide,
 And with the strong shall he the spoil divide :
 Because to death he had resign'd his soul,
 And he was muster'd in the sinners' roll :
 He on himself the crimes of mankind laid,
 And intercession for transgressors made.

1st KINGS, 17th Chapter.

TO *Ahab* the *Tishbite* *Elijah* came,
 Who with the men of *Gilead* rank'd his name,
 And said, For years, as liveth *Israel's* LORD,
 Nor dew nor rain shall fall without my word.
 Then unto him did GOD's command thus speak,
 Quick get thee hence, and thy course eastward
 take;

By the brook *Cherith*, near to *Jordan's* side,
 Thou shalt remain, and there thy person hide.
 The water shall thy craving thirst allay,
 And ravens bring thee nourishment each day.
 So he, obedient to the will of GOD,
 By the brook *Cherith*, near *Jordan*, abode.
 And ravens brought each morning flesh and bread,
 And with like food each ev'ning was he fed.
 In a short space the brook was render'd dry,
 As rain had ceas'd its sources to supply.
 Then did again GOD's orders thus declare,
 Unto *Zidonian* *Zarephath* repair :
 Lo ! there a widow woman, weak and poor,
 By me directed shall thy meat procure.
 Then rising he went to *Zarephath* straight,
 And as he came unto the city gate,

Behold the widow woman there he found,
 For fire-wood seeking little sticks around :
 Then he address'd her, and said, Bring with
 haste

A cup of water, my parch'd lips to feast.
 And as she went, he call'd again, and said,
 Bring also in thy hand a scrap of bread.

And she reply'd, The LORD who hears me
 speak,

Can judge I am not mistress of one cake ;
 Of meal a scanty handful, and no more,
 With a small drop of oil, compleats my store ;
 And lo ! two sticks I gather, as you see,
 To dress a morsel for my son and me :

That so we may on our last victuals dine,
 And to the grave our famish'd frames consign.

Then said he unto her, Fear not, but go
 And execute what you design'd to do :

But first for me a little cake prepare,
 And afterwards thy son and thou shalt share.

For thus doth the LORD GOD of *Israel* say,
 The stock of meal shall suffer no decay,

Nor any waste the cruse of oil sustain,
 Until the LORD shall on the earth send rain.

Then did she with the prophet's will comply,
 And long abundance bless'd her family.

She found no diminution of her meal,
 Nor did her little cruse of oil once fail,

According

According to the saying of the LORD,
Which he had utter'd by *Elijah's* word.

It came to pass, ere many days were gone,
That sickness visited the widow's son;
And his complaint so violent became,
The pulse of life forsook his breathless frame.

Then cry'd the wretched mother, bath'd in tears,
O man of God, how hast thou swell'd my cares!

My sense of sin art thou come to revive,
And of her child the widow to deprive!

Then said *Elijah*, Give thy son to me.

And from her bosom, rent with misery,
Unto a loft the child he straight convey'd,

And on his bed the clay-cold body laid.

Then did he fervently the LORD address,

Why dost thou, LORD, the widow thus dis-
tress;

And summon to the grave her darling boy,
While in her house my lodgings I enjoy!

Then on the child he stretched himself thrice,
And besought GOD with supplicating voice;

O LORD my GOD, thy mercy I implore,

And to this child his soul again restore!

Then did GOD grant the prophet's warm de-
fire,

And with the breath of life the child inspire.

And to the house, *Elijah*, from his room,

To dissipate the widow's mournful gloom,

Conveys

Conveys the child, and to the mother cries,
 Lo thy son lives! restrain thy rending sighs.
 Then to *Elijah* thus the woman said,
 By this the pow'r of heav'n I see display'd;
 That from the LORD a messenger thou art,
 And dost in truth the word of GOD impart.

1st KINGS, 18th Chapter.

AND when three years their fleeting course
had run,

Thus to the Prophet was GOD's will made known;

Go, and before the face of *Ahab* stand,

And I will pour forth rain upon the land.

Then did *Elijah* with submission go,

Himself to *Ahab*, *Israel's* king to shew:

While famine, with destructive rage replete,

Held in *Samaria* its baneful seat.

Then *Ahab* thus to *Obadiab* said,

Whom master of his household he had made,

(Now *Obadiab* greatly fear'd the LORD,

And when *Jezebel* drew the bloody sword

Against GOD's prophets, he, their lives to save,

An hundred hid, by fifties, in a cave,

And in their solitary, dark abode,

Of bread and water due supplies bestow'd.)

Go thro' the land, and closely search around,

Wherever brooks or water-springs abound;

We may, perhaps, enough of grass espy,

For mules and horses, lest the beasts all die.

So they, to pass throughout the land, agreed

In different directions to proceed:

Ahab,

Abab, alone, his road by one course bent,
 And *Obadiab* in another went.
 As *Obadiab* journey'd on the road,
 Behold, he chanc'd to meet the man of GOD;
 Whom recognizing, he falls down, and cries,
 Say, is *Elijah* present to my eyes?
 And he reply'd, He is; to *Abab* say,
 Lo! here *Elijah* will himself display.
 Then answer'd he, What evil have I done,
 That thou to certain death wouldst drive me on;
 As thy GOD liveth, before whom I stand,
 My Lord hath sought thee throughout ev'ry land;
 And when they said, He is not here; he took
 An oath that in veracity they spoke.
 And now to *Abab* thou bidst me declare,
 Lo! in this place *Elijah* will appear:
 And it shall happen, that when hence I go,
 Ready compliance with thy will to shew,
 The spirit of the LORD shall thee remove,
 Where fruitless will my search to find thee prove:
 And when thy orders I to *Abab* tell,
 And he cannot discover where you dwell,
 My life shall fall a forfeit to my word,
 But I thy servant always fear'd the LORD.
 Did not my Lord intelligence receive,
 That I an hundred prophets in a cave
 By fifties from *Jezabel's* fury sav'd,
 And dealt the nourishment which nature crav'd?
 And

And now you bid me thus to *Abab* speak,
Elijah's here;—and he my life shall take.
 Then said *Elijah*, As GOD lives, to-day
 I will myself to *Abab's* fight convey.
 Then *Obadiah* towards *Abab* went,
 And to *Elijah* the King's steps were bent.
 And *Abab*, when he saw *Elijah*, said,
 Art thou he that hast ills for *Israel* made?
 He said, I have not stirr'd up *Israel's* woe,
 But from thee, and thy house, their evils flow;
 Because GOD's laws are banish'd from your mind,
 And your whole thoughts to *Baal* are inclin'd.
 Now, therefore, for the men of *Israel* send,
 And at Mount *Carmel* let them all attend;
 Call the groves' prophets, four hundred, to me,
 With *Baal's* priests, four hundred and fifty;
 Who at *Jezebel's* royal table wait,
 And feast in all the elegance of state.
 The men of *Israel*, as the king decreed,
 And all the prophets, to the mount proceed.
 Then said *Elijah* unto all around,
 How long shall ye be fluctuating found?
 If GOD be LORD to him your voices raise,
 Or else to *Baal* join in songs of praise.
 Then to the silent, congregated crowd
Elijah thus address'd himself aloud;
 Of the LORD's prophets I remain only,
 But *Baal's* are four hundred and fifty.

Let them two bullocks for us now procure,
 And for themselves the chosen ox secure,
 Which they may cut, and lay on logs of wood,
 But place no fire below to dress their food ;
 And I the other bullock will receive,
 But no coals underneath the timber leave :
 Then supplicate your Gods, while I proclaim
 My sole dependence on JEHOVAH's name ;
 And let the God who speaks by fire be LORD.
 Then cry'd the people, We applaud thy word.
 To *Baal's* prophets thus *Elijah* said,
 Choose your ox first, and have it ready made,
 For ye are many ; and address with faith
 Your deities ; but lay no fire beneath.
 Then the ox which was given them they took,
 And did from morn till noon *Baal* invoke ;
 Saying, O *Baal*, hear us ! But they found,
 To hear their pray'rs, no condescending found.
 Then with distracting disappointment stung,
 Upon the altar which was made they sprung.
 And about noon *Elijah* mocking says,
 In elevated shouts your voices raise :
 He is a *God*, sure ! and on business talks,
 Or drives the foe, or on a journey walks,
 Or, peradventure, sunk in sleep he lies,
 And must be rous'd with loud, repeated cries !
 With madness fir'd, they call'd with bolder strains,
 And prick'd with knives and lancets their fill'd
 veins,

Until the gushing streams of crimson blood,
 Ran down their bodies like a swelling flood.
 And when they prophesy'd till noon was gone,
 And ev'ning sacrifice was coming on ;
 Yet was by them no voice or answer heard,
 Nor any who would their requests regard.
 Then said *Elijah* to the men, Come here.
 And to the Prophet they approached near,
 While he his active diligence bestow'd
 To mend the torn down altar of his God :
 And for this end *Elijah* chose twelve stones,
 The number of the tribes of *Jacob's* sons,
 To whom the word of God Almighty came,
 And said, Henceforth shall *Israel* be thy name.
 Then with the stones an altar he prepar'd,
 Which was in honor of *JEHOVAH* rear'd :
 And round the altar a deep trench was made,
 Wherein two measures of seed might be laid.
Elijah next the wood in order put,
 Whereon he plac'd the ox, in pieces cut ;
 And said, With water four large vessels fill,
 Which on the wood and off'ring you shall spill.
 Repeat the same, he said ; which straight they did ;
 And the third time obey'd, as they were bid.
 In rills the water round the altar flows,
 And in the trench unto the top arose.
 And when the ev'ning sacrifice drew nigh,
 The prophet thus to God address'd his cry ;

LORD of *Abraham, Isaac, Israel*, hear,
 That thou art GOD let it to-day appear;
 And that I am thy servant, and have wrought
 Whatever I was by thy precepts taught!
 Attend, O LORD, and make this people know
 That reverence to thee alone they owe!
 That thou a merciful Creator art,
 And hast reform'd each disobedient heart!
 Then the consuming fire of GOD quick flies,
 And burns the wood, stones, dust, and sacrifice,
 And in its rapid motion drinks around
 Each drop of water in the trench if found.
 Then said the people, falling prostrate down,
 The LORD is GOD; the LORD is GOD alone!
 And to the people thus *Elijah* spake:
 Let none escape—all *Baal's* prophets take.
 Straight were they seiz'd, and by *Elijah's* word,
 Giv'n, at Brook *Kishon*, victims to the sword.
 To *Abab* then the Prophet said, Prepare
 To eat and drink, for rain immense is near.
Abab sat down to take some nourishment,
 While to Mount *Carmel's* top *Elijah* went,
 Where lowly on the earth himself he laid,
 Holding between his knees his bended head;
 And to his servant cry'd, Straightway ascend,
 Thy looks unto the distant ocean bend.
 And he said, Nought I see towards the main.
 Then call'd *Elijah*, Go sev'n times again.

And

And at the sev'nth time, From the sea, he cries,
Like a man's hand, I see a small cloud rise.

Then he reply'd, Bid *Abab* haste away,
Lest the rain should occasion a delay.

And while to *Jezreel* *Abab* rode, behold,
Rain, wind, and clouds the heav'ns in black in-
fold.

And lo! *Elijah*, by the LORD sustain'd,
Entrance in *Jezreel* before *Abab* gain'd.

2d KINGS, 5th Chapter.

NAAMAN, leader of the *Syrian* host,
 Was by his sovereign esteemed most,
 And held in honor, as by him the LORD
 To *Syria* deliv'rance did afford:
 The title of great prowess too he bore,
 But leprous sores cover'd his body o'er.
 And parties of the *Syrians* went out,
 Who thro' the land of *Israel* took their rout,
 From whence they carry'd off a little maid,
 Who to *Naaman's* wife attendance paid;
 To whom she said, Would God my master were
 To the fam'd Prophet of *Samaria* near;
 Who the physician of sound health would prove,
 And soon the loathsome leprosy remove!
 Then went one to the King, and said, Behold,
 Thus hath the *Israelitish* maiden told.
 The *Syrian* monarch answer'd, Go to, go,
 I'll to the King of *Israel* write, and know.
 Then *Naaman* commenc'd his journey straight,
 And brought, of silver, ten talents in weight,
 Six thousand pieces of gold coin, beside
 Ten suits of raiment, deck'd with splendid pride:
 And thus to *Israel's* king his letter ran;
 Behold, herewith I send thee *Naaman*,

My

My valuable servant, to obtain
 From thee a cure, his leprosy to clean.
 And when the letter *Israel's* king had read,
 He rent his cloaths, and thus in anguish said,
 Am I a God, to save or to destroy,
 That this man bids me heal a leprosy?
 Wherefore consider now, I pray, and look,
 How he to enmity doth me provoke.
 And when it to *Elisba* was made known,
 The man of God, what *Israel's* king had done,
 This message unto him the Prophet sent,
 Wherefore hast thou thy cloaths, desponding, rent?
 Let him come to me, and he shall perceive
 That yet a prophet doth in *Israel* live.
 So he with steeds and chariot, in state
 Came forth, and stood before *Elisba's* gate.
 And from *Elisba* these directions came,
 Immerse thyself sev'n times in *Jordan's* stream;
 Then shall thy malady receive its doom,
 And thy sound body in full vigor bloom.
 But *Naaman* was wroth, and went away,
 And was, indignantly, induc'd to say,
 Lo! I thought he will surely come to me,
 And stand, and supplicate his Deity;
 Then strike his hand across the part impure,
 And thus perform an efficacious cure.
Damascus, Abana and *Pharpar* boasts,
 Rivers more fam'd than all in *Israel's* coasts;

May I not wash in them, and be made whole?
 So he went off, and rage inflam'd his soul.
 Then came his servants near, and said, My Sire,
 Did he some grievous task from thee require,
 Wouldst thou not do it? How much rather, then,
 When he saith only, Wash, and be made clean?
 In *Jordan*, then, according to the word
 Proceeding from the prophet of the LORD,
 He sev'n times dipp'd his vitiated frame,
 And like a child's his cleansed flesh became.
 Then to *Elisha* he return'd again,
 And stood before him, he, and all his train,
 And said, I know in all the earth around
 No God, except in *Israel*, can be found;
 Now therefore, I beseech thee, for my sake
 A blessing from thy grateful servant take.
 Then said *Elisha*, As the LORD doth live,
 Who hears me speak, no present I'll receive.
 And *Naaman* each mode persuasive us'd,
 But still the Prophet utterly refus'd.
 Then said he to *Elisha*, Shall I pray,
 Be granted to me two mules' load of clay?
 For henceforth sacrifice or burnt-off'ring
 I unto no Gods but the LORD will bring.
 For this thing may the Lord thy servant spare,
 That when the king, my master, shall appear
 In *Rimmon's* house, his worship to bestow,
 And leans on me, and I to *Rimmon* bow:

When

When I in *Rimmon's* temple lowly bend,
 May God his pardon to me then extend!
 Then said *Elisha* to him, Go in peace.
 And he departed from him a small space.
 But thus the prophet's man, *Gebazi*, spake,
 When he perceiv'd *Elisha* nought would take;
 Behold, my master hath this *Syrian* spar'd,
 And at his hand accepted no reward;
 But as God liveth, I will instantly
 Haste after him, and for some gift apply.
 So straightway after him *Gebazi* ran,
 And when he was observ'd by *Naaman*,
 He quickly from his carriage did alight
 To meet *Gebazi*, and cry'd, Is all right?
 Then said *Gebazi*, All, my Lord, is well:
 My master thus hath order'd me to tell,
 Behold, ev'n now two young men to me came,
 Sons of the prophets, from Mount *Ephraim*;
 For them a silver talent I beseech,
 Together with a change of cloaths for each.
 Then *Naaman* reply'd, Pray be content
 Two talents with the garments may be sent.
 And in two bags, two silver talents ty'd,
 He forc'd upon him, and the cloaths beside,
 Which, upon two of his domestics laid,
 Were, to the Prophet's house, by them convey'd,
 And when they reach'd the tow'r, *Gebazi* then
 Laid up the presents, and dismiss'd the men.

Then went *Gebazi* to his master's room,
 Who thus demanded, Whence now art thou come?
 And he reply'd, Thy servant went no where.
 Then said *Elisba*, Felt my heart no care,
 When from his chariot the man retir'd,
 And for my welfare eagerly enquir'd?
 Is this a time garments or cash to crave?
 Or oliveyards or vineyards to receive?
 For men-servants or maidens to apply?
 Or seek for sheep and oxen greedily?
 The leprosy of *Naaman*, therefore,
 Shall cleave to thee and thy seed evermore.
 Then did he from the Prophet's presence go,
 A miserable leper, white as snow.

GENESIS, 22d Chapter, 19 first Verses.

AND some time afterwards the *Lord* design'd
 To know by trial *Abraham's* faith of mind;
 And he call'd to him, and said, *Abraham*.
 Then he reply'd, Behold, LORD, here I am.
 And he said, *Isaac* take, thy sole, lov'd son,
 And to the land of *Moriah* go on,
 Where, on a mountain which I'll shew to thee,
 Present him a burnt-offering to me.
 Then *Abraham* got up at dawn of day,
 Saddled his as, to bear him on his way,
 Made *Isaac*, and two young men-servants rise,
 And clave the timber for the sacrifice,
 And then together all their journey took,
 Towards the place of which *JEHOVAH* spoke.
 And on the third day afar off, behold,
 Appear'd the mountain of which he was told.
 Then to his young men *Abraham* reply'd,
 Remain you here, and with the as abide;
 While the lad and I yonder go to pay
 Our worship, and return to you straightway.
 Then *Abraham* on his son *Isaac* put
 The wood which for the sacrifice was cut;
 And he took in his hand a knife, and fire,
 Then did he with the lad apart retire.

And thus spake *Isaac*, O my father, heed !
 Then answer'd *Abraham*, My son, proceed.
 And he cry'd, Lo ! the wood and fire are here,
 But is a lamb for the burnt-off'ring near ?
 And he said, GOD will find a lamb, my son,
 For a burnt-off'ring.—So they both went on.
 And *Abraham*, where he was taught by GOD,
 An altar rear'd, and duly rang'd the wood ;
 Then bound his son, whom on the wood he laid
 For a burnt-off'ring, as the LORD had said ;
 And took the knife, and stretched out his hand
 To slay his son, as GOD had giv'n command,
 And out of heav'n the angel of the LORD,
 Vouchsaf'd to utter his almighty word,
 And to him said, *Abraham, Abraham*,
 Then answer'd he, Lo ! here, O LORD, I am.
 And he said, Lay not thine hand on the boy,
 Neither do thou to him an injury ;
 For now your trust in GOD is fully try'd,
 Since thou hast not thy only Son deny'd.
 And *Abraham* a ram, on looking round,
 In a brake by his horns entangled found ;
 And he seiz'd on the ram, and of him made
 A burnt-off'ring in his son *Isaac's* stead.
 Then he the place *Jehovah-jireh* nam'd,
 Which, as the Mount of PROVIDENCE, is fam'd.
 And the LORD from the regions of the bless'd
 A second time thus *Abraham* address'd ;

By myself, faith the LORD GOD, do I swear,
 Since thy lov'd only Son thou wouldst not spare ;
 Thy welfare I will constantly increase,
 And multiply exceedingly thy race,
 Like stars which glitter in the realms of day,
 Or grains of sand along the foaming sea ;
 And thy posterity, with conquest crown'd,
 Shall all their haughty enemies confound ;
 And in thy seed shall all the earth rejoice,
 Because thou hast attended to my voice.
 Then *Abraham* return'd to his young men,
 And they all dwelt at *Beer-sheba* again.

EXODUS, 20th Chapter, 17 first Verses.

AND thus the LORD express'd himself, and
said,

Behold in me the LORD thy GOD display'd,
Who thy deliverance from *Egypt* wrought,
And from the land of bondage have thee brought,
In me alone with fervent zeal confide,
Nor worship pay to any gods beside.
Thou shalt not any graven image make,
Nor a similitude unto thee take
Of things in heav'n, or in the earth below,
Or in the waters which beneath them flow;
Thou shalt not to them humbly prostrate fall,
Nor for relief importunately call.
For I the LORD thy GOD will jealous be,
And strictly punish all iniquity
Of fires and sons in long descent, who hate
My precepts, or my orders violate;
But kind and merciful to thousands prove,
Who my commandments and my person love,
Do not the attributes divine profane,
Or take the name of thy LORD GOD in vain;
For GOD will not of wickedness acquit
Those who such gross impiety commit.
Remember to observe the sabbath-day,
And holy adoration on it pay,

Six days thou shalt thy industry pursue,
 And do the labor which thou hast to do ;
 But to the seventh the LORD thy GOD lays claim,
 On which thou shouldst devoutly praise his name.
 In it by thee, thy daughter, or thy son,
 Or thy man-servant, shall no work be done ;
 Thy maid-servant, thy cattle, or whoe'er
 Tastes, in thy gates, thy hospitable fare.
 For in six days GOD made heav'n, earth, and sea,
 And all they hold, and ceas'd the seventh day ;
 Wherefore on it a blessing was bestow'd,
 To endless ages, by Almighty GOD.
 Unto thy parents grateful honor yield,
 And GOD will long thy life and welfare shield.
 Avoid with care all sanguinary strife,
 Nor rob thy fellow-creature of his life.
 With fix'd abhorrence shun adultery,
 And ev'ry action of indecency.
 Let not to fraud thy erring soul incline,
 Nor seize by violence what is not thine.
 Against thy neighbour no false witness bear,
 Nor with detraction wound his character.
 Do not indulge a covetous desire,
 Thy neighbour's wife or dwelling to acquire ;
 Nor seek his maid-servant, man, ox, or ass,
 Or any property thy neighbour has.]

1st CORINTHIANS, 15th Chapter.

MOREOVER, brethren, I declare once more,
 The gospel which I preach'd to you before ;
 Which ye did also formerly receive,
 And which ye still with confidence believe ;
 Which, if what I said ye in mind retain,
 Will save you, if ye trusted not in vain.
 For at the first I openly made known,
 The doctrine that had to myself been shewn ;
 How, as the word of scripture testifies,
 CHRIST for our sins became a sacrifice ;
 That in the bowels of the earth he lay,
 And from his prison burst on the third day ;
 Of *Cephas* first, then of the twelve was view'd,
 And next before more than five hundred stood ;
 Of whom the greater part alive is found,
 But in death's icy slumbers some are bound.
 Himself to *James* he afterwards reveal'd,
 Then by the whole Apostles was beheld.
 And last of all was also seen by me,
 As one brought into life abortively.
 For I of the Apostles am the least,
 Nor worthy in the number to be plac'd,
 Because I brandish'd persecution's sword,
 Against the servants of the living LORD.

But

But what I am the grace of GOD has wrought,
 Nor was his grace bestow'd on me for nought ;
 But more abundantly than all I strove,
 And yet not I, but GOD's assisting love.
 But therefore whether it were I or they,
 So did we preach, and you obedience pay.
 If we teach CHRIST arose, how then do some
 Among you say, None from the grave can come?
 But if there can no resurrection be,
 Then is not CHRIST from death's dominion free:
 And if to life CHRIST be not rais'd again,
 Vain is our preaching, and your faith too vain.
 Yea, we false witnesses of GOD appear,
 Because we testimony of him bear,
 That he rais'd CHRIST, whom yet he did not
 call,
 If truth confirms the dead rise not at all.
 For if the dead no resurrection have,
 Then is CHRIST still imprison'd in the grave.
 And if CHRIST is not yet recall'd from death,
 Your sins remain, and uselefs is your faith.
 Then they who dy'd, and hope in CHRIST re-
 pos'd,
 Their eyes in never-ending gloom have clos'd.
 If here alone in CHRIST we build our trust,
 We the most wretched are of breathing dust.
 But CHRIST, now liberated from the tomb,
 Is the first-fruits of them that slept become.

For since by man death on the world was brought,
 By man was mankind's resurrection wrought.
 For as in *Adam* all are doom'd to die,
 So shall in *CHRIST* all live eternally.
 But all in order: *CHRIST* the first-fruits, then
 His faithful servants among mortal men.
 Then comes the end, when he shall have re-
 stor'd

The kingdom to his Father, *GOD* the *LORD* ;
 When he all pow'r and rule shall have put down,
 And made authority supreme his own.
 For he must reign with unremitting sway,
 Till all his enemies submission pay.
 The tyrant death shall be the latest foe,
 That must sustain a total overthrow.
 For he beneath his feet hath all things laid.
 But when he saith all things are subject made,
 He is excepted, plainly must appear,
 Who all things brought beneath his sov'reign
 care.

And when all things his government confess,
 Then also shall the son himself express
 His rev'ence for *GOD*'s majesty on high,
 Who shall unrivall'd, boundless rule enjoy.
 Else what must they do who baptism receive
 For the dead, if the dead shall not revive?
 Why for the dead are they baptiz'd? and why
 Do we each hour remain in jeopardy?

By

By our rejoicing, which in CHRIST I find,
 I am incessantly to death consign'd.
 If, arm'd with reason's shafts, I war sustain'd
 With beasts at *Ephesus*, what have I gain'd,
 If the dead rise not? Let us eat and drink,
 We die to-morrow.—Why, then, gravely think?
 Be not deceiv'd: Evil connexions steal
 Our hearts astray, and o'er good thoughts pre-
 vail.

To virtue rise, and fly sin's baneful road,
 For, to their shame I speak! some know not
 GOD.

But some will say, How are the dead restor'd?
 What body is allow'd them by the LORD?
 Thou fool, the seed thou castest in the ground,
 Except it die, can with no fruit be crown'd.
 The seed thou sowest shall not rise again,
 But yield a crop of wheat, or other grain.
 But in his wisdom GOD a body gives,
 And ev'ry seed its proper frame receives.
 All flesh is not the same; but men, we find,
 Beasts, fish, and birds, have each a diff'rent kind,
 Celestial and terrestrial bodies too,
 The LORD has openly expos'd to view;
 But the celestial glory shines with light,
 Distinct from that which makes the earthly bright.
 There is one glory of the beaming sun,
 One of the stars, one of the waning moon;

For stars possess a difference of rays,
 And with variegated glory blaze.
 So will the raising of the dead be found;
 Sown in corruption, it shall be rais'd found.
 Sown in dishonor, it to glory springs,
 And strength, instead of former weakness brings.
 Sown weak, and natural, and doom'd to woes,
 A body pure and spiritual it grows.
 There is a body natural and frail,
 And one whose purity shall never fail.
 So the first *Adam* a live soul was made,
 The last a quick'ning spirit, as 'tis said.
 The natural did first precedence claim,
 Afterwards that which is spiritual came.
 The first man earthy is, and form'd of clay,
 The last the LORD of universal sway.
 The earthy are like that whence they proceed,
 And as the heav'nly, are the heav'nly seed.
 As we the likeness of the earthy bear,
 We shall the image of the heav'nly wear.
 Now, brethren, this I say, that flesh and blood,
 Cannot attain the heav'nly realms of God;
 Nor can corruption incorruption see.
 Behold I now display a mystery;
 All shall not sleep, but a change undergo
 Sudden as thought, when the last trump shall
 blow;
 The trump shall sound, the dead rise, and we come
 Chang'd, and set free from vile corruption's gloom.
Corruption

Corruption must pure incorruption be,
 And frail flesh put on immortality.
 So, when corruption shall be done away,
 Turn'd to a state that never can decay,
 Shall come to pass the words of ancient date,
 Death is absorb'd in victory compleat.
 O death, where now is felt thy blunted sting?
 O grave, what haughty triumph dost thou bring?
 The sting of death is sin; and from the law
 We healing remedies for sin may draw.
 Thanks be to GOD, thro' JESUS CHRIST his Son,
 By whom we lasting victory have won.
 Therefore, beloved brethren, stedfast stand,
 Unmoveable, inclin'd to GOD's command,
 Abounding in the bless'd work of the LORD,
 Which shall an heav'nly recompense afford.

JOHN,

JOHN, 14th Chapter.

LET not your hearts be overcome with woes,
 Ye trust in God, in me too trust repose.
 The house wherein my heav'nly Father reigns,
 A multitude of mansions contains ;
 Were this not so, ere now ye should have heard,
 And I precede to have your place prepar'd.
 If I depart, your dwelling to provide,
 For my return with certainty confide,
 That you I may unto myself receive,
 And make you in my habitation live.
 Whither I go ye fully comprehend,
 And the right way in which your course should
 bend.

James saith, O LORD, we know not where you go,
 Then how can we the proper passage know ?

JESUS saith, I'm the life, the truth, the way,
 And can alone mankind to GOD convey.

Had ye known me, my Father ye had known,
 Henceforth ye know him, to your eye-sight shewn.

Philip saith unto him, LORD, shew the fire,
 And we no greater knowledge will desire.

JESUS saith, Have I been so long with thee,
 And art thou, *Philip*, ignorant of me ?

He who hath seen me hath my Father seen,
 What doth thy words, then, shew the Father,
 mean ?

Believe

Believe ye not that I in God abound,
 And that in me the Father too is found?
 The words I speak do not from me proceed,
 But GOD who dwelleth in me works the deed.
 Believe the LORD's in me, I in the LORD;
 Or trust me for the proofs the works afford.
 Verily, verily, I say to you,
 He who trusts me shall do the works I do,
 And also greater works than those compleat,
 Because I to my Father now retreat.
 What ye ask in my name ye shall attain,
 That by the Son the Father praise may gain.
 If ye shall any thing ask in my name,
 With stedfast faith, I will perform the same.
 If you for me would testify your love,
 To my commandments still obedient prove.
 And I will pray the Father, who shall give
 Another comforter with you to live;
 Even the spirit of veracity,
 Who will not by the world accepted be,
 Because that him it neither hears nor knows,
 Nor rev'rence to his inspiration shews;
 But ye acknowledge him, and honor pay,
 For he dwells in you, and with you shall stay.
 I will not leave you grieving to complain,
 Devoid of comfort, but return again.
 Yet for a little while, and I shall cease
 To shew to the surrounding world my face;

But

But ye perceive me, and because I live;
 Ye also in like manner shall survive.
 At that day I'll be in my Father found,
 And I in you, and you in me be crown'd.
 He that submission to my precepts pays,
 Love and attachment thus to me displays;
 And he that loveth me, shall likewise find
 My Father loving towards him, and kind;
 And he shall also my affection share,
 And I will clearly unto him appear.
 Then *Judas*, not *Iscaiot*, replies,
 LORD, how wilt thou to our observing eyes,
 Thyself conspicuously shew alone,
 Yet be to all the world besides unknown?
 Then JESUS said, For me a man shall prove,
 By strict attention to my words, his love;
 My Father's love he likewise shall obtain,
 And we will come, and both with him remain,
 The man who will not to my words attend,
 Doth not behave towards me as a friend;
 Nor are the words I utter mine, indeed,
 But from the LORD, who sent me here, proceed.
 Behold these doctrines I have notify'd,
 While I in your society reside.
 But when the HOLY GHOST, the Comforter,
 Who in my name shall come, God's messenger,
 Arrives, he shall teach all things, and restore
 To your remembrance what I told before.

My peace I give you, peace with you I leave,
 Not as the world gives, you from me receive.
 Let not your hearts with trouble be oppress'd,
 Nor with alarming terrors be distress'd.
 Ye heard what formerly I said, I go,
 Away, but will return again to you.
 If ye regarded me, ye would rejoice,
 That I respect my sov'reign Father's voice.
 I timely warning ere it comes afford,
 That when it comes, ye may believe my word.
 I will not many things hereafter say,
 For this world's prince comes, and I go away.
 But that the world may evidently find,
 I love the Father with a filial mind,
 And to his precepts yield with willing heart.
 Arise, and let us straightway hence depart.

15th CHAPTER.

MY Father is the husbandman, and I
The true vine which doth wholesome grapes sup-
ply.

Each branch in me that doth not clusters bear,
He loppeth off, with close-inspecting care;
And purgeth in me each prolific shoot,
That it may bring forth greater store of fruit.

Now ye are render'd altogether free,
By my instructions, from impurity.

Abide in me, and I in you. For lo!

As boughs detach'd from vines no grapes be-
flow;

So neither can you any sound fruits yield,
Unless ye are with my pure spirit fill'd.

I am the vine; ye are the boughs; and they
Who rest in me shall loaded boughs display.

For without me ye nothing can produce,
Cast forth as wither'd branches, of no use;
But, gather'd up by men, in flames expire,
Beneath the fury of consuming fire.

If ye in me and my commands confide,
Ask what ye will, it shall not be deny'd.

Herein my Father's glory lies, that ye
Bear fruit, so shall ye my disciples be.

As the Father lov'd me, so did I prove
 My love to you : Continue in my love.
 If my commands in honour ye retain,
 My uniform affection ye shall gain ;
 Even as I have been obedient found
 To my fire's laws, and with his love am crown'd.
 Thus have I spoken, that my joy might rest
 In you compleat, and ye with joy be blest'd.
 Thus I command, that mutual love be shewn
 By you, such as my love to you is known.
 No greater love than this we can suppose,
 That for his friends a man his life should lose.
 Ye are my friends, if with submissive will
 Ye study my commandments to fulfil.
 Henceforth I servants call you not of mine,
 As servants know not what their lords design :
 But I have call'd you friends ; for all I heard
 My father speak, has been to you declar'd.
 Ye have not chosen me, but I chose you,
 And have appointed what ye are to do ;
 That ye should bring forth pious fruit, and be
 Blest'd in your increase everlastingly ;
 That whate'er in my name ye may require,
 My father may accomplish your desire.
 This precept I command you to observe,
 Affection for each other still preserve.
 If the world hate you, this retain in mind,
 It hated me ere 'twas to you unkind.

If we were of the world, we might depend
 On having, of the world, a loving friend;
 But as ye are not of the world, but made
 A choice by me, its hatred is display'd.
 Remember still my oft-repeated word,
 The servant is not greater than the lord.
 If they rejected me, they'll you reject,
 If they heard me, they will not you neglect.
 But for my name's sake they will you disown,
 Because they have not him who sent me known.
 Had I not come, and preach'd, they had been
 clean;

But no cloaks for their vices now remain.
 He that doth for me bitter hatred bear,
 Will in my Father's hatred likewise share.
 Had I not greater works among them wrought,
 Than man before, they had been free from fault
 But now have they beheld me with their eyes,
 And yet me and my Father they despise.
 But this doth what their law declares, fulfill,
 They hated me, though I had done no ill.
 But when the comforter is come, whom I
 Shall send, the spirit of veracity,
 Proceeding from the Father, he shall speak,
 And honorable mention of me make.
 And ye shall also witnesses abide,
 Because your faithfulness has long been try'd.

16th CHAPTER.

THESE things have I declar'd, that ye should
cease

To think your junction with me a disgrace.
They from the synagogues shall you remove,
Because to me ye shew respect and love :
Yea, the time cometh, when they shall contend,
That he who killeth you makes God his friend.
This they will execute, because they knew
Not what was to me or my Father due.
But these things have I mention'd, that ye may,
When the time comes, remember what I say.
At first no hint of these things ye receiv'd,
Because in fellowship with you I liv'd.
To him that sent me I depart, and lo
None of you asketh, Whither dost thou go ?
But as these things I have to you reveal'd,
Afflictive grief hath o'er your hearts prevail'd.
Howe'er, the truth from you I must not hide,
I should not longer with you now abide ;
Nor will the Comforter, if I stay here,
Approach ; but when I go he'll straight appear.
Of sin, of right'ousness, and judgment he
Will, when he comes, prove men in fault to be.
Of

Of sin, because they kept from me their heart ;
 Of right'ousness, because I hence depart,
 Unto my Father, and ye shall no more
 Behold my countenance as heretofore ;
 Of judgment, because this world's prince is thought
 A malefactor, and to trial brought.

Howe'er, when the spirit of truth is come,
 In falsehood's paths he shall not let you roam ;
 For of himself he shall not speak, but tell
 What he shall hear, and future things reveal.

Me shall he glorify ; for he of mine
 Will be possess'd, and them to you define.
 Mine are all the Father hath ; I said hence,
 He shall take mine, and them to you dispense.

Yet for a little while, and ye shall try
 In vain to view me with a stedfast eye :
 Again, a little while, and I will shew
 Myself, because I to the Father go.

Among themselves then the disciples said,
 What means the declaration he hath made,
 Yet for a little while, and ye must cease
 To fix your longing looks upon my face ;
 Again, a little while, as I remove
 To join the Father, visible I'll prove ?

Therefore they said, What doth this saying mean,
 A little while ? We cannot this explain.

Now JESUS knew the drift of their desire,
 And said, Do ye among yourselves enquire

What

What means a little while, and ye shall find
 Your eyes to see me actually blind ;
 Again, a little while, and I shall be
 Exhibited before you visibly ?
 Verily, verily, I thus declare,
 Ye shall lament with agonizing care,
 But the world shall rejoice ; and ye shall mourn,
 But all your sorrow into joy shall turn.
 A woman when in travail is sore griev'd
 As her time of deliv'rance is arriv'd ;
 But when the child is born, the welcome boy
 Converts her anguish into boundless joy.
 Ye now feel woe ; but I'll see you again ;
 Make glad your hearts, none shall your bliss re-
 strain.

Then ye shall ask me nought : And what ye claim,
 The Father will bestow you, in my name.
 Ye yet did nothing in my name require,
 Request, receive, and have your full desire.
 These things in parables I have express'd,
 Ye shall not be hereafter thus address'd,
 But I will plainly of the Father tell,
 And make the paths of duty visible.
 When ye petition in my name that day,
 I say not for you to the LORD I'll pray ;
 Because the Father ye have loving made,
 By your affection towards me display'd ;
 And with unshaken confidence believ'd,
 That I authority from God receiv'd.

I from

I from the Father to mankind came down;
 And will return to an immortal crown.
 Then his disciples said, Lo, now we hear,
 Plain words, and from a doubtful meaning clear.
 Now are we certain that you all things know,
 Nor need that men should ought unto you shew;
 That you came forth from God we hence per-
 ceive.

Then JESUS answer'd, Do ye now believe?
 Behold the hour approacheth, yea, is come,
 When ye shall fly me, each one to his home,
 And leave me lonely, void of company,
 Yet not alone—the Father is with me.
 These things I said, to bid your sorrows cease,
 And that through me ye might have lasting peace.
 In this world troubles shall on you obtrude,
 But comfort take, the world I have subdu'd.

17th CHAPTER.

WHEN JESUS had these cheering words express'd,

To heav'n he turn'd his eyes, and God address'd,
 Father, the hour is come ; glory bestow
 Upon thy Son, which back to thee may flow.

As he did from thee boundless pow'r receive,
 That those you gave him might for ever live.

And this is life eternal, to know thee

The only GOD, from all eternity,

And JESUS CHRIST whom thou hast sent to bring
 Thy faithful servants to their sov'reign king.

I have on earth thy praise and glory shewn,

And have the work committed to me done.

And now, O Father, condescend to shed

A portion of that glory on my head,

Which I enjoy'd with thee in realms of light,

Before creation burst from gloomy night.

I have to those made manifest thy name,

Whom you permit me as my own to claim ;

From thee, their LORD, they were to me consign'd,

And to thy word they have their hearts inclin'd.

Now have they known that what thou gavest me,

Their being have deriv'd alone from thee.

For I to them the words from thee receiv'd

Have taught, which they accepted and believ'd,

And have known surely that from thee I came,
 And own'd me sent thy kingdom to proclaim.
 Not for the world I offer up my pray'r,
 But those thou gavest me, for thine they are.
 All mine are thine, and thine are mine, and I
 Acquir'd through them glory supreme and joy.
 Now I go from the world, but these remain,
 And I return to thee, in pow'r to reign.
 Preserve those, holy Father, to thy Son,
 You gave, that they, as we are, may be one.
 While I continu'd in the world, they were
 Kept in thy name, through my incessant care;
 Of all the number which you bade me guide,
 And hold secure, not one has turn'd aside,
 Except perdition's son, who fell from me,
 That thus the scriptures might accomplish'd be.
 I come to thee, and these things loudly tell,
 That in themselves my joy might fully dwell.
 I have deliver'd them thy word, and lo!
 The world doth enmity against them shew,
 Because that from the world's society,
 By my example led, they dar'd to fly.
 That thou shouldst take them hence I do not pray,
 But to protect them from each wicked way.
 The world, as well as I, they have deny'd.
 Through thy true word let them be sanctify'd.
 As thou hast sent me to the world to preach,
 So have I order'd them mankind to teach.

Myself I sanctified for their sake,
 That they through truth might holiness partake.
 Nor pray I for these only, but likewise
 Those who through them become my votaries ;
 That, Father, they in concord may abound,
 As thou in me, and I in thee am found ;
 That they may share of our community,
 And the world own that I was sent by thee.
 The glory you gave me to them was lent,
 That their lives might in harmony be spent.
 That I in them, and you in me may stay,
 That perfect unity they may display ;
 And that you plainly to the world may prove,
 As you lov'd me, to them you shewed love.
 Father, from thee this grant I also claim,
 That those you gave me may be where I am ;
 And may the glory which you dealt me view ;
 For I was lov'd ere the world being knew.
 O right'ous Father, men, perverse and blind,
 Could not the healing knowledge of thee find ;
 But I confess'd thee, and these, too, have known
 That to the world thou hast dispatch'd me down,
 To them already I declar'd thy name,
 And will repeatedly announce the same ;
 That the affection I enjoy'd from thee,
 May be in them, and they be fill'd with me,

18th CHAPTER.

IT came to pass, when *Jesus* these words spoke,
 He went with his disciples o'er the brook
 Of *Cedron*, where a neighb'ring garden lay,
 Into which they together took their way.
 The place, too, *Judas*, who betray'd him, knew,
 For thither with the rest **CHRIST** oft withdrew.
 Then *Judas*, having under his command,
 Of officers and men, a chosen band,
 Which the chief-priests and pharisees had sent,
 Thither with lanterns, staves, and torches went.
 Then **JESUS** knowing what things he should bear,
 Went forth, and asked them, What seek ye here?
JESUS of *Nazareth*, they said. Then he
 Reply'd, The man ye seek behold in me.
 And *Judas* also who betray'd him, stood
 Connected with the military crowd.
 When **JESUS** to them, I am he, had said,
 They fell down prostrate on the ground, dismay'd.
JESUS again, Whom do ye look for? cry'd.
JESUS of *Nazareth*, they all reply'd.
 He said, You heard I'm he, your search now cease,
 If ye seek me, let those depart in peace.
 That what he spake might be fulfill'd, Of those
 I have lost none, whom for my fold you chose.
With

With anger *Simon Peter* then inflam'd,
 Against the high-priest's servant, *Malchus* nam'd,
 With a drawn sword a fur'ous onset made,
 And cut away his right ear from his head.
 CHRIST said to *Peter*, Sheath thy sword, nor think
 The cup my Father gave, I shall not drink.
 The captain, officers, and *Jews* straightway
 On *JESUS* seiz'd, and led him bound away,
 And made him before *Annas* first appear,
 Father-in-law to *Caiaphas*, that year
 High-priest. Now *Caiaphas* advis'd that one
 By death, should for the people's sins atone.
 And after *JESUS*, *Peter*, in the throng,
 With one of the disciples, walk'd along;
 The other was unto the high-priest known,
 And was, with CHRIST, into his palace shewn.
 But *Peter* at the door without remain'd.
 Then went forth he whom the high-priest retain'd
 In memory, and did for him procure
 Admittance, from the maid who kept the door.
 Then said the damsel, Art thou not, I pray,
 This man's disciple? And he answer'd, Nay.
 The officers and servants gather'd round,
 And as the day intensely cold was found,
 They made a fire, to warm their freezing blood,
 And *Peter* at the fire among them stood.
 The high-priest then from *JESUS* closely fought
 Of his disciples, and the rules he taught.

JESUS

JESUS reply'd, I openly reveal'd
 My doctrine to the world, nor aught conceal'd;
 And in the synagogue and temple, where
 The *Jews* resort, my precepts did declare.
 Why dost thou ask me? Ask them who heard me,
 Behold they know what I said openly.
 One of the officers attending, who
 Heard CHRIST's defence, towards him nearer drew,
 And gave him, with his open hand, a blow,
 And said, Dost thou the high-priest answer so?
 Then JESUS answer'd, If it should appear
 I spake amiss, against me witnesses bear;
 But if with strict propriety I spoke,
 Why do I from thee thus receive a stroke?
 Now he to *Caiaphas* the high-priest went,
 To whom in chains by *Annas* he was sent.
 And *Simon Peter* stood before the fire,
 Then did the people of him thus enquire,
 Art thou not this man's disciple likewise?
 But he, I know not what ye mean, replies.
 One of the high-priest's servants, kinsman near
 To him from whom *Peter* cut off an ear,
 Thus question'd, In the garden did not I
 Lately observe you in his company?
Peter again the charge with oaths deny'd,
 And the cock crew, as JESUS prophesy'd.
 Then led they CHRIST from *Caiaphas* away,
 Unto the judgment-hall, at dawn of day,

But

But went not in themselves; unstain'd, to make
Themselves prepar'd the passover to take.

Then went out *Pilate* unto them, and said,
What charge of guilt against this man is laid?

They said, Had he not been a criminal,
We had not brought him to thy judgment-hall.

Then *Pilate* answer'd, Take him hence from me,
And by your law let him convicted be.

Therefore reply'd the *Jews*, Our law commands,
None should with death be punish'd by our
hands:

That thus might be fulfill'd the prophecy
Which *JESUS* utter'd, how he was to die.

Then *Pilate* went into the hall again,
And said, Art thou King of the *Jews*? speak plain.
Doth this thing from thyself, *CHRIST* answer'd,
flow,

Or others unto thee this knowledge shew?

Pilate reply'd, Am I a *Jew*? You come,
By my decision to receive thy doom;
Charg'd by the chief-priests and thy countrymen;
Of what offence hast thou been guilty, then?

Then *Jesus* said, My kingdom is not here,
My servants would defend me, if it were,
And free me from this *Jewish* insolence;
But lo! my kingdom is not now from hence.

Therefore, said *Pilate*, Art thou, then, a king?
Then answer'd *JESUS*, You declare this thing.

For

For this cause did I come, and for this end
 The world with my nativity befriend,
 And to the truth a testimony bear,
 All that are of the truth my voice will hear.
Pilate said, What is truth? And then declar'd
 Unto the *Jews*, no fault in him appear'd.
 Ye have a custom I should save, he saith,
 A culprit, at the passover, from death;
 Then are ye willing pardon to proclaim
 To him who does himself your sov'reign name?
 And all reply'd, Not him, but *Barabbas*.
 And he a murderer and robber was.

19th CHAPTER.

THEN *Pilate* scourged JESUS, till the gore
 His unoffending body cover'd o'er.
 A crown of thorns the soldiers also made,
 With which, and purple robes, he was array'd;
 Then with their hands they smote him wantonly,
 And cry'd, Hail, *Jewish* King! in mockery.
 Therefore again unto them *Pilate* came,
 And said, Behold I find in him no blame.
 Then JESUS with his crown and robes appear'd,
 And *Pilate* said, View here the prince rever'd!
 When him the officers and chief-priests spy'd,
 They all exclaim'd, Let him be crucify'd.
 This execute yourselves, then *Pilate* saith,
 I find in him no crime deserving death.
 The *Jews* then answer'd him, We have a law,
 Which final punishment should on him draw,
 Because that he, with blasphemous pretence,
 Call'd himself the Son of OMNIPOTENCE.
 This saying *Pilate* heard, and, fill'd with dread,
 Did to the judgment-hall again proceed,
 And said to CHRIST, Who or whence art thou?
 speak:

But JESUS no reply vouchsaf'd to make.

U u

Then

Then *Pilate*, with astonishment inspir'd,
 Dost thou not speak to me? of CHRIST enquir'd:
 Or art thou ignorant, that pow'r in me
 Resides, to crucify, or set thee free?

JESUS reply'd, You could no pow'r possess,
 But from above, to make me feel distress;
 Therefore the greater must the guilt appear
 Of him, who brought me unto trial here.

Thence *Pilate* sought his freedom to obtain;
 But the *Jews* clamorously cry'd again,
 If he's releas'd, you are not *Cæsar's* friend;
 Who makes himself king, *Cæsar* must offend.

When *Pilate*, therefore, heard them thus debate,
 He brought forth JESUS to the judgment-seat,
 And in a place the pavement call'd, sat down,
 By the name *Gabbatha* in *Hebrew* known.

And now about the sixth hour, when the *Jews*
 For the passover preparation use,
Pilate saith, See your king. But they reply'd,
 Bear him away, let him be crucify'd.

Then *Pilate* answer'd, Must your king thus die?
 They said, All kings but *Cæsar* we deny.

Then he resign'd him up without delay;
 And they took JESUS, and led him away.
 And he his cross supporting, onwards went,
 Beneath the agonizing pressure bent,
 Until to a place call'd a skull he came,
 But in the *Hebrew*, *Golgotha* by name.

Here he and other two were crucify'd,
 CHRIST in the midst, and one on either side,
 And *Pilate* on the cross fix'd this writing,
 JESUS OF NAZARETH THE JEWISH KING.
 This title, then, did many of the *Jews*,
 For JESUS near the city dy'd, peruse ;
 In *Hebrew*, *Greek*, and *Latin*, 'twas express'd.
 And then the chief-priests *Pilate* thus address'd,
 The King of the *Jews*, write not, but that he
 Affirm'd himself King of the *Jews* to be.
 Then *Pilate* to this application said,
 What I have written, is a writing made.
 The soldiers, then, when CHRIST was crucify'd,
 His garments take (which they in four divide,
 To each a quarter), and likewise his coat,
 Without seam woven from the top throughout.
 They therefore said, The coat we will not tear,
 But the proprietor let lots declare :
 That thus might happen what the scriptures spake,
 My parted raiment among them they take,
 And lots pronounce who shall my coat receive.
 The soldiers, therefore, in this way behave.
 Now to the cross of JESUS there stood nigh
 His mother, and her sister ; and *Mary*,
 The wife of *Cleophas*, was likewise there,
 And *Mary Magdelene* drew also near.
 And when his mother, CHRIST, on looking round,
 With the disciple whom he loved, found,

He to his mother cry'd, Thy Son perceive;
 Then said to him, Thy mother now receive.
 And from that hour he brought her to his home,
 Thenceforth her Son adopted to become.

Then JESUS, knowing all compleated first,
 The scriptures to accomplish, said, I thirst.

A vessel there with vinegar was set,
 Wherein a sponge was, by the soldiers wet,
 On hyssop put, and to his mouth apply'd.

When JESUS, therefore, had the mixture try'd,
 He said, 'Tis finished; then bow'd his head,
 And join'd the great assembly of the dead.

As, then, it was the preparation-day,
 That on the cross the bodies might not stay
 Upon the sabbath-day, it came to pass
 (Because that sabbath-day an high day was)

The *Jews* pray'd *Pilate* their legs they might
 break,

And from thence, afterwards, their bodies take.
 The soldiers came, and brake in pieces, then,
 The legs of both the executed men.

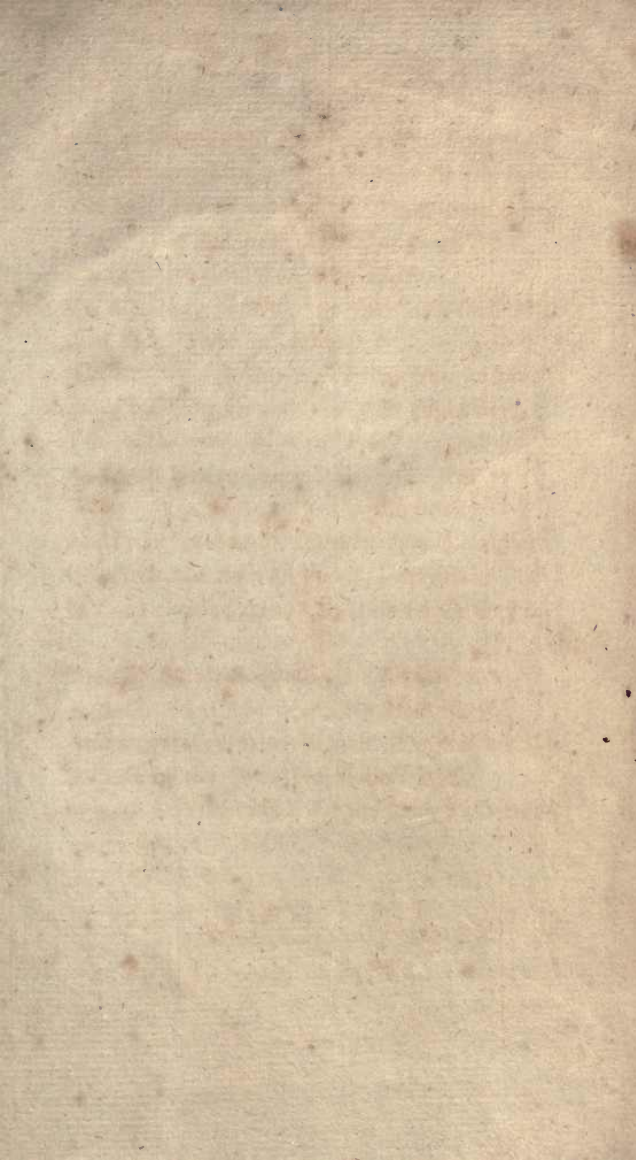
But when they found life's pulse in CHRIST had
 ceas'd,

Against his legs no hostile hands they rais'd.
 But with a spear a soldier pierc'd his side,
 From whence of blood and water flow'd a tide.
 And he that saw it testimony bare,
 While truth attesteth what he doth declare;

And

And he knows truth confirmeth what he saith,
 That in his evidence ye might have faith.
 The scriptures to fulfill, these things were done,
 Ye shall not find in him a broken bone.
 Another scripture thus doth testify,
 On him they pierc'd they shall look stedfastly.
 And then *Joseph of Arimathea*
 (CHRIST's secret convert, of the *Jews* in awe)
Pilate besought CHRIST's body he might have,
 Which he remov'd, when *Pilate* granted leave.
 And with him too came *Nicodemus* there
 (Who first at night to JESUS did repair)
 And brought, commix'd, the last rites to compleat,
 Of myrrh and aloes an hundred weight.
 In linen cloaths, then, CHRIST's corpse they in-
 close,
 With spices, as the *Jews* their dead dispose.
 A garden stood near where he death obey'd,
 And a new tomb wherein man ne'er was laid.
 Because of the *Jews'* preparation here
 In earth CHRIST rested, for the tomb was near.

F I N I S.







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